HELL RIDERS — A Saga of the Desert Patrol
by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

NOV. 17,
1934

Liberty

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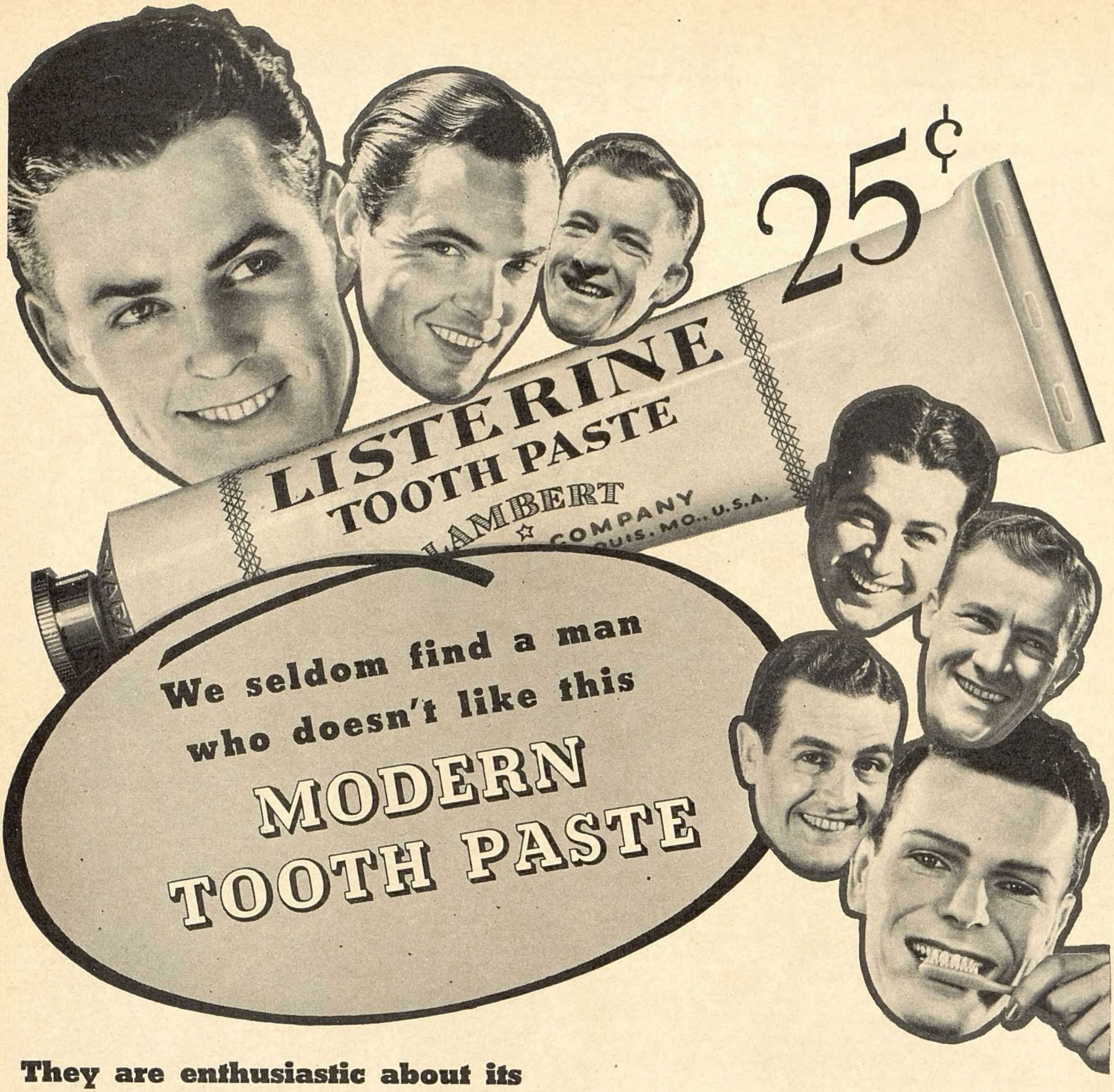

They are enthusiastic about its business-like action . . . its quick results

At least one million men, rich and poor, hard-boiled and easy-going, spenders and penny pinchers, vote this tooth paste Number One among them all. Most of their wives agree with them.

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NOVEMBER 17, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 46

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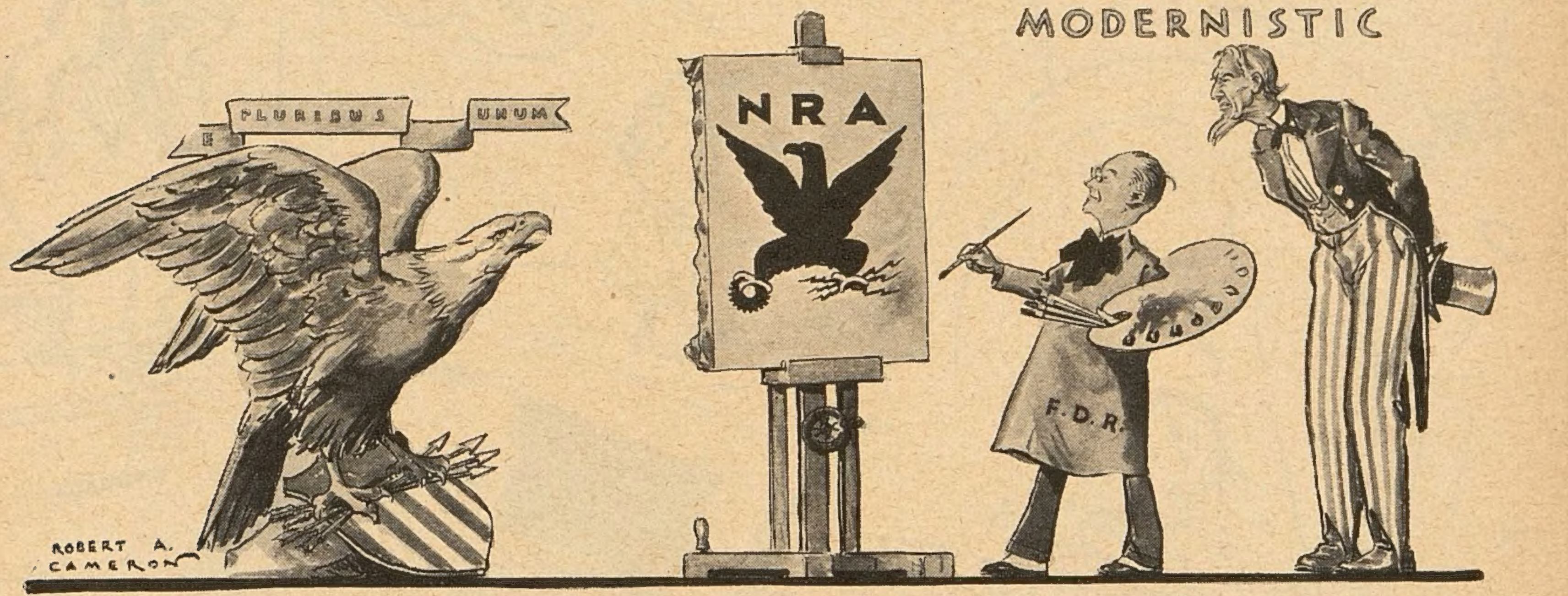
THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE NRA



WHAT business men are fearing everywhere is the permanent installation of the NRA. As an emergency measure its value has been unquestioned, although some business leaders maintain that if the law of supply and demand had been allowed to operate, and the government had given its entire attention to law enforcement and other distinctly governmental activities, recovery would have been more speedy and more dependable.

The President in a recent address assured us that the governmental activities in the NRA are constitutional to the last degree; that government has no intention of interfering with individual initiative. Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce, has given us added assurances of a similar nature.

But if their statements were dependable in every detail, the conclusions in reference thereto would still be unreliable because the character of such dictatorial powers depends entirely on individual judgment, and any change in the controlling officials could easily disarrange the entire program.

A dictatorial government when both wise and beneficent cannot be improved upon. But when lacking in either of these requirements it is demoralizing and destructive.

In granting dictatorial powers in emergency measures Congress was not looking any further forward than to the present occupant of the White House. The country has implicit trust in President Roosevelt. They know he is conscientious and dependable to the extreme limit of his ability. But life is uncertain and Daniel C. Roper and other members of the Cabinet owe their positions to appointments. And any one of them, or even the President, may be replaced at any time because of death or other calamities, and then the extraordinary powers that have been passed on to them would be administered by other officials. That one fault in the NRA indicates its most serious defect as a permanent control of business.

There was indeed a chaotic situation when President Roosevelt took over the reins of government. And now that we can look back over this serious situation—what really was the cause of the prolongation of this depression? There will be a general admission everywhere that it was lack of confidence on the part of bankers and business leaders as to the ability of the government to enforce the laws. Then, too, a few big business leaders had secured such a tremendous influence over the government that they were among the favored. But the outstanding defect was the general disrespect for law brought on largely by the Volstead Act. Prohibition spread racketeering throughout the entire country and in practically every line of business, governmental circles included.

The government seemed powerless to cope with these criminals, and substantial business men in every line began to fear for the future. The talk of revolution and other radical movements that might be instituted, together with the governmental inefficiency, brought about the withdrawal of credit in commercial and industrial life everywhere. Money began to be scarce, for the money we use is not measured by the currency and silver and gold coin that are circulated. It is estimated by available credit. The amount of money one can use is indicated not only by his bank balance but by how much he can borrow, with and without available securities.

No one will deny that business may have failed on occasions, due to some of its shortcomings. But the lack of confidence which brought on the financial catastrophe of the depression was due largely to the lack of law enforcement in high and low places. And how it can be maintained that conditions would be improved by giving permanent control over business to political favorites who know little or nothing about business is difficult to fathom. Although business procedure may need some modification, some of the political activities of this country have been a stench to the nostrils of every decent citizen, and if the corruption that is known to be associated with politics is to be passed on to business generally, may God help the nation. There will be just as many difficulties in enforcing permanent rulings of the NRA as were experienced in enforcing the prohibition law.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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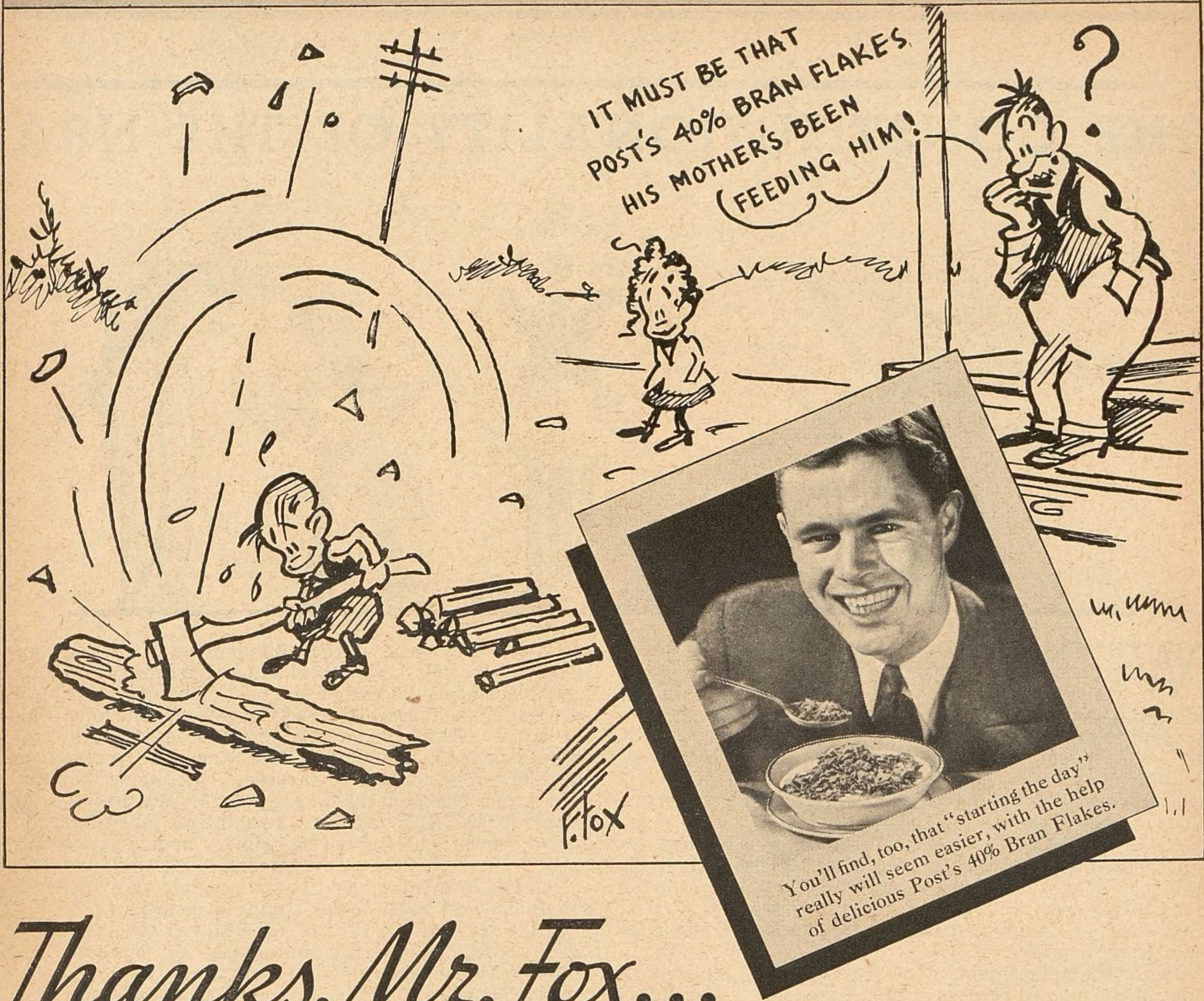
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT WILLIE'S RECENT BURST OF ENERGY!


IT MUST BE THAT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES HIS MOTHER'S BEEN FEEDING HIM!
?
F. Fox

You'll find, too, that "starting the day" really will seem easier, with the help of delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes.

Thanks, Mr. Fox...

for your co-operation, but weren't you just a bit too enthusiastic?

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FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK
A Delicious Cereal
A Gentle Laxative

WE'D like to make it plain that the artist went quite a bit further than we intended when he drew this sketch for us!

However, we do want to say this much, seriously, to everyone: If you seem lacking in vitality, and "not quite up to snuff," it may be that you have a sluggish intestine, due to lack of bulk in the diet. And you may find you'll feel like a different person, once you've corrected this trouble!

So why don't you eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . every morning for breakfast? It contains bran to supply the bulk that's needed to keep food wastes moving naturally and easily along the intestinal tract . . . and to help keep you regular and fit.

It also contains other parts of wheat, to supply that appetizing, nut-like flavor.

Just try it for awhile! We know you'll find it a delicious cereal . . . and it may be the thing you need to make you like your old self again.

You can buy it at any grocer's, and the cost is so little. Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods.

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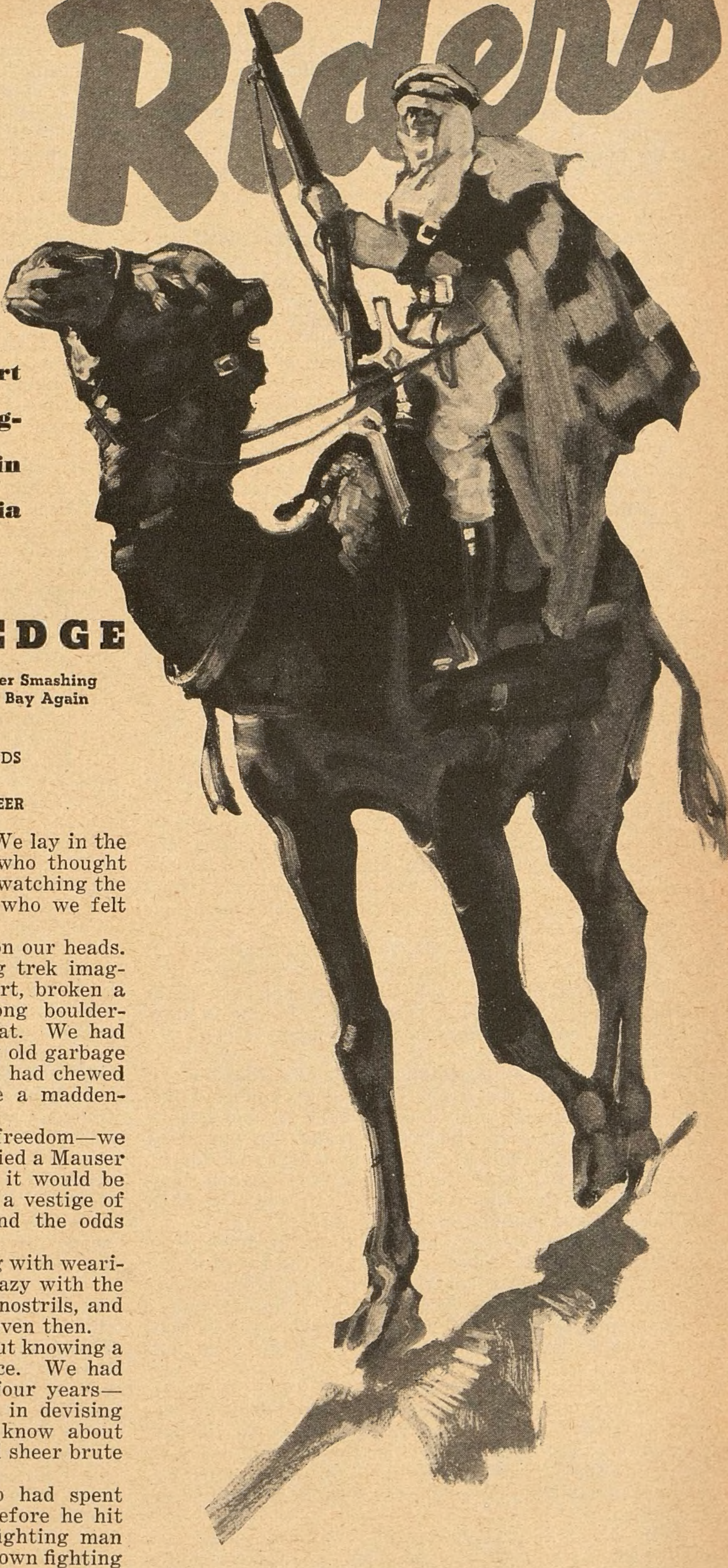
BEGINNING

Hell Riders

A Stirring Saga of the Desert Patrol . . . of Battle and Brigands and Beautiful Slaves in the Mystery Valleys of Arabia



by
W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Co-Author (with Ex-Legionnaire 1384) of Those Other Smashing Liberty Serials, Hell Hounds! and Hell Hounds at Bay Again

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART ONE—HUNTING DOWN THE AMEER

WE were trapped! Trapped like rats! We lay in the dust of the plains, three poor fools who thought they could escape from the Foreign Legion, watching the approach of that band of Arab horsemen who we felt pretty sure were desert police.

We were renegades. There was a price on our heads. And after five days of the most grueling trek imaginable! We had forced-marched over desert, broken a trail through palm groves, scrambled along boulder-strewn valleys, always under blistering heat. We had lived on dates, tough sand grouse, roots, any old garbage that contained moisture. For two days we had chewed leather straps in feeble efforts to assuage a maddening thirst.

Now—sick, exhausted, within reach of freedom—we lay awaiting those horsemen. True, we carried a Mauser each and still had some few rounds. But it would be madness to put up a fight. There was not a vestige of cover anywhere on that sanded waste, and the odds against us were at least ten to one.

We could do nothing save lie there, panting with weariness, tongues swollen and blackened, half crazy with the torturing sun and the sand grit in mouth, nostrils, and eyes. A sip of water would have saved us even then.

We had not started on this mad trek without knowing a lot about one another's power of endurance. We had served together in the Legion for nearly four years—three and a half of which had been spent in devising means of escape!—and what we did not know about forced marching, trekking without food, and sheer brute suffering was hardly worth knowing.

Armstrong was a tough six-footer who had spent twenty years wandering about the earth before he hit up with the Legion. I loved him as one fighting man loves another—I, Digger Craven, who had known fighting in various places and starvation in the bush down under.

Armstrong's face was within a few inches of my own

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO

as we lay there. His eyes were red-rimmed. Rivulets of sweat and dust trickled down his jowl into the scrub of black beard.

I suppose I was in much the same case. So also was Gyppo, our half-caste Egyptian pal. He was a tough undersized little devil, wiry as they make them, and as cunning as he was wiry. He'd go anywhere with "Amstring and Digger."

Five days! And now this! After all our planning and scheming! Our project had been to get out of Syria, and the Legion, and then make for Irak instead of trekking south to Palestine—in which direction so many had failed. Ramadi was our objective. After which, Bagdad would be easy.

But that moving cloud of dust had resolved itself into a band of Arab horsemen.

When they came within calling distance, however, we had the shock of our lives. These were no Partisans looking for escaped Legionnaires! Arabs certainly, but not the dread jackals. I think we went crazy then, just mad with relief, croaking at each other as if demented. We could deal with ordinary Arabs.

"What are they, Amstring?" gasped Gyppo.

Armstrong staggered to his feet, gave greetings to the leading horseman, and began to gabble in a lingo that neither Gyppo nor I could follow. In a minute he turned back to us, his sun-blackened face creased in a wide grin.

"They are police, too. They belong to the Irak Desert Patrols."

"God in heaven! That means?"

"It means, Digger, that we are already in Mesopotamia—on British territory!"

Gyppo squeaked—the sound was intended for a whoop! It was the best he could do. For myself, I felt I could have sat down and wept. There followed a great deal of palaver, with Armstrong as interpreter.

The Arabs were a detachment of the famous Irak Desert Patrols, that little known organization which controls the police service in northern Arabia, chiefly over the vast area of desert and mystery valleys that border the Bagdad-Aleppo Road.

The patrols are composed of Wahabis—the bunch we met were all of that tribe—also Cossacks, Syrians, and a sprinkling of Europeans, including, we learned later, a goodly number of men who had found their way north from the Legion. A motley crowd representing nearly every nationality on earth.

Their job is to keep the Bagdad-Aleppo Road safe for travelers, tourists generally, and commercialists interested in oil and mineral exploitation in that part of the world. I knew but little of them then. I came to know a great deal before I was many days older.

EVER since the caliphs reigned in Bagdad that historic road had been the happy hunting ground of mountain tribes, Kurdish and Bedouin bandits, and despite modern developments and metal roads for motorists, they still descend from the hills to plunder and kidnap.

The patrols had more than that to fight against, however. Even today the area is also infested with dope traffickers, gun runners, and slave traders.

At the moment we were busy swilling the drink given us by the Wahabis—those true sons of the Prophet who were content to owe an allegiance to Christian authority because of the fun they got out of it! Having gulped down quantities of native wine and arrack, we were soon more drunk and delirious than good fighting men should be.

The Wahabis, learning that we sought British protection, readily gave us all they had. Our condition was past praying for. I cannot recall any single incident of that jog trot to Ramadi from the moment we were lifted into the natives' saddles until we were handed over to the commandant. We slept the sleep of the drunk and exhausted.

Many moons later I opened my eyes and stared at a whitewashed wall. It seemed that I stared for hours, trying to recollect things, until a familiar voice growled, "Hey, Digger! How d'you feel?"

I turned my head slowly, for it was as heavy as lead, and met the cold gray eyes of an unforgettable face.

"Gosh, Armstrong! Where are we?"

"In the British compound at Ramadi. And thank your lucky stars for that!"

It took time to accept the fact. What is called chaos of mind was then my chief trouble. But there was no doubt about Armstrong's jowl, anyway. As long as that was around we were not too badly off. I sat up in my trestle bed. Armstrong was smoking a cigarette. In the far corner Gyppo still snored.

"Smoke?"

"My heavens, I'll say!"

We sat saying nothing, content to smoke and think. We had passed out of Gehenna to this haven of a cool whitewashed stone building and the first decent bed in years. These moments are beyond words. Presently friend Gyppo sat up with a jerk and gazed wildly round.

"Amstring! Amstring!"

"Hello, Gyppo! What's biting you?"

The little devil rubbed his eyes and then took a long look-see at us. He grinned suddenly.

"Gimme a fag, somebody."

Silence for a space while three happy men sucked at gaspers.

THE silence was broken by footsteps coming along the corridor. A red face grinned in the doorway.

"Feel like some grub, you fellows?"

"You said it, Ginger! Come right in."

He did, carrying a bucket of coffee, a dixie of rich-smelling stew, and some white bread—*white bread!* We brought down the praises of Allah on his red head. He stood there, his khaki shirt open at the neck, the sleeves rolled back to the armpits. The shirt, his shorts, puttees, and great ammunition boots were all splashed with grease. Ginger was cookie and the loveliest sight we had ever seen. He watched us and was tickled to death.

"It fair does me 'eart good to see you chaps eat!"

"How's the enemy, Ginger?"

"It's eight ack emma, and you've been sleepin' about thirty hours!"

After that we had a shower and general clean-up. We looked more lifelike when we paraded before the commandant at ten o'clock. Colonel Ross-Coverdale, chief police wallah of that area, seemed quite pleased to see us. It was not the Legion garb that tickled him, either. He had seen lots of our sort before. He very soon intimated that he was in need of men of our type. He would assist us on our way to Bagdad, if we wished it. But he felt we should have a much more interesting time with the Irak Desert Patrols. The pay was good and the possibilities of an occasional scrap not too remote.

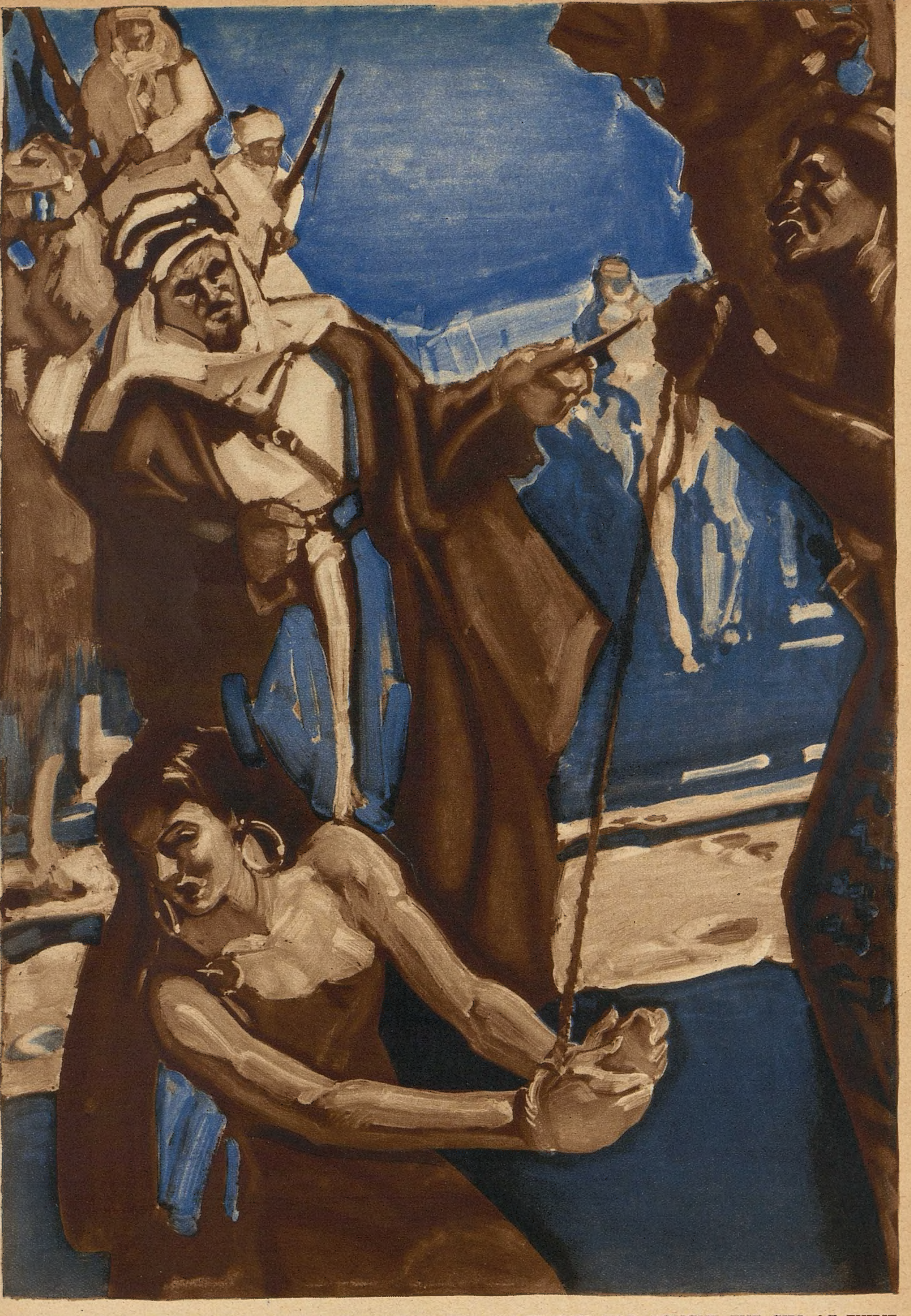
We found the prospect alluring. To put it briefly, we very soon learned to mix with the varied nationalities that composed the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol. The complicated patois reminded us of the Legion—except that our new pals were happy and care-free.

Rocking on camels was not difficult. In fact, both Armstrong and Gyppo might have been born to those perilous seats. The burnoose and kaffiyeh (Arabian headdress) were the trickiest part of the job. All the patrols dressed as Arabs and the fillet of camel hair twisted around our headcloths required some practice for its proper adjustment.

Each patrol had its own commander. Most of these were young Englishmen with a taste for that sort of thing. Ours was known as Smith Sahib, even by the Europeans. He was a likable youngster under thirty, hard as nails, tough as leather, with blue eyes and a boyish grin that were entirely deceptive. He welcomed us like a brother, glad to jaw to some one in English for a change.

The dawn of a particularly beautiful morning found the Fourteenth Patrol turning out of Ramadi with the fixed intention of finding and arresting a self-styled Ameer of Kurdistan and his gang. We were sixty all told, which included the *oont wallahs* or camel men. Gyppo and Armstrong and I rode with Smith at the head of the bunch.

"This Ameer fellow has done considerable damage," said Smith Sahib. "He's wanted for robbing and bru-



ARMSTRONG BIT OFF A FEW PERTINENT QUERIES. THE BLACK ONE HAD BOUGHT THE GIRL AT TIKRIT.

tally ill-treating a motoring party at a God-forsaken spot on the Aleppo Road. There were two women in the party. Mere girls. He flogged one of them—"

"Good God! Why?"

"Because she was white and—er—well, pretty. An infidel in his eyes. His idea of amusement, I suppose. It's three weeks ago. She is still in hospital."

"The swine!"

"Quite. And listen. I don't want you fellows to get the idea that you're on a picnic in joining the patrols. The work can be just as bloody as anything you've seen in the Legion. Get that. This Ameer wallah, for instance, has cut up two patrols already."

Smith's eyes flashed for an appreciable second. The boyish grin died.

"In the case of those other patrols—they both returned to headquarters without a commander."

He went on to explain that these savage Bedouins of the hills were very like the Jebel Druses. "They love," he said, "to exercise their Moslem faith that 'Christians are dogs.' In the name of Allah they will indulge in the most bloodthirsty sort of cruelty. They live for it. Raiding and marauding is the only industry they know. This Ameer and his bunch are particularly ferocious swine. We've got to wipe 'em out."

We camped on the outskirts of Dasa that night. It was arranged that Armstrong should go into the desert town, visit the bazaars, do a little espionage, since he was an expert linguist. Gyppo and I went with him. It was then that we saw the wisdom of the "no shave" order in the patrols.

IN our Arabian dress and with the covering beards, we moved freely among the Arabs, entered their dirty cafés, sipped arrack and scented tea while Armstrong kept his ears cocked. No dialect got past him. He would cautiously pass titbits along to us.

We were back in the camp before midnight. An hour before dawn we had breasted the rise beyond Dasa, and with the first spread of color in the sky were facing the loveliest valley—a riot of vegetation that was to prove our undoing.

Smith Sahib rapped out an order and the patrol of camels dropped to knee as if shot. Two Wahabi scouts went forward. Lying behind our beasts, we watched them lope cautiously along the valley.

Presently they halted and stood up in their saddles, sweeping with their natural farsightedness the farther deeps of the gully. Suddenly one of them threw up his arms and toppled from the saddle into the dust. His camel dropped to knee, seconds too late. The other camel followed. Then the air was rent by fierce yells. The infamous Ameer and his band emerged on the road, firing from the hip as they galloped toward us.

The next half hour was as hectic as anything we'd ever experienced. These devils were not to be driven from what they considered their legitimate pastime without the most hellish struggle. It was as bloody an engagement as any I've encountered in a somewhat eventful career. The yelling fanatics had no delusions as to who we were. No burnoose ever deceived them!

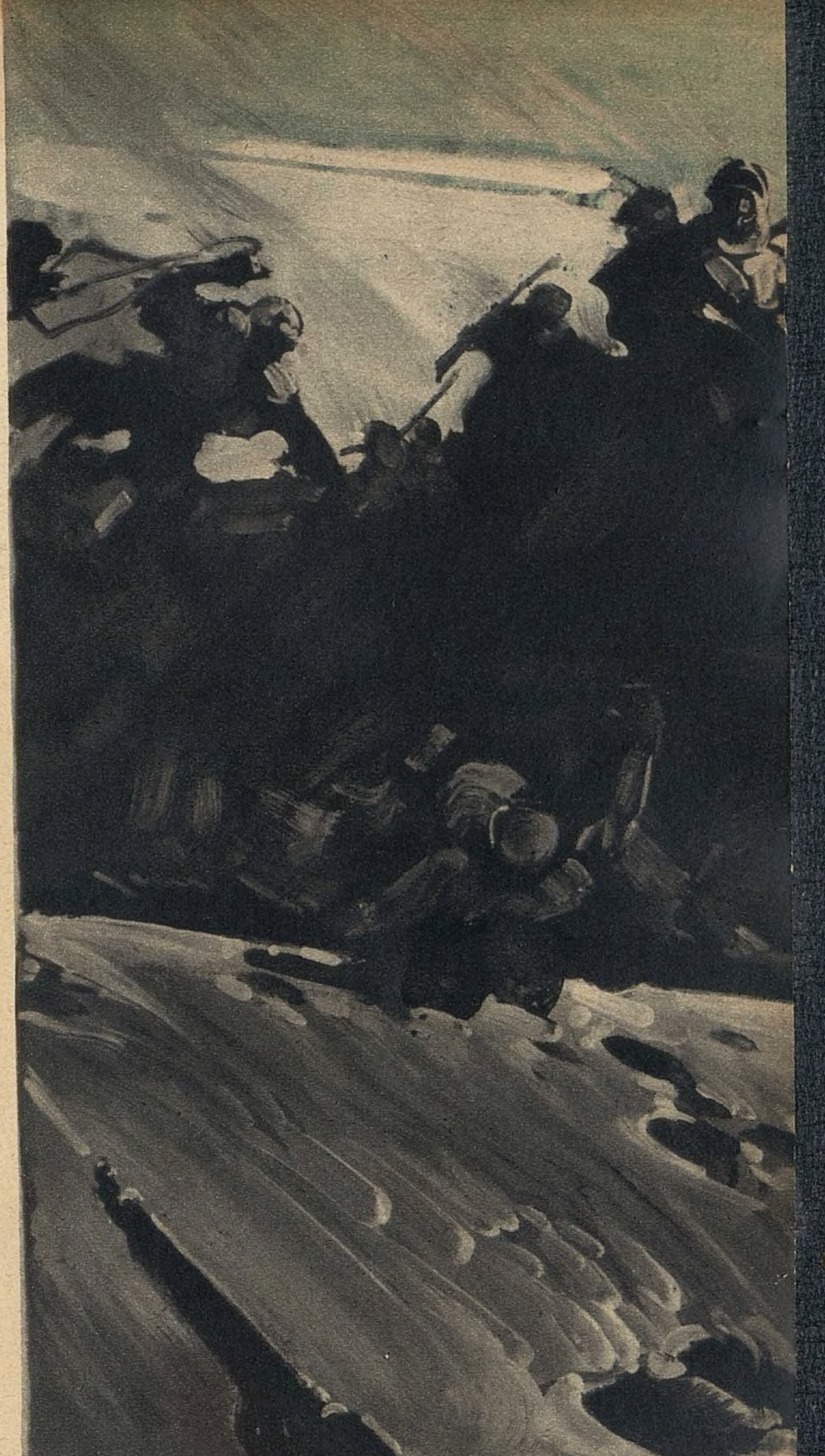
Early in the skirmish Gyppo sat in the dust, spitting blood and mouthing oaths. Those madmen came careering up the road as if they would ride through us! We checked them only by bringing down their mounts.

In that deafening racket one might have been excused for thinking that a whole battalion was in action. As I pressed in the cartridge clips and sighted from behind my camel saddle, I chanced an eye in Armstrong's direction. He had used his kaffiyeh to bandage his jaw, but he was firing quite steadily.

Where was Smith Sahib? Had they got him, just as they had got those other two commanders? There was something uncanny, inhuman, about these wild devils of the hills. They died with yells of laughter—the craziest bunch I had ever seen.

It took us an hour of deadly shooting and deadlier bayonet work to get them on the run. We had no intention, however, of following them into the gully they knew so well and which we knew not at all.

We retired, collected our dead and wounded, got the beasts into formation, discovered Smith Sahib still breathing. Gyppo, like Armstrong, had stopped one in the jaw. That's how most of us had got them, since only head and shoulders had shown above camel packs for the greater part of the fight. Anyway, we had vanquished the mob—for the time being.



But the bloodthirsty Ameer was still at large.

A ragged remnant of the Fourteenth finally made its way back to Ramadi. Smith Sahib, bless his soul, passed out before we got there.

Commandant Ross-Coverdale set about reorganizing the patrol in the most matter-of-fact manner. Apparently this was just an everyday sort of occurrence.

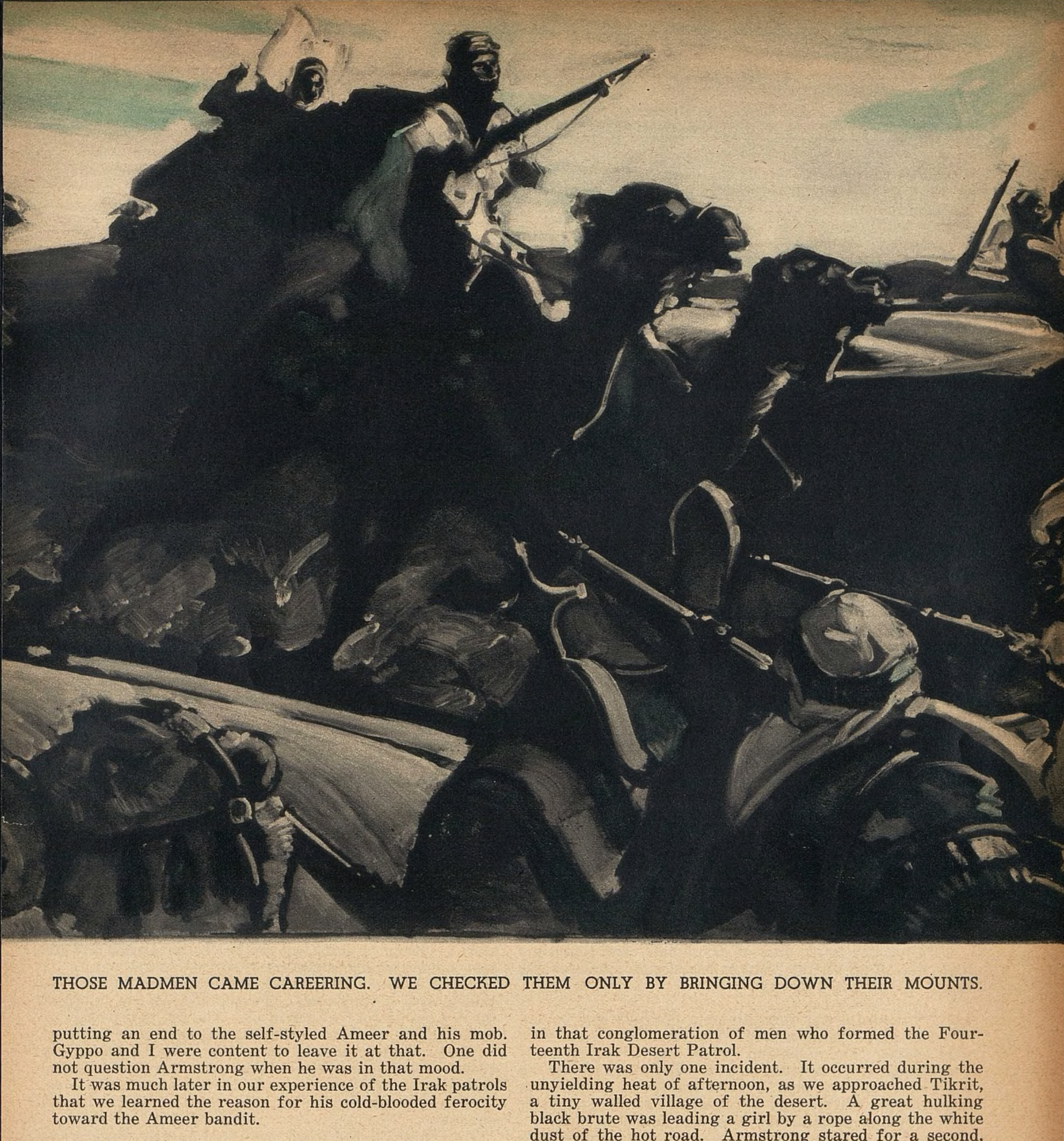
When Armstrong came out of dock with a new scar, he was appointed Skipper of the patrol.

After his appointment a subtle change came over him. Not that it affected his vanity. He was not that sort. A born fighter and a leader of men, he took the job in his stride.

But, though he had never wasted words, his jaw now shut like a clam, and his cold gray eyes went down to freezing point.

Armstrong was beginning to look his thirty-nine years, especially with that stiff black beard.

His mind, of course, was occupied with the task of



THOSE MADMEN CAME CAREERING. WE CHECKED THEM ONLY BY BRINGING DOWN THEIR MOUNTS.

putting an end to the self-styled Ameer and his mob. Gyppo and I were content to leave it at that. One did not question Armstrong when he was in that mood.

It was much later in our experience of the Irak patrols that we learned the reason for his cold-blooded ferocity toward the Ameer bandit.

WE had not long left our quarters at Ramadi when Armstrong called a halt and dismounted. The Wahabis were overjoyed to see him assume the burnoose over his riding kit. From then on, unlike other commanders, he always wore it. The folds of the kaffiyeh about his face made his nose seem more hooked than ever. Now he was like his men—a pukka Arabian. We proceeded.

He turned to me. "Listen, Digger. I shall deal with this Ameer wallah myself. We take his gang back to Ramadi in the ordinary way."

He said not another word throughout the whole of that blessed day. We loped on hour after hour in the blazing heat. The camel is a patient, untiring beast. We ate and drank as we sat, swaying to the incredibly long velvet-footed strides, and no stranger could have said which were natives, which were Wahabis, and which Europeans in that conglomeration of men who formed the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol.

There was only one incident. It occurred during the unyielding heat of afternoon, as we approached Tikrit, a tiny walled village of the desert. A great hulking black brute was leading a girl by a rope along the white dust of the hot road. Armstrong stared for a second, then rapped out an order. Automatically the patrol circled, then closed in on the man and the girl.

The stranger was long and black and bony. He might have been an Arab of the Arabians, but he looked as if he had originated in some Nubian hovel. A powerful-looking fellow. In striking contrast, the girl was half his size and white; at least, she had a face of that curious alabaster pallor which proclaims the Armenian. Her uncovered hair was black as night, and so were her eyes.

Armstrong poked at the coal-hued native with his rhino-hide crop and bit off a few pertinent queries.

The black one had bought the girl in the bazaar at Tikrit, and he didn't see what it had to do with any stranger on a camel who happened along. He was taking her to his farm, and that was all there was to it.

Until the Skipper disillusioned him. No Eastern native has ever been able to understand the use of fists, much less that particular one on the point of the jaw which renders the recipient speechless and breathless. After which Skipper Armstrong dumped the girl into the saddle, and instead of skirting Dasa as we had intended, we rode straight up to the town, where the girl was handed over to the local police wallah.

Slave trading is by no means dead, but in that part of Arabia the dealings are mainly in women and girls of the beauty-contest type.

Few white men knew the Arabian mind better than Armstrong. On most occasions he could get down to it and deal with an Arabian from the Arab viewpoint. This was not one of them. Dealing in women wasn't in his code. It was a matter that could be handled only according to his early upbringing. He knew enough to realize that he had made an enemy for life of him of the black hide, but he was not likely to lose sleep over that.

It was curious in a way. Personally, he had no time for women. That one in his saddle had got nearer to him than any I had ever known, and she was just baggage.

It was dusk by the time we had settled that little job. It did not suit the Skipper's plans to carry on through the night. We camped outside Dasa and I went with him for a stroll through Arab town. Gyppo started with us but very soon drifted away. *He* had much time for women, and in that respect was somewhat color-blind.

There was the usual concourse of vociferous natives thronging the bazaar quarter, a human menagerie that would beat any zoo even for smells. Countless lamps of the wick-and-saucer variety lit up the garish scene. Merchants in their rickety booths cried in high raucous voices their incomparable wares. Urchins begged for baksheesh. Donkeys laden with packs of camel's thorn and dates tottered past, followed by big brown men in loin cloths. There were veiled women and unveiled bright-eyed witches—a jostling of Arabs, moon-faced Persians, tuberculous Eurasians, laboring Kurds, smiling Bagdadis, Algerians, Syrians, and Levantines.

Into this pestiferous ant heap we pushed our way. The Skipper had changed his boots for sandals.

"Fun, if we came across the Ameer," said he.

It had occurred to me.

"But how would you recognize him?"

"He has the triple fillet of camel-hair cord round his *haik,* like all big sheiks. But he has also an unmistakable scar between beard and eye."

WE threaded a way through hens, donkeys, and pariah dogs and entered a café. The atmosphere was blue with smoke. The noise and stench was like every other Eastern café we'd tumbled into. But there was something different about this one. I could feel it. A glance from Armstrong confirmed my impression. It wasn't merely that the place was sinister. They are nearly all that.

We sat in a corner sipping *ksara,* a native wine that is far too sour for my taste. And we watched without appearing to do so, listened without moving a facial muscle.

A native close by was expressing himself in no uncertain terms on the subjects of the French in Syria and the British in Irak. We rather agreed with him about Syria, but had some difficulty in restraining ourselves in respect to the other subject. Obviously this native was a learned man and a traveled one.

Suddenly the Skipper's eyes narrowed to mere slits. On the wall opposite was one of those beveled mirrors with gaudily painted flower sprays so common in these dives. I saw the reflection of several people in the glass—men alone, men with women on their knees, men in groups, smoking. Nothing unusual in that.

Then, from my angle opposite the glass, I saw a woman advancing up the room, making straight for our table. I turned to face her. She sat down next to Armstrong, smiled at him in the way these women have, whispered something, smiled again. I was ignored. So far as she was concerned, I might not have existed.

Well, I thought, in the puzzled minutes that followed, she won't get much change out of the Skipper. She might push her lovely face into his with all the lure she could muster, drape herself over his burnoose in postures peculiar to her kind. He was lure-proof.

Then I caught his eye across the table—and guessed again.

"Go back to camp," he said to me in the plainest Arabic. "I shall follow you in less than half an hour."

I sat still for some stupefied seconds, wondering if I'd heard aright. Surely this couldn't be Armstrong—the man I'd known for years, the secretive, cold-eyed fighting man, the dare-devil adventurer, the uncompromising leader, the skillful strategist, the fellow who had always avoided women as he would the plague?

I went. It was an order. He might be an old friend; he was also my commander. I went, and I thought hard all the way. Of course, the simple explanation was ludicrous. Well, there was nothing to do but hang around the camp and await his return. I talked to Gyppo, who was equally mystified.

HIS appearance was sudden, his orders swift, crisp, precise, bitten off in that characteristic way he had. The patrol must move off at once, leaving the camels behind in the care of our armed *oont wallahs* with Gyppo in charge. We had a job to do on foot. If we moved quickly we should probably succeed; if we didn't, as likely as not we should be cut to bits or riddled with lead.

We moved off under cover of darkness, fifty-two heavily armed men, as happy a bunch as you could find anywhere because of the scrap in the offing—in short, the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol on the warpath!

It must have been midnight when we topped the rise that led to the Dasa Valley. There was no moon. The gully was deathly still. Not even the cry of a jackal broke the silence. There was no sound from the patrol, creeping forward like so many panthers.

"Got information that we were to be surrounded and wiped out, Digger. It was planned for an hour before dawn. There'd be the usual sticking of the sentries, and then a swoop. I think we can teach the Ameer and his mob something about the art of sortie and ambush."

And I agreed. Armstrong and I were out to turn the tables with a vengeance. Twenty-five of the toughest men in the patrol for each of us. And the neatest sort of ambuscade to gladden the hearts of these bonnie fighters!

We proceeded halfway down the gully. I halted my twenty-five men, and the Skipper went forward with his detachment. We got down into the ditch by the roadside. A watery moon lit up the valley with fitful gleam and shadow.

Crouching in the ditch, we could faintly discern the other half of the patrol. They halted at the bend and in a flash had disappeared into the road ditch on our opposite flank. So far so good.

Silence reigned over that eerie valley. There was no need for chatter, no necessity for orders. Every man knew exactly what was to happen and what he was to do. My bunch was composed mainly of Cossacks and Wahabis—the most reliable scouts and the fiercest fighters in the world. But the few Europeans that found themselves in the patrols were in much the same case. To a man, they were hardened warriors, swift on the draw, cool in action, ruthless maybe, making war without gloves that it might end the sooner.

In three hours' waiting and watching, no man murmured. Then we heard the approach of the band of outlaws, saw them turn the bend in the road and pass the hidden detachment, watched them come forward to certain annihilation. They, too, were on foot, the better to steal around the camp where we were not! I confess to being thoroughly keyed up, knowing that my bunch were straining to go over the top of that ditch, waiting breathlessly for the signal of my raised Mauser.

I put my foot on the crest of the ditch. Twenty-five others followed simultaneously. On came the unsuspecting outlaws. When they were within a dozen yards of us the first volley crashed, rending the silence. Instantly the surprised bandits were thrown into confusion. We followed up our advantage, volley after volley shattering the disordered, yelling, infuriated mob.

W. J. BLACKLEDGE *first went to work at eleven in a cotton mill in England. Later he became a newspaper reporter. He served throughout the World War and was four years in the Near East. He has since done magazine and publicity work, but now does writing only.*

They turned about, rushing for cover offered by the bend in the road. But they failed to reach it. Armstrong's detachment blocked their passage with a hail of lead. They were surrounded! Trapped! A number were laid out in the roadway. The onslaught had been so sudden, so totally unexpected, that they had had no chance to use their arms. A bunch of hands shot skyward. They accepted defeat. It was all over in a matter of minutes. Too easy, like pinching sweets from a kid.

We sorted them out with lengths of rope, with a special halter for the Ameer. Their passage back to our camp was decidedly rough. But the most exciting show of all was the execution of the Ameer next morning.

Armstrong had said he would deal with the chief bandit himself. He did. The death of the self-styled Ameer, who flogged defenseless women for his own amusement, was such as to be spoken of among his Moslem brethren with something like awe for years afterward.

Apart from the patrol and our prisoners, who formed a circle around the improvised gallows, a vast crowd of natives had turned out to witness the execution. As a demonstration of how to make the punishment fit the crime, it was most illuminating. The Skipper had an amazing appreciation of the Arab mentality.

While the preparations were going forward I stared round at the expectant throng—and pulled up rather smartly. In front of the mob I picked out the faces of two women standing there arm in arm. Armstrong saw my look and grinned. One of them was the young and lovely girl he had rescued from the black wallah. The other was the siren who had sat at our table in the café.

"I CAN guess," said I, "that the lady of the café is the one who gave you the information about the Ameer. That's been pretty clear all along. But the younger girl?"

"It happens, Digger, that the two are sisters."

"Gee! And she returned thanks for her sister by dropping you the hint about the Ameer?"

"Something like that. The luck of the game, Digger."

"How did *she* know what his plans were?"

"Easy. She keeps a house of sorts. One of the Ameer's lads got liquored up there and told her a funny story of what was to happen to the patrol camped outside the town. There was only one patrol, and a few hours earlier it had brought in her sister!"

Just then Gyppo appeared. He was carrying a huge slimy skin. It was that of a pig, with the feet still attached to it. Gyppo was grinning all over his face and his beady eyes were brilliant with excitement.

"Get a couple of boys to help you wrap it round the Ameer," said Armstrong. "Not the Wahabi tribesmen, mind!"

"I get you, Skipper. Couldn't expect a Moslem to handle *this!*"

The skin was wrapped round the bound figure of the miserable Ameer. There was horror, terror, loathing in his black eyes. He cried for mercy. He yelled to be saved from this final indignity before Allah. He was a Moslem. He was defiled by the touch of pig! Allah would not receive him if he died thus!

Armstrong's cold gray eyes closed to mere slits as he watched the screaming, struggling bandit being hoisted to the gallows post. A white girl had died in hospital because this outlaw had amused himself by flogging her.

"The sahib is just," opined the Wahabis. "The punishment is meet."

Nevertheless they, true sons of the Prophet, like the Moslems in the crowd around us, drew the burnoose over their eyes that they might not see the barrel kicked away and a Moslem hanged in the skin of a pig.

Our next adventure outdid even that one in drama and was fully as dangerous. There is not a more patient, more painstaking lot of man hunters on earth than those of the patrols. But over this gun-running business even the Fourteenth began to get a trifle irritable.

Every man jack of us was a master of the hunt—for most of us had been hunted at one time or another. Just the same, we hunted in vain for the best part of a month without finding the illicit traders. We—who had a reputation for getting our man!

SKIPPER ARMSTRONG was restless, untiring. Night after night he penetrated into the holes and corners of Ana, the desert town on the upper reaches of the Euphrates which we knew to be the center of the gun traffic. His appearance in these days was unmistakably Arabian. He had increased his extraordinary skill in speaking the various dialects of the north.

Yet day after day he rode at our head, scouting, searching. Night after night he went out on his mysterious expeditions. The result was nil. He scarcely slept. The rest of us fumed. We were reduced to snarling at one another.

Idleness in a desert patrol is more than a curse. It's a disaster. At all events, we were fed up to the back teeth. We must have shown our state pretty badly one morning while trekking over a patch of country heavy with boulders. It was bad going for the camels, and I think we were getting a bit indifferent as well—until he swung round and heaved a mouthful at us:

"Come on, you desert curs! You witless cripples! You children of bazaar thieves! You sons of noseless mothers and pariah dogs! Come on, swine! Is this a patrol or a band of dumb desert sheep? Are you men or sugar-eating tourists? March, you crows and jackals! Gallop, you pig-house sweepers!"

And a great deal more of it in the same strain, with curses in Arabic, German, Russian, French, and his own tongue.

It was just what we needed.

We jumped to it. There was no further complaint that day.

Even so, the first clue to the seat and center of that gun running came to us in the simplest manner imaginable.

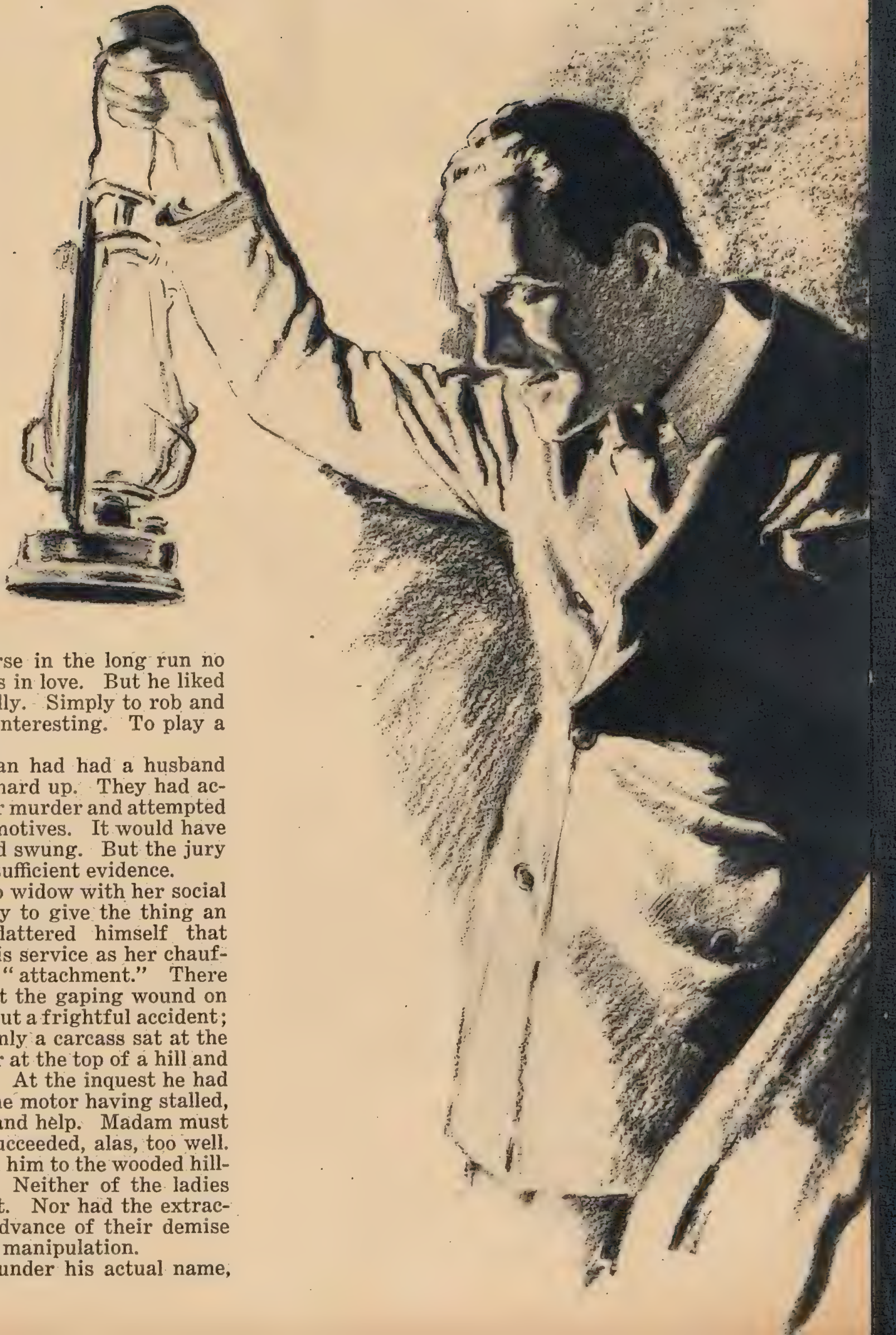
We had a new man with us on that trek, an American by the name of Bain. Another queer cuss. Quiet-spoken, unassuming, but as tough as the rest, if the marks of hardship and experience round his steely eyes were anything to judge by.

A youngster with a beard like silk, with a manner as deceptive as it was dark. Another lad from the Foreign Legion.

It was he, by the sheerest accident, who put us on the right trail, and I was with him at the time.

Who was the fantastically garbed man of mystery whom young Bain encountered one night up a dark alley in Ana? What did the square-jawed, steely-eyed Skipper Armstrong do to entrap this sinister individual? And did—oh, did a breath-taking adventure and a battle royal come of it! Here's one great thrill that next week's installment of Hell Riders has in store for you. Another, even greater, is the kidnaping of Digger Craven in Bagdad by "a lovely but dangerous animal" with bejeweled fingers, the tigerish queen of an illicit cocaine traffic!

The Subtle CRIME



READING TIME
17 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

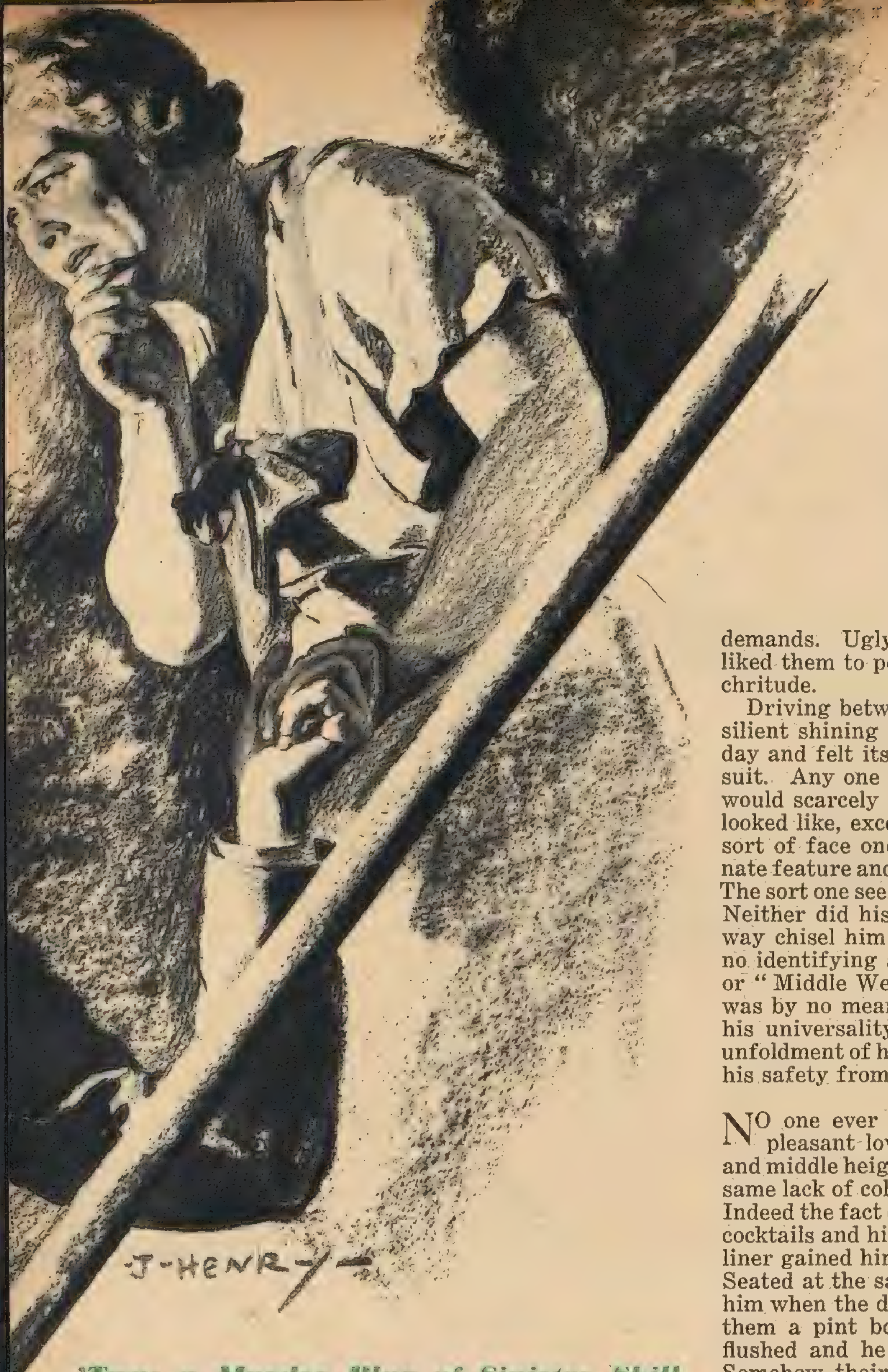
IT was too easy.

As he drove along the country road this was the only aspect of the case which struck no responsive chord in his breast. Always, when embarking on a mission similar to the present one, his pleasure in subtle planning was akin to that of a musician who witnesses a symphony of his own composition superbly orchestrated. Crime in itself, bald crime, stripped of subtlety, went stale before the deed was consummated. He enjoyed obstacles, contriving means to surmount them. He relished a tang of danger. He preferred a woman of brains who might fight infatuation with her reason. Of course in the long run no woman actually utilized her brains in love. But he liked a long run for his money. Literally. Simply to rob and slay was obvious, stupid, and uninteresting. To play a part was a spur to the art of crime.

In that Chicago case the woman had had a husband who was separated from her and hard up. They had actually put the fellow on trial for her murder and attempted to prove robbery and revenge as motives. It would have been amusing if the poor devil had swung. But the jury had acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence.

In the case of the San Francisco widow with her social prominence, it had been necessary to give the thing an appearance of accident. He flattered himself that throughout the entire period of his service as her chauffeur no one had suspected their "attachment." There had never been any suspicion that the gaping wound on her head was caused by anything but a frightful accident; or that when he made sure that only a carcass sat at the wheel, he had stepped from the car at the top of a hill and sent it to destruction at the foot. At the inquest he had been able calmly to testify that, the motor having stalled, he had gone to look for a garage and help. Madam must have tried to start the car, and succeeded, alas, too well. The garage men who accompanied him to the wooded hilltop corroborated his statement. Neither of the ladies concerned had been easy conquest. Nor had the extraction of thousands of dollars in advance of their demise been accomplished without astute manipulation.

In a New York savings bank under his actual name,



As they went down the ladder-like steps Edwina descended carefully, clinging to his left hand. The air of the cellar was damp and chill.

'Twas a Murder Plan of Sinister Skill. but a Surprising Thing Befell It . . . Don't Miss This Strangely Gripping Story of a Killer's Courtship

by

RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. HENRY

likewise known only to himself, was a substantial sum which, augmented by the proceeds of the venture that now engaged him, would guarantee permanent residence on the Riviera.

Yes, undoubtedly life was as full of promise as the still, hot beauty of this priceless summer's day. And awaiting him, in a white house set high among Connecticut's hills, was a Maud Muller fluttering with anticipation. Not a Maud Muller to fulfill the pictorial loveliness of Whittier's poem, but sufficiently blushing and shy to answer his æsthetic demands. Ugly old women were never his victims. He liked them to possess a certain amount of feminine pulchritude.

Driving between fields of pungent pink clover and resilient shining grass, he sniffed the fragrance of noonday and felt its friendly warmth through his blue-serge suit. Any one passing the small inconspicuous roadster would scarcely be able to recall what the driver actually looked like, except that he was smiling. He had not the sort of face one remembers. It was of that indeterminate feature and coloring which one passes without notice. The sort one sees duplicated innumerable times in a crowd. Neither did his clothes or the way he wore them in any way chisel him from the masses. Even his speech held no identifying accent. One could not say " New York " or " Middle West " or " South " or " Canada." All this was by no means accident. He had carefully cultivated his universality. The man's charm for women lay in unfoldment of his chameleon personality. Here also rested his safety from detection.

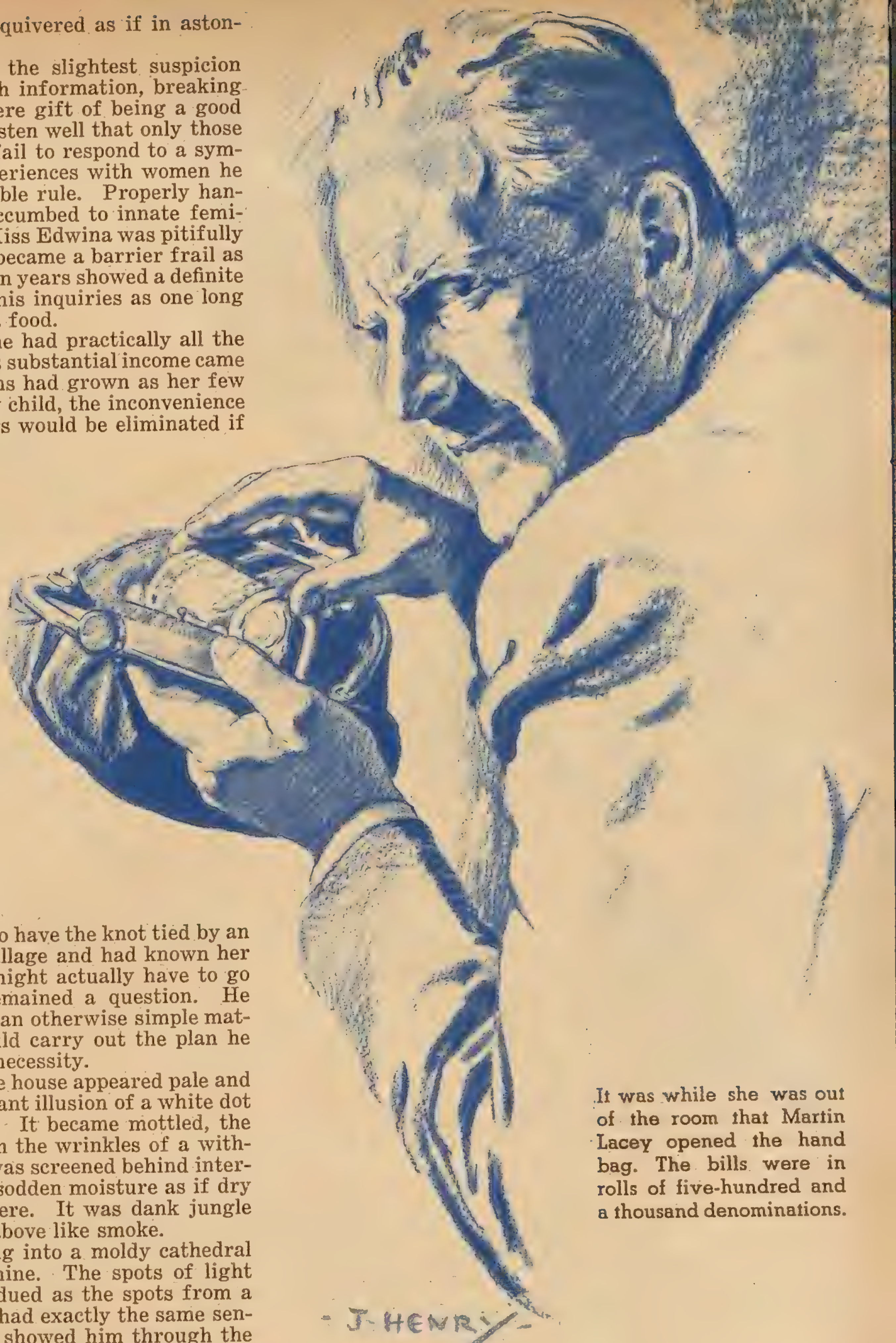
NO one ever suspected him of being anything but a pleasant low-voiced fellow of some thirty-odd years and middle height, with drab-toned hair, eyes of much the same lack of color, and skin the clarity of a nondrinker's. Indeed the fact of his taste for milk and water rather than cocktails and highballs had three months ago on an ocean liner gained him the regard of Miss Edwina Williamson. Seated at the same table, the little lady had first noticed him when the dining-room steward placed before each of them a pint bottle of frothy creamy liquid. She had flushed and he had lifted his glass in a sort of toast. Somehow their mutual taste constituted a bond. The acquaintance, cultivated through three meals a day (for to Miss Edwina the luxury of breakfasting in bed was unknown) and quiet hours side by side on deck (he had his chair placed next to hers), had ripened on her part into a tentative, fluttering friendship.

Miss Edwina must have been thirty-eight at least. Though it was hard to tell. Her virginal quality was not alone the result of spinsterhood. She was rather like a pink-and-white baby whose faint wrinkles are the marks of a wondering puzzlement at the world revolving round her and of which she seemed no part. She was round and a little pudgy like a baby, too. And there was something pathetic about the wistful look of her blue eyes. She had pale blonde hair that crinkled with the same suggestion of babyhood, and her hands were tender and soft.

Early he learned that she was quite alone, her loneliness intensified by the fact that she traveled a lot and saw about her other travelers who enjoyed the privileges of companionship. She was too timid to permit the approach of strangers, too accustomed to her loneliness to do other than accept it as her lot in life. She had been an orphan since childhood and her only relatives were distant cousins in India. All this fluttered in fragmentary confidence from her pink lips that quivered as if in astonishment at their volubility.

He was certain she had not the slightest suspicion that he deliberately coaxed forth information, breaking through her reticence by the mere gift of being a good listener. So few know how to listen well that only those who have something to conceal fail to respond to a sympathetic ear. In his varied experiences with women he had discovered an almost infallible rule. Properly handled, even the most cautious succumbed to innate feminine yearning for a confidant. Miss Edwina was pitifully ready. Her congenital shyness became a barrier frail as paper against the first man who in years showed a definite interest in her. She welcomed his inquiries as one long suffering from hunger welcomes food.

Before the voyage was over he had practically all the data he required. Miss Edwina's substantial income came from an estate whose proportions had grown as her few close relatives died off. An only child, the inconvenience of solicitous brothers and sisters would be eliminated if suddenly Miss Edwina should drop from sight. Eventually the distant relatives in the Far East might make inquiry for the purpose of laying hands on her fortune, but by that time he would have disappeared as unobtrusively as the little spinster. There would be no trace of either.



It was while she was out of the room that Martin Lacey opened the hand bag. The bills were in rolls of five-hundred and a thousand denominations.

TURNING the car up an incline toward the house which had been in Miss Edwina's family for several generations, he was smiling at the prospect of himself in the rôle of bridegroom. He was coming here to be married! At least so he had led Miss Edwina to believe. Long ago he had concluded it was the only way to lay hands on her money. He had persuaded her to have the knot tied by an old preacher who lived in the village and had known her from childhood. Whether he might actually have to go through with the ceremony remained a question. He hoped not. It would complicate an otherwise simple matter. If before sundown he could carry out the plan he had in mind, there would be no necessity.

In a thick grove of maples, the house appeared pale and silent. Approaching it, the distant illusion of a white dot among the trees was dispelled. It became mottled, the paint peeling like make-up from the wrinkles of a withered old face. The bright sun was screened behind interlacing branches. The soil held sodden moisture as if dry heat never quite penetrated there. It was dank jungle moisture with insects circling above like smoke.

He had the sensation of going into a moldy cathedral from a drenching sea of sunshine. The spots of light that filtered through were subdued as the spots from a stained-glass window. He had had exactly the same sensation when first Miss Edwina showed him through the house several weeks before—when it had flashed upon him inspirationally as a gift from the gods, just the setting to fulfill his purpose.

Miss Edwina was waiting on the wide veranda. She looked absurdly young in her gray bride attire. A faint flush seeped through the baby skin and her eyes were bright with excitement.

He raised her hand to his lips. Small helpless hand whose scratch would be no more than a kitten's.

"Martin dear" (she knew him as Martin Lacey), "I thought you'd never come," she said with relief.

He explained that he had gone down to the steamer on which they were booked to sail at midnight and got their baggage safely in the stateroom. Just in case they were delayed until the last minute, he wanted everything set. He wanted to spare her any anxiety or worry.

Miss Edwina told him somewhat wistfully that she had been alone since ten in the morning and it made her nervous. She spent very little time at the home of her ancestors. It was too isolated, too sad. A month or so each year was about all she could bear. Old Christopher, the caretaker who lived in a shack on the premises, was the only person who occupied the place.

"And you asked me, Martin, to give him a week's holiday, so I sent him off this morning. He seemed surprised. The poor man hasn't been away in years. He took his dog for company."

The man she knew as Martin Lacey gave her hand a tender pat. While he answered her he thought how wise he had been to get the caretaker out of the way. Aside from leaving the coast clear, the senile old fellow would have a difficult time explaining that week's absence if and when the body of the mistress of the house should be found. He also congratulated

(Continued on page seventeen)

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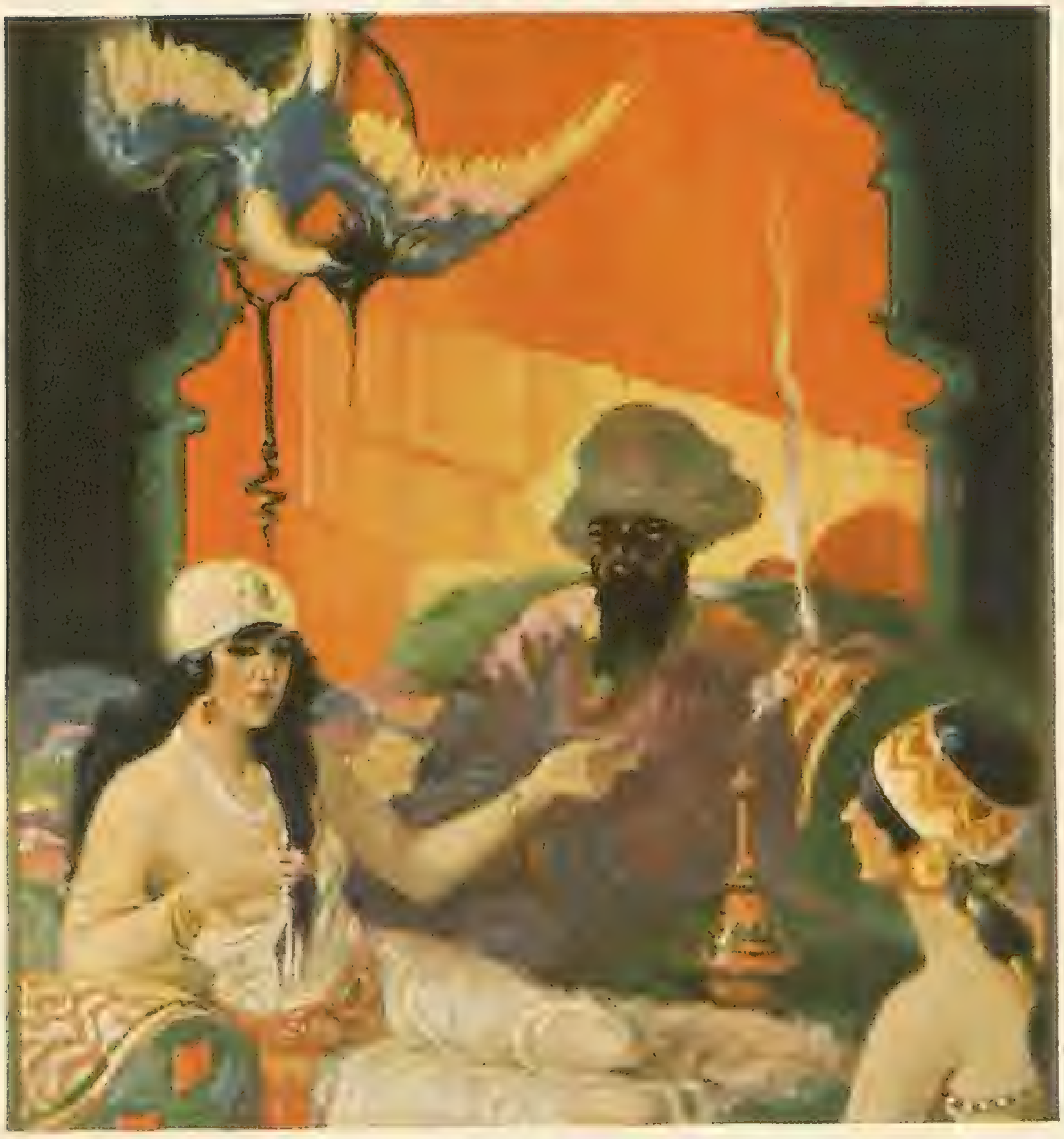

Shahrazad, the beautiful slave and her master, King Shahriyar.

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(Continued from page fourteen)

himself that he had convinced Miss Edwina this was the one romantic background for their wedding. Miss Edwina, deeply in love, was not difficult to convince.

The front door with its upper panel of leaded green, red, blue, and yellow glass stuck stubbornly as she struggled to force it open. He closed his hand, strong, sure, and muscular, over her soft one, and the knob turned. The yawning hall and musty smell of walls that never felt the sun. Tan paper, in a faded pattern of gold, covered them. Beyond a double doorway with brown velours portières the parlor lay dark and somnolent. Green window blinds were drawn. Through their streaked and cracked surface a sickly light touched the overstuffed Victorian furniture, the few pictures in heavy tarnished gold frames, the ornate chandelier.

“ Don't let's go in there! ” Miss Edwina clung to him. “ I haven't been in that room since my father's funeral and it reminds me of death.”

At the other side of the hall was another, smaller door, studded with a design of colored glass like the front one. As Miss Edwina reached it, a stray wisp of sunlight through a circular yellow pane hovered in a sort of halo over her blonde head.

“ In this golden light,” he whispered, “ you look like—like an angel.”

The comparison gave him amused satisfaction. To choose just the right word in such a situation! A word that fitted so exactly. He dropped her hand and lifted his to the softly rippling hair. His fingers itched to twist themselves among the roots and pull till her eyes went blind with pain and her throat shrieked terror against the echoing walls. But the time was not yet.

Instead he rested his lips against the pale-gold ringlets and murmured what a lucky man he was.

His eyes glistened just like sharp points of light.

Miss Edwina's head dropped toward his heart. But he drew quickly away and put his right arm round her shoulders. It would never do to let her feel what he had concealed inside his coat on the left side. She relaxed confidingly within his embrace.

He was pleased to prolong this moment—to play the part of lover, to whisper devotional nothings. She was so completely at his mercy. He felt like a man tasting caviar to whet the appetite for meat saturated with blood.

“ This afternoon,” he said, “ we'll go down to the village and be married.”

Miss Edwina's smile enveloped him with the warmth of a fleecy cloak.

“ I wonder if you know all it means to a woman who's been alone so long suddenly to find a companion who understands and loves her for herself.”

“ You make me ashamed, dear,” he answered, “ that I have so little to give you. I want to lay the world at your feet. When I think that I had to ask you for the money to defray our expenses—”

“ What matter whose money? ” She brushed aside the question. “ Aren't we partners? Suppose my fortune had been swept away like yours in the last five years. Would that have been my fault? ”

“ BUT a man feels—”

“ I've always meant to live abroad some day,” she broke in, “ and now I'm going with you. What difference whose money pays for our living? ”

This was the cue he had been waiting for.

“ Did you sell your bonds as I advised? ”

“ Yes. The money is upstairs in my bedroom. I slept with it under my mattress last night.”

He laughed to hide the satisfaction his voice must hold.

“ Just like a woman! The first place a thief would look.”

“ But no one knows I have it here.”

“ Better let me take care of it.”

“ I'll be glad to. You can't imagine the queer self-conscious feeling I had, coming to this out-of-the-way spot with so much cash on my person.”

RITA WEIMAN

whose first book was published in 1917, has a long list of novels and short stories to her credit. Several of her best stories have been published in Liberty. She was born and educated in Philadelphia and wrote her first story during her school days. She is married and lives in New York City.

“ As soon as we land I'll reinvest it in British securities.”

He watched her up the stairs. Watched the cavern of the second floor suck her into darkness. In just a little while now—

It was almost too easy.

She came down presently carrying a fair-sized black hand bag.

It was in line with his art that as she handed him the bag he did not even open it. He must wait until he could steal a moment out of her sight. She must not note his too great eagerness.

He made a point of talking about where he would take her on their honeymoon. To Taormina; to Capri, the Blue Grotto with its enchanted glow of moonlight; to Rhodes (Miss Edwina had never been near Greece); to all the lands of romance. He fed her dreams and held tight the black hand bag.

When they were seated at lunch, Miss Edwina apologized for the light fare of cold meats and salad. Not much of a wedding feast! He suggested they might augment it by a visit to the cellar. Hadn't he noticed some dust-caked bottles in the wine bin when she showed him through the house? Yes—she had almost forgotten. She believed there was some vintage Château Yquem—her father had been particularly fond of it—some Amontillado sherry, and some Tokay. She never had liked wine. But this was an occasion. She must find the key to the wine bin.

IT was while she was out of the room that he opened the hand bag. The bills were in rolls of five-hundred and a thousand denominations. His agile fingers ran through them like live things. Their touch! Sweeter than a woman's lips, finer than the Golden Fleece!

Five thousand—ten thousand—twelve—fifteen. He counted to twenty-five thousand before his trained ears caught her footfall. There was still a roll uncounted.

She came in, dangling a key. Her eyes danced. A dimple played round the corner of her mouth. She looked less the spinster and more the gleeful child about to start on a picnic.

He rose quickly.

She led the way to the kitchen, a large room with a stove set in a niche of smoky red bricks. Early American cupboards for china stood in the corners.

From shelves along the walls hung dented pots and pans.

The seamed boards of the floor gave under their feet. The branches of shade trees swayed outside the windows.

Miss Edwina opened the door to the cellar. She looked down the steep flight of steps into pitchy blackness, and suddenly drew back.

“ I'm afraid somehow. It's like a bottomless pit.”

This was the first hitch.

He must overcome her fears, for what he had to do must not be risked where discovery might occur too soon.

“ Nonsense! You didn't hesitate when I was here before.”

“ Old Christopher was with us, and he knows every inch of the place. Suppose I get caught down there! Suppose this door should slam and I couldn't open it. You saw how the front door stuck.”

“ There's a hatchet in the cellar. I could splinter this door with one blow.”

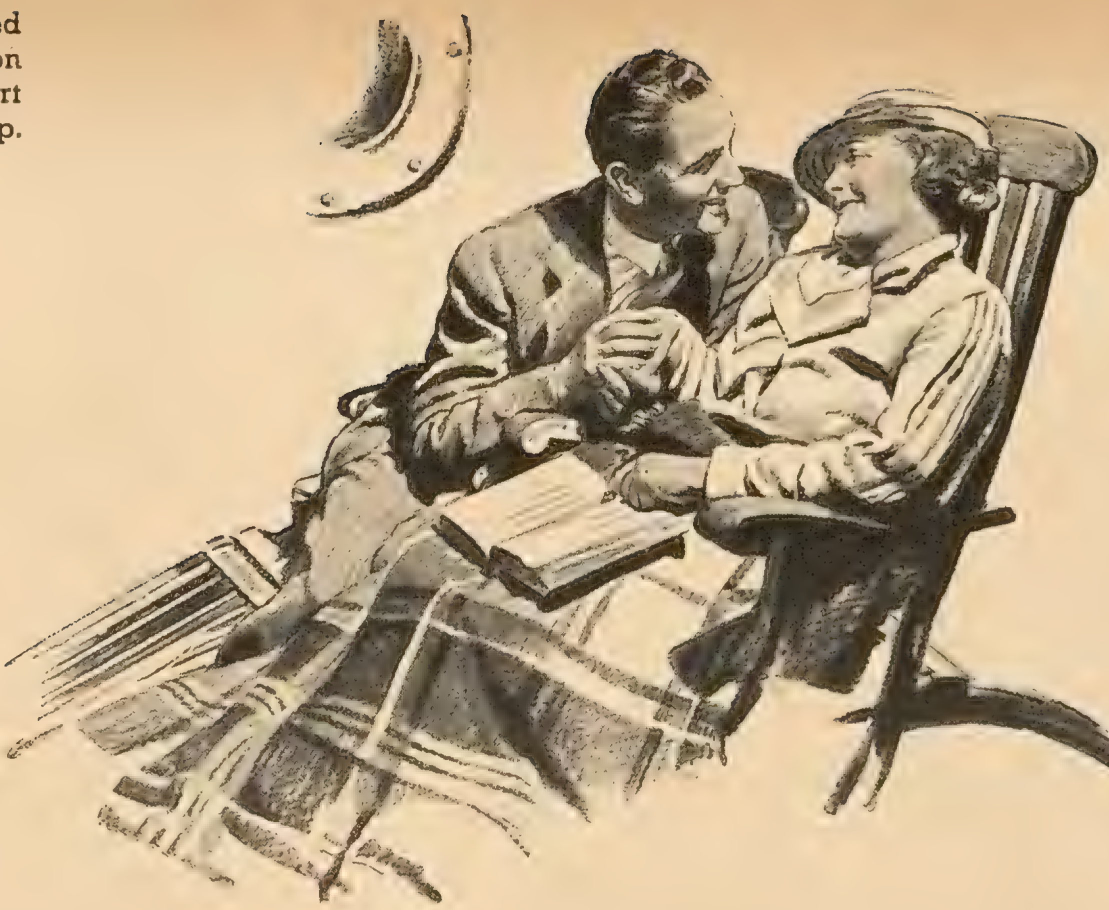
On his last visit he had made sure there was a hatchet, in case the instrument inside his coat did not instantly do its work.

“ You'll go down with me? ” she asked, looking up at him.

“ Of course. You didn't imagine I'd let you go alone? ”

“ Oh, then everything's all right.” The fear faded away like mist and her gayety returned. “ I'd better put on an apron. The bin will be full of dust and I mustn't stain my wedding dress.”

From a hook near the pots and pans hung a lantern.



The acquaintance, cultivated through hours side by side on deck, had ripened on her part into a fluttering friendship.

He lighted the wick while she tied on a bungalow apron. He kept the flame so low that as they went down the ladder-like steps only a faint yellow flame guided them.

She descended carefully, clinging to his left hand. With his other he held the lantern. The air of the cellar was damp and chill. It almost extinguished the flame. He set the lantern in a hollow in the wall.

The light eddied forth like the trailing reflection from the stern of a boat on a black sea.

Miss Edwina's soft little hand still clung, helplessly as a child's.

As she moved toward the wine bin, no more than a gray spot in the dark, he drew his hand gently away. He reached inside his coat.

NOW the thrill of accomplishment—the breathless choked tension of excitement at top pitch! It was always so.

Always, while his mind stayed electrically clear, the final moment brought a surge of emotional ecstasy.

He seized her shoulder. He heard her gasp of pain. He raised the piece of lead pipe covered with tire tape, to bring it smashing down on her head.

Halfway his arm was held upright as if paralyzed. Against his ribs the impact of a bullet was a hot piercing stab.

Simultaneously the cellar radiated white light. From the wine bin a battery of light flooded his eyes. He did not fall, but, grasping his side, looked down on Miss Edwina, who was holding something thrust through the pocket of her bungalow apron.

He knew now that his lifted arm was gripped from behind with immense power.

His wrist was being twisted until the lead pipe dropped from his fingers.

His captor kicked it out of the way. Another man picked it up.

To his straining eyes the cellar seemed to be full of men.

The blinding battery from the wine bin moved to one side and he made out the face above it of Christopher, the senile caretaker.

But the senility was gone. The eyes were shrewd and narrowed.

"Well—got you this time, Mr. Martin Lacey, alias Arthur Corning, alias George Lowery.

"Wanted in Chicago for the murder of Agnes Hollister. Wanted in San Francisco for the murder of Isabel Whitefield. Wanted—"

The blood from the wound in his side spattered through his fingers to the stone floor.

A grip on his coat collar held him like a sack of meal.

"Dead to rights she got you," came tersely. "Smartest woman detective in the country. If her gun didn't do for you, you'll swing."

"I had to let him have it," said Miss Edwina calmly. "I saw what was coming and I couldn't risk having him brain me."

Even in his sick dizziness, it shocked him that her voice was still the timid one he knew.

Timid—with a gun stuck through the hole in her apron pocket.

As the brilliant light faded and things went black, his last conscious sensation was self-contempt. An artist in crime to be caught by a woman!

He should have guessed from the start.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How many transcontinental railway systems has Canada?

2—*Gaucherie* means what?

3—What is an *Agave americana?*

4—When was the famous Northwest Mounted Police Force established in Canada?

5—An impi is what?

6—Who introduced golf into the United States?

7—Who is the official executioner for Canada?

8—A sphygmomanometer is what?

9—Who first translated the Bible into the Indian language?

10—What is the full name of T. O. M. Sopwith?

11—When and where was signed the Armistice which ended the World War?

12—What Canadians discovered a successful method of treating diabetes?

13—What is the daily average production of crude oil in the United States?

14—Can energy be *created* or *destroyed?*

15—Who first cultivated grapefruit in the United States?

16—What is the difference between evidence and testimony?

17—Who wrote "I could not love thee, Dear, so much, lov'd I not Honour more"?

18—What is a *faux pas?*

19—On what United States stamps were the words "U. S. Postage" omitted?

20—Who said "A dying man can do nothing easy"?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

"—*discovered* in a great U.S. medical college!

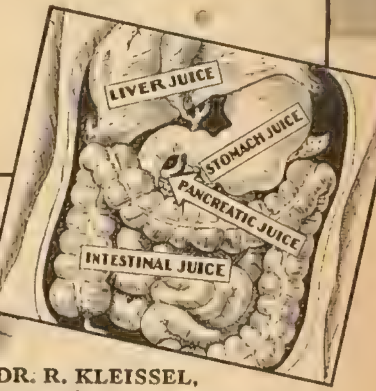
...this new Yeast acts *much faster*"

explains
DR. R. E. LEE

... Fleischmann Health Research head, authority on Yeast for Health. He states:—"It's a new 'strain' of yeast, very rich in hormone-like* substances."

Astonishing Results in Hundreds of Test Cases, clinic heads report

25 clinics gave "XR" Yeast to people with constipation, indigestion, skin troubles, "run-down" condition. "Never a yeast like it!" doctors reported. "Remarkable!" Secret lies in hormone-like substances which make digestive juices flow fast.



DR. R. KLEISSEL, stomach expert, says: "In my tests, *every case* benefited."

Corrects Constipation, Indigestion and related Skin Troubles and "Run-down" Condition far quicker. (Newly added Vitamin A combats Colds!)

THOUSANDS, AMAZED by news of this quicker acting new yeast, have asked question after question about it. Here are the answers, written by Dr. R. E. Lee:—

What led to its Discovery?

Years of research. A noted American medical scientist finally isolated this new yeast ... was astounded by its quick action on health.

But . . . isn't all Yeast the same?

No! There are dozens of "strains" or varieties. This new one is the strongest ever found . . . *acts fastest* in the body.

*It's very rich in hormone-like substances (body "activators") which speed the flow of your digestive juices and strengthen digestive action greatly.

How do these juices affect Constipation and Indigestion?

Most constipation, indigestion, etc., *start* when these juices *slow up!* "XR" Yeast makes your juices flow faster and muscles work harder *from stomach on down.* Thus your food is better "churned"—digested. Your stomach empties sooner. You shouldn't feel "stuffed up," or have indigestion after meals. Constipation usually stops. Cathartics can't *correct* constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

The Skin clears up quicker, too?

Yes! "XR" Yeast speeds up your digestive system and feeds pure nourishment into your blood—not poisons. Your skin gains "tone." Pimples, etc., soon disappear!

Will it help prevent colds?

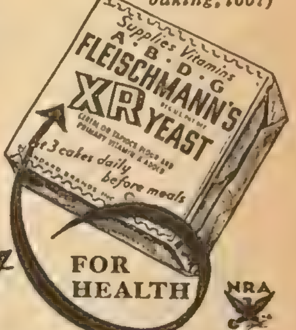
It helps, by cleaning you out and by supplying "anti-infective" Vitamin A (newly added) . . . Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast also contains Vitamins B, D and G.

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast daily, plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably a half hour before meals. Keep on till you're *well!* Start now.

"New 'XR' Yeast acts twice as Fast!"

"After eating the new yeast for only two days I felt better," *writes* Mrs. J. A. Corney, *New York City.* "I was sluggish, had indigestion. 'XR' Yeast is twice as fast as the former yeast."

(As good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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Can We Abolish

An Inquiry for Armistice Day—Liberty Presents the Uncompromising Replies of Some of the World's Most Eminent Thinkers

by HERMAN BERNSTEIN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Freud, psychoanalyst: "I abhor war, but am deeply convinced of the futility of any formula for peace."

Austen Chamberlain, British statesman: "I distrust the judgment of those who say they have a formula."

Baker, American Secretary of War through the World War: "I frankly have no formula and know of none."

RECENTLY I met a distinguished general, now in the army of one of the important European powers, who is an intimate friend and confidant of a powerful dictator.

This general told me that the only way of solving the world's perplexing problems was to start a new war. The strange thing about this man is that he is mild-mannered, soft-spoken, almost sentimental. He is interested in art and literature. He loves his young and pretty wife tenderly. Having no children of his own, he is passionately fond of other people's children.

I chanced to ask the general whether he ever went hunting. To my amazement, he replied:

"Never. Such sport does not appeal to me. Years ago, when I was a young man, I shot a little bird, and when I saw it bleeding on the ground a strange sensation of pity came over me. I never went hunting after that."

And it was this general, directing the military policies of a great nation, who expressed to me the belief that another war is not only imminent but desirable. When I asked whether he could predict who would be victorious, he answered calmly:

"There will be no victor. All the nations will suffer and all will be reduced to the same low level. Only then will it be possible to readjust the world. There will be no privileged nations after the next war."

While there are few people who believe in the desirability of a new war, there are many who are convinced of the inevitability of one in the near future. Europe is seething with bitter discontent. It is undeniable that there is more talk and fear of the nearing catastrophe than there was on the eve of the World War.

I have asked a number of intellectual and political leaders whether they could give me their formulas for peace, for publication on the sixteenth anniversary of the end of the World War.

Some replied that they know of no formula. Others believe it hopeless to discuss peace. Still others distrust the judgment of those who think they have a formula.

Thus England's famous melancholy Dean Inge writes: "I do not know how wars can be prevented. I wish I did."

And Professor Sigmund Freud, father of psychoanalysis, declares in his letter: "I hope you know what my attitude toward war is and that you believe me when I say that I abhor it no less than you do.

"But I refrain from contributing a formula for peace. I am all too deeply and painfully convinced of the futility of all such demonstrations on paper."

Sir Austen Chamberlain, British statesman, writes: "I have no formula for peace, and must confess that I distrust the judgment of those who say they possess one."

H. L. Mencken, brilliant editor and critic, says: "I am convinced that another war is not only likely but inevitable, and so it seems to me to be hopeless to talk about peace."

And Newton D. Baker, American Secretary of War during the World War, writes: "I frankly have no formula for peace and know of none. I sympathize with and encourage every thoughtful effort toward the promotion of international understanding, conciliation, arbitration, and adjudication. Which of these efforts is likely to be helpful even a little I do not try to judge. All of them are parts of the great fundamental basis of education, knowledge, and temperance

Left, Lord Robert Cecil, statesman: "Why cannot the world get peace? Chiefly because of nationalism." Right, Havelock Ellis, philosopher: "I should view any one peace formula with suspicion."

of judgment upon which success in the maintenance of peace must rest."

The following messages are more hopeful and constructive in tone:

Lord Robert Cecil, British statesman, Minister of Blockade during the war, former British representative at the League of Nations:

"Which way to peace? That is the great question for the world to answer—and to answer soon. For at the moment we seem to be drifting toward war, and war means final destruction of all that we know as civilization.

"And yet the peoples—all of them—desire peace. Why can they not get it? Chiefly because of the accursed doctrines of nationalism. Nationalism is a sonorous synonym for selfishness, the characteristic most odious in individuals. 'Ourselves alone,' 'My country right or wrong,' 'Deutschland über Alles,' and a dozen equally immoral slogans everywhere hold sway. Until we recognize that each country owes a duty to the others in just the same way as each man owes a duty to his neighbor, war must be a recurring incident in international life. 'And who is my neighbor?' The answer is still: Any one who needs your help. Until the nations and their rulers cease to think only of their own interests, there can be no permanent peace."

Abelardo L. Rodriguez, President of Mexico: "The peace of the world will be effected and will endure when all the elements of labor—workers and farmers—duly organized, will unite in taking the necessary steps to refuse to obey inhuman mandates."

HAVELOCK ELLIS, eminent British philosopher and psychologist: "Any single formula for the establishment of a durable peace I should view with suspicion. It is sure to be the concoction of a dogmatic theorist who speculates in safety because his formula has never been put to the proof. I speak from experience. When discussing The War Against War in my book The Task of Social Hygiene, I elaborated seven powerful factors which all seemed to be working together for the abolition of war. Yet not one of them so much as impeded the outbreak of the Great War two years later.

"The difficulty of a formula is all the greater since it is discounted in advance by the fact that we inherit traditional formulas of an opposite kind, coming down from a remote past when war seemed to be not only harmless but actually beneficial, promoting social organization, binding together the tribe in fraternal unity, stimulating courage and self-sacrifice. When (as we now see in but few parts of the world) the death of a single warrior brought the battle to an end, and the victors adopted the sensible plan of paying an indemnity to the conquered, so that no feelings of resentment might be left behind, there was little ground for the formation of an antiwar movement.

"Unfortunately, while these conditions of war have not only disappeared but been actually reversed, the traditions they engendered have persisted into an age in which they have not a ghost of an excuse for surviving.

"Even if these now ridiculous traditions had no existence, the temper of peace would still have two dangers to encounter, as we learned at the outbreak of the Great War. A sudden wave of hysteria sweeps over the whole population, and even, for a moment, carries away many of its best representatives. It is swiftly followed by a spasm of fear. Now hysteria deadens and perverts all the finer psychic aptitudes, and fear actively stimulates all the baser passions. By the time a nation has had time to recover from its hysteria and to overcome its fear, the war is firmly established. On both sides the only aim that survives is victory.

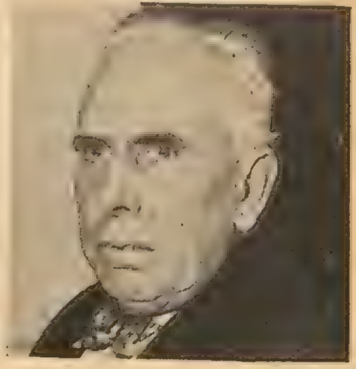
"I have little or no faith in treaties or governments or bureaucrats, even less indeed than I have in armies and navies, which are often led by men who appreciate the gravity of war. Nor, may I add, do I consider that an even complete rejection of war is incompatible with a sympathetic regard for those, it may be in one's own family, who have endured the burdens of war in ages that are past. The soldier of war in the past may in the very same spirit become the soldier of peace today.

Lion Feuchtwanger, German novelist: "Control munitions industries, create a real international police."

"Gloomy Dean" Inge, noted English churchman: "I do not know how wars can be prevented. I wish I did."

Mencken, critic and idolsmasher: "Another war is inevitable. It seems hopeless to talk about peace."

Left: Jane Addams, Nobel Peace Prize winner: "Rapid intercourse, general desire for peace, methods of settling clashes." Right, Dreiser, novelist: "Achieve even 20 per cent of international equity."



HERE'S
the way to
KNOCK OUT
shoe bills

IT'S grand for youngsters to have plenty of healthy outdoor fun—but it's no fun paying the shoe bills.

The answer is Goodyear Wingfoot Soles. They're so tough that no sole built will outwear them — *they literally wear like iron!*

That's why they save money — because a longer-wearing sole means a longer-lasting shoe — weeks, even months of extra service.

No wonder millions of parents are buying shoes with these good-looking waterproof soles! They cost nothing extra — on new shoes, or at repair shops. Ask for them *by name*, and look for this trade-mark —

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

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GOODYEAR
Wingfoot Soles
make shoes wear longer
Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

"It is indeed in such a transformation of the fighting spirit that I see the best hope of peace. We need a gradual development of our traditions into a new path, more accordant with the conditions of life today.

"It is still one of the dangers of today that civilization is for so many so dull and so mechanical. Everywhere are those so eager for the thrills and excitements of war that they are blind to all that war really means. There is no doubt about this craving among the less intelligent classes. We need to transform the fighting spirit, but we can only do it by remodeling our education and transforming our life.

"So, until the general level of intelligence is everywhere raised, we must not expect the phase of reckless nationalism which has cast its gloom over civilization these two centuries and more to pass away, or any League of Nations to be effectively potent."

Lion Feuchtwanger, distinguished German novelist: "Any discussion of measures for the preservation of peace, remains a purely academic affair so long as

"(1) the munitions industry of each country is not supervised by the state and effectively controlled, and

"(2) so long as an international police is not created, one which would be in a position to carry out any eventual peace resolutions of an international agreement."

Robert Underwood Johnson, editor, poet, diplomat, and director of the Hall of Fame: "In my judgment, the peoples of the world desire peace, and the animosities between them are stirred up by those who are in power and who appeal to national pride and commercial interests. I believe that the peace of the world can only be brought about by the spread of a more practical adherence to the principles of Jesus of Nazareth."

NORMAN HAPGOOD, editor, critic, publicist: "In my opinion, the United States can most effectively promote peace by joining the World Court, finding some formula by which it can work with the League of Nations, clarifying its tariff policy, and (as the safest of the Great Powers) taking the lead generously toward ending the private-armament business."

Alfred Kerr, brilliant German literary and dramatic critic: "I am a friend of animals—nevertheless a mad dog must be killed. I am also a pacifist—nevertheless a political mad dog must be killed. Don't kill him by the stupid and expensive means of war. Kill him by economics. But kill him.

"Kill him—kill him—kill him!"

Theodore Dreiser, American novelist: "How to establish a durable peace? Answer: Achieve even a low percentage of international equity—say as low as 20 per cent, which would be high at this writing. How to establish that much international equity? Persuade the intelligent in every country to study the new economics, which involve all the new inventions and the democratic use of the same for the benefit of all. Also the planned use of the boundless sources of power now available, which is sufficient not only to end slavery but even hard work for every one on the planet. Also to provide every living soul with agreeable material surroundings.

"Of course I am opposed to every form of aggressive, predatory war. Always."

HERMAN BERNSTEIN
is especially noted as foreign correspondent; he secured for publication the Willy-Nicky secret telegrams of Czar and Kaiser. He is also well known as an author and for his translations of Russian novelists.

JANE ADDAMS, America's woman leader and Nobel Peace Prize winner: "Three necessary conditions for the solution of the problems of peace and war easily suggest themselves.

"The first is technical—the possibility of rapid and universal intercourse. This now exists and there is constant progress in this field. Our new opportunities make practicable a world organized for coöperation where war shall be eliminated.

"The second is psychological. Peace can come only if men are determined to have it. There must be a widespread desire for peaceful solutions of difficulties, fair to both sides, and a willingness patiently to endeavor to find solutions. Fairness and friendliness, patience and intelligence—these are the moral qualities favorable to peace, and they are qualities not unnatural to human beings. They are imperfectly developed as yet, but are eminently capable of education and growth.

"The third condition of a world peace is political. Orderly methods of doing what is now done by war, that is, settling clashes between nations, must be organized; for between sovereign states as between man and man, if there are no courts and no laws, or ineffective ones, there will be lynchings and vigilantes. Arbitration treaties, a world court, an association of nations preventing aggression at once by world opinion and by providing nonviolent methods of securing fair demands—these are parts of the necessary machinery."

Heinrich Mann, famous German author: "I answer your question in accordance with my experiences. I am one of those who have lost their country because it no longer has any room for friends of peace, except in concentration camps. Insanity has broken out in Germany, and that country takes the position that the greatest part of Europe, of the world, must come under German rule. There was a time when almost every lunatic asylum had a man who imagined that he was the King of China. Since that title has lost its glamour, a great number of the insane say that they are of the 'Nordic race.'

"Throughout history Germany has never won a single major war. Germany's undeniable achievements, in which I too had a part, were exclusively along peaceful lines. Thus far Germany has not been able to rule herself. Her pretensions to rule others arouse pity and there is no prospect that they will ever be realized. This does not hinder Germany from plunging the whole world into the greatest misfortune. She seems determined to do this. Her present rulers will certainly not be afraid to start a war if this is the only means by which they can maintain themselves in power.

"Your question may be answered simply and unequivocally. All Powers interested in peace should stop Germany, must stop her, in time on the road which leads to a universal catastrophe. America and England should take a stand on the side of France.

"FRANCE represents right, freedom, and peace. Germany represents the opposites. There is no bridge between right and violence, freedom and slavery, war and peace.

"Nor can any one escape the decision. A land that allows its own industries to help Germany rearm is thereby sanctioning the next war. A land that permits the unauthorized rearmament of Germany is sanctioning the next war. A land and a government that helps to weaken the French army, the most important defense of European civilization, will be jointly guilty of and responsible for any future catastrophe. A land and a government that at this time does not wish to enter into an engagement to side definitely with France in the event of a war is acting in an irresponsible manner.

"A declaration by England and America that they would side with France would immediately make the war impossible. Why is this only sensible and essential remedy evaded? Obviously because of false considerations. Hitler has disseminated the falsehood that he is the savior of capitalism, though in reality he is only pushing it into the abyss all the faster. Is it clear that the next war will mean not only the end of Hitler but also the end of Germany and the end of capitalism?

"To me personally it does not seem that mankind exists only for the sake of capitalism. The civilization of the world, its humane arrangement, the progress of justice and happiness are infinitely more important. As long as it was possible for me to do so, I worked for all these things. Since the time when neither my voice nor any other word of truth was permitted to be heard in Germany, I share with others what I know from my difficult experiences."

THE END

Light one from another?
Who cares!
Mouth keeps daisy-fresh
...if you keep to Spuds
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CORK TIP
CHOICE TOBACCO
15c
FOR 20
(25c IN CANADA)
They have a way all their own of cooling the smoke ...sifting out irritants...giving you unspoiled flavor.

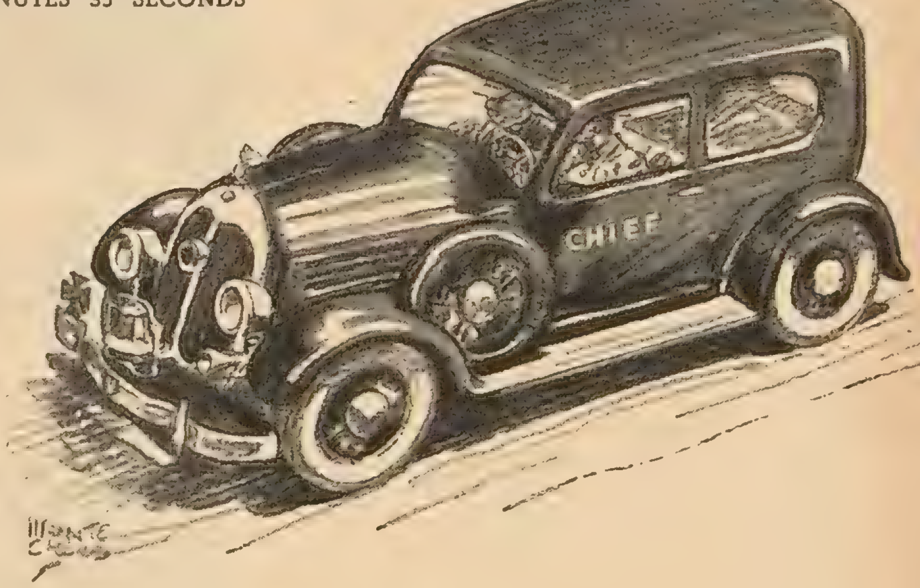
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Re-Employment Engineer

A Buoyant Tale of Dawn After Depression, and a Mender of Human Hearts Who Lost His Own

by PHILIP WYLIE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



BARNEY saw the cane in an ash can. He thought that it was doubtless broken, but as he pulled it out and found it whole, a smile overspread his features. He gave it a preliminary whirl and went on down the street. True, his suit was threadbare and his trouser cuffs were frayed. His necktie covered a hole in his shirt. But the cane made him look well dressed and even jaunty.

A boy standing forlornly beside a pile of newspapers stopped him. "Buy a paper, mister?"

Barney regarded the youth. "Sorry. I find my papers here and there."

"Gee, buddy," said the boy, "I ain't sold one today."

Barney shook his head sympathetically. "I look prosperous, don't I?" he said. The newsboy nodded. "Well, my lad, in the whole world I have twenty-eight cents. Let me jingle them for you. Now. Do you need twenty-eight cents more than I?"

"There's eleven in my family," the boy replied, "and only me working."

"Golly! You win, young man." Barney produced his coins. "But let me give you some advice. Here you stand on Eighteenth Street with not a customer in view. But I noticed as I passed Main and Tenth that there was a concert at the Orpheum. It's conceivable that there would be a market for your journals in the neighborhood when the concert ends. I suggest—"

"Say! That's a swell idea!"

"An excellent idea. Good luck!"

Barney marched on, his cane clicking, until he reached the Community Building of the South Church.

Inside the doorway a girl sitting behind a desk said, "Ticket, please." Barney flushed a little, as he always did, and took from his pocket a card which the girl punched. There were many punches on the card.

"Table seventeen," the girl said. "Sit there regularly now."

He nodded and moved forward to a pair of large doors. Beyond them was a gymnasium in which tables had been set. People of varied ages were dining at those tables. The South Church was doing all it could to meet the problem of what is gracefully called unemployment in Douglas City by providing proud and penniless members of the white-collar class with one good meal a day. Barney found table seventeen. At his right was a girl. She was looking at him with large gray eyes and her mouth seemed ready to smile. She was thin and quite pale. She wore a black suit, one elbow of which was almost invisibly darned, and a black hat from which escaped a maelstrom of the most delicate and the most golden hair Barney had ever seen. She said "Hello" softly.

"Hello." He moved so that a volunteer worker could serve stew first to the girl and then to him. "My name's Barney Taylor. Do you come here often?"

"This is my—first night."

"Oh. Tough, these days."

"A little. My name is Mary Norman."

"How do you do?"

She picked up her knife and fork. He noticed that her hand was quivering and bet with himself that she had not eaten that day—and perhaps not the day before. He burned with indignation that so beautiful a girl could be so unfortunate. He watched her take her first mouthful. And then his own frantic appetite overcame him.

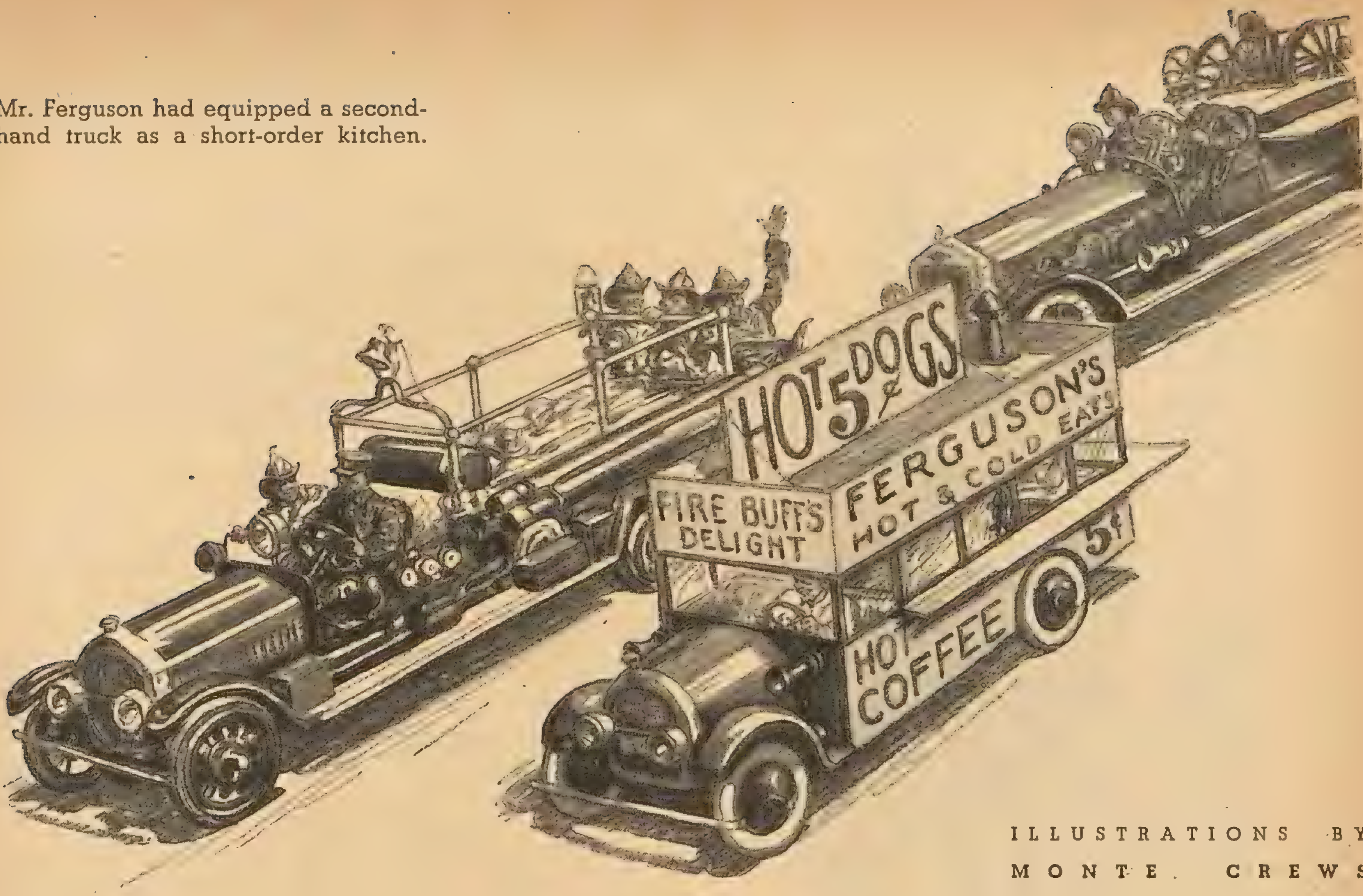
After a while he heard her voice again: "People don't talk much here, do they?"

"I guess they're all a little embarrassed."

"And why not?" Mary and Barney looked at the woman who had interrupted their conversation. She sat at Barney's left. She was about thirty and had a studious and rather homely face. She wore thick spectacles and—Barney imagined—sensible shoes. "Why not?" she continued. "Embarrassed is a pretty feeble word. If you'd worked your way through a university and then taken a degree besides and found that nobody wanted you—if you'd slaved to specialize in something and then couldn't even eat—you'd be embarrassed."

Barney's smile was generous but his eyes darkened. "I did work my way through college," he replied. "And I took a degree. Only—I didn't specialize. Just business courses. If I really knew some one thing well I'll bet I could get work."

Mr. Ferguson had equipped a second-hand truck as a short-order kitchen.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

"Not if it was botany." She said the word bitterly. "I've hunted for three years. *Three years!*"

"If I were a botanist, I'll bet—" Barney stared at her with renewed interest. "What do you bet I can't get you something to do?"

The woman's expression was wry. "You can imagine what I have to bet. Try it and see."

"I will."

Other people at the table were listening. Barney glanced at them. A gray-haired man in a wing collar, a woman who looked as if she ought to be somebody's mother, and a thin clerkish man of unguessable age. They did not meet his eyes. The meal was resumed, finished, and each plate was left clean and shining. The last two to leave the table were Mary and Barney.

"See you tomorrow?"

She hesitated. "Why—yes. Of course."

WHEN most of the diners had departed, Barney asked the address of the minister from the woman in charge of the kitchens. He walked to the house and introduced himself to the Reverend Dodsley, who conducted him to his study and said, "Well, young man, what can I do to help you?"

"There's a girl eating over at your church," said Barney, "who's a trained botanist."

"Yes. Miss Teagle. I know her."

"How many kids go to your Sunday school?"

"Between three and four hundred."

"And what do they do from the end of Sunday school till church is out?"

"Well, the older ones go to church. The rest return to their homes. Some possibly play in the neighborhood—"

Barney fished in his pocket and drew out a handful of green leaves. He spread them on a table. "Know what those are?"

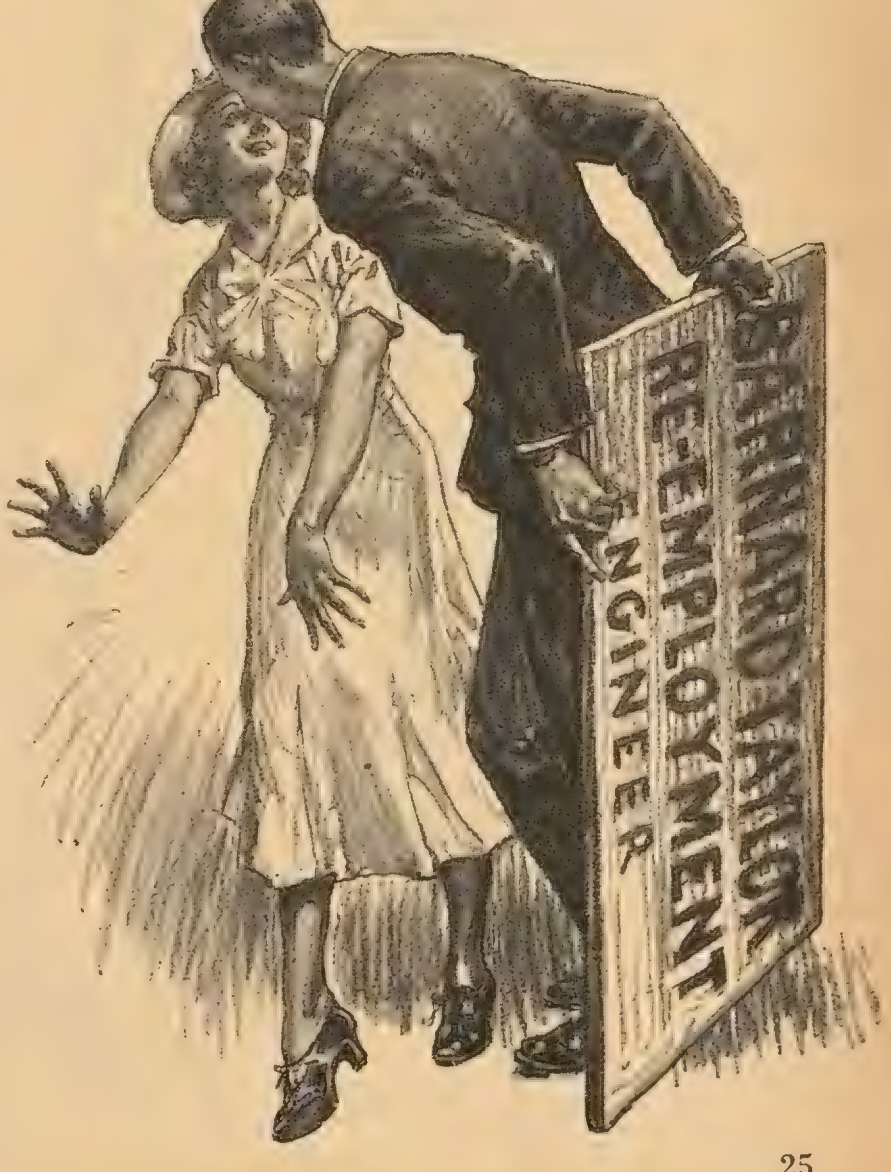
The minister picked one up. "That's a maple leaf—"

"Which maple?"

"Well—"

"I don't know either. But I should. You should. Everybody should. Not to know the flowers and the trees is like not knowing the names of colors. You have three

Before he walked over and kissed her, Barney faced his sign to the wall. "This new job of yours," he explained, "has got to be permanent."



hundred kids with a couple of empty and unsupervised hours a week on their hands. You have one of the best botanists in the country. For twenty-five cents a kid a week she could teach them something they'd be glad to know all their lives. Cheap at that price."

"You're suggesting that my parents hire Miss Teagle to take their children on nature walks during church?"

"Exactly."

The minister pondered. "I think that there is no harm in it."

"Harm? What do you suppose those kids do anyway? They throw bricks through windows and write in cement and generally raise hell. I beg your pardon."

The minister smiled and nodded. "Of course on bad days she couldn't take them walking."

"Thought of that. Get a school bus. Take the moppets to the greenhouses. Good publicity for them. Take 'em to the Botanical Garden. Drive 'em out in the woods."

"I'll speak to my session."

Barney bade the minister good night and departed.

ON the following evening he was talking to Mary when Miss Teagle appeared. "That was marvelous of you, Mr. Taylor! Simply marvelous! The Reverend Dodsley called on me this morning. I already have eighteen children. That's nearly five dollars a week."

The motherly woman expressed curiosity. And presently every one was talking, every one was introduced. The clerkish man's name was Shell. The gentleman with the wing collar was a Mr. Ferguson. And the middle-aged lady was Mrs. Draper.

"He simply found work for me," said Miss Teagle. "Invented work."

"Would you come and talk to me about—things?" Mr. Ferguson asked Barney.

"Be glad to."

Mr. Ferguson lived in one room in the cellar of an apartment building. He paid his rent by mowing the lawn in the summer and tending the furnace in the winter. The walls of the room were painted cement and in one corner was a laundry tub and an ironing board. Barney's sharp eye did not miss the little cloth sacks of bluing and the box of starch which explained Mr. Ferguson's sartorial elegance.

"Sit on the bed," Mr. Ferguson said. "It's more comfortable."

Barney sat on the bed. The alternative was a box.

"I thought I'd like to talk over my problems with you," Mr. Ferguson said. "I'd like to get work, too. I'm fifty-one, but I'm strong and healthy. You wouldn't believe it, Mr. Taylor, but five years ago I was rich. I had well over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bonds and stocks."

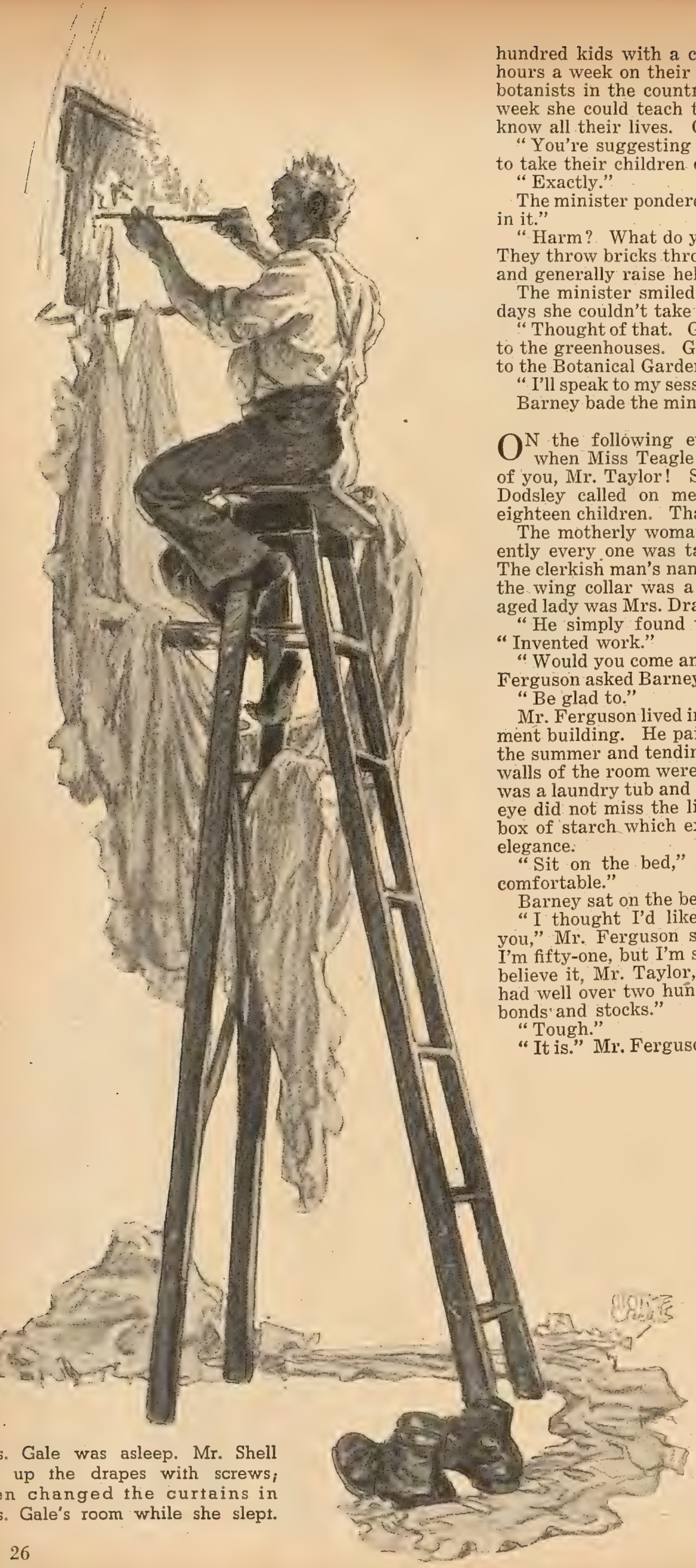
"Tough."

"It is." Mr. Ferguson hesitated. "You see, I inherited the money from my father. I wasn't used to being without money. Never fitted myself for anything in particular. I owned a ball club once"—he looked at the young man hopefully—"and I managed a couple of fighters. I've had some pretty fast sailboats. Ice boats, too. I thought that if I told you about myself, you might get an inspiration."

Barney shrugged. "If you had just done one thing all your life it would be easier. But shoot."

The story took two hours. "I'll try to get an idea for you," Barney said at its conclusion, "but there doesn't seem to be any point to start from."

As he rose to leave, a bell in Mr. Ferguson's room began to strike loudly, and the older man counted. Three strokes, a pause; five strokes, a pause; seven strokes.



Mrs. Gale was asleep. Mr. Shell put up the drapes with screws; then changed the curtains in Mrs. Gale's room while she slept.

"Jones and Hazel streets!" Mr. Ferguson exclaimed. "Let's go."

"Go where? What was that?"

"A fire alarm." Mr. Ferguson was removing an ancient dressing gown and putting on his coat. "Have one installed wherever I live. I'm a fire buff. Never miss a three-alarm—go to most of the two-alarms—and all the ones in the district. Come on!"

The older man walked rapidly. Barney followed. "How come you have a fire alarm?"

"I've always been a fan for fires. When I was flush I gave the department a couple of ambulances and an outing or two. So they wired an alarm in my house. When I got down to this place, they still insisted on me having my alarm. Pretty decent of them—a lot more decent than the behavior of other people I could name."

THE fire was not much as a spectacle. Smoke was oozing from a brick building as they arrived, and firemen were swarming in and out of it. In twenty minutes they were rolling up their hose. The street was blocked with people, however, and long after the engines had clanged into the distance the crowd remained. An all-night restaurant three blocks from the fire was still jammed with customers from that crowd when Barney and Mr. Ferguson started back.

Barney grabbed his companion's arm. "I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"What you're going to do."

"Good Lord! What?"

"Go to fires. At every fire there's a crowd, and some fires last for hours."

"Some last for days. But—"

"Don't you get it! There's not always a dog wagon even. Crowds. Hours. And nothing to eat. You supply the lack. You get an old car and keep sandwiches and coffee always ready. Then—when that alarm of yours rings—out you go! You're in the food business!"

"Say!" Mr. Ferguson was excited. "I've damn' near starved at hundreds of fires. Sometimes I'd have given five bucks for a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee. Especially in winter. But—"

Barney had anticipated that downward inflection. "There ought to be somebody in the church who would like to lay out about seventy-five rocks on a good investment."

And there was.

It was on a hot night sometime later that the Reverend Dodsley stopped at table seventeen. There were two new faces at that table. Miss Teagle and Mr. Ferguson had left it for the happier boards of the self-sustaining. "After you've finished," he said to Barney, "I'd like to see you in my office."

"He looked pleased," Mary said when the minister was out of earshot. "I'll wait for you."

"Sure." Barney had fallen into the pleasant habit of escorting Mary through the summer nights to the small frame house where she lived with her aunt. Mary's story was bru-

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This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

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MODEL

You may differ with the traffic officer about the speed you were going . . . but you're both likely to agree that MODEL is the best tobacco you ever bought for 10 cents. In pouch packages for men who like to dip in to fill their pipes, or in tins for men who like to carry tobacco that way. MODEL has everything—for 10 cents!

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TUNE IN YOUR PIPE

tally familiar to him. She had gone through high school and suddenly found herself dependent upon her mother's sister whose pension money was inadequate even for one. Mary had lost her fifth job some days before she had appeared at the South Church. Barney felt that he was slowly growing to care for Mary, but he believed that a man who had not the slightest prospect of being able to support a girl had no right even to sit on her porch in the evenings and talk endlessly about nothing.

"It's been different since I've met you," Mary said.

Barney ate a carrot. "Not much."

"Lots."

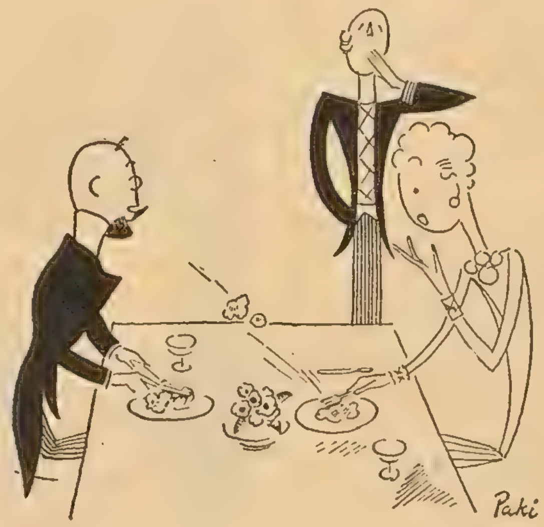
He drank the last of his coffee.

"You ought to have a swain with dough," he said. "I'll see the minister and pick you up."

Mary watched him go proudly. Barney had spent as much time in the last few days vainly trying to find a job for her as he had in hunting for work for himself.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



Discretion

To cut your salad now is proper—
To not do so may cause a cropper.
You might far better cut your lettuce
Than have it fly around and wet us.

N. B. Use any knife you happen to have.

The Reverend Dodsley greeted his visitor with a curious smile. "Sit down, Barney," he said. "Cigarette?"

"Didn't know you smoked in here. Thanks. I don't smoke myself these days—not often."

The minister nodded. "Barney, where did you come from?"

"Douglas City. Lived here with my mother. She died the year I graduated from State."

THE minister picked up an envelope. "I've been delegated to give you this."

Barney tore open the envelope and tilted out its contents: seven dollars and eighty-five cents. "What is it?"

"That is ten per cent of the gross earnings of Miss Teagle and Mr. Ferguson—since they've been at work."

Barney grinned. "They owe me nothing. Nothing at all. It was fun to set them going."

"I've accepted it for you," the minister replied. "You've shown a great deal of resourcefulness and imagination in helping them."

Barney's next words were tinged with a very faint irony. "I think I can get anybody a job—except myself. Me—well—there simply doesn't seem to be any occupation for a person who can do nothing."

"How would you like a job?"

"I'd like it fine." Barney spoke calmly but he had risen to his feet.

"The South Church," the minister continued, "opened its free kitchen for people in this town who have homes, who once had positions, who are proud and courageous. People who have no normal access to new jobs. White-collar folks. My hardest problem has been to find employment for them. I've failed miserably in comparison to you."

"Just luck."

"I think not. Any one who can invent an occupation for a man whose only qualification is that he chases fire engines is more than lucky. Now, one of my parishioners owns a skyscraper downtown. He has several vacant offices. I've told him about you. He is willing to give you office space for six months, rent free, and to furnish that office for you. In turn, you will take as clients all the people we and our friends send to you. You'll manufacture jobs for them. We can't give you any subsidy at all. I imagine this matter of seven dollars may become ten each week, and that will have to be your capital. It will be understood that you'll get a continuous 'royalty' of ten per cent from each of your invented jobs. It isn't really a job at all—"

Barney put out his cigarette. He looked at the Reverend Dodsley. "I'll be open for business at nine tomorrow," he said.

He went out into the vestibule. Mary was waiting there.

"We're working," he said.

He explained.

Mary was glad. She said so all the way to her home. But one thing she denied. "It's you who are working—not we."

"Yeah. We. You're my secretary."

"But I can't take dictation—I can't even typewrite."

He laughed. "Who's going to write any letters to whom about what?"

On the following morning they began to know. Mary had appeared at a quarter of nine in a freshly ironed dress just as Barney finished inking a sign for the door which read, Barnard Taylor—Jobs. He had shown her the small office, the two battered desks, the pair of swivel chairs, and even the wastebasket, when the first "client" appeared. It was Mrs. Draper from table seventeen.

Although he was well acquainted with the motherly woman, he made

Mary write down Mrs. Draper's full name and address and he asked for her telephone number, although he had no phone himself and it was almost certain that she had long since discontinued such a convenience. He tried to appear confident and intelligent as he said, " Now, Mrs. Draper, your qualifications? "

" I've been married for twenty-two years," the motherly woman explained. " I have no children. My husband has been dead since June 19, 1932. He was an invalid. I just took care of him. I'm a trained nurse."

" Excellent! "

" But there's no work I can get. There are plenty of nurses registered at every hospital. Too many." Mrs. Draper sighed. " I've made every effort. It seems too bad, because I did so enjoy caring for my husband. I've often thought that I was born to take care of sick men—"

Barney held up his hand. " I'm thinking," he said. He walked to the window and peered down the side of the skyscraper to the street. His face was tensely contracted. He was on the verge of telling Mrs. Draper that she would hear from him soon, when a better idea occurred to him. " Go down to the lobby, Mary—ah—Miss Norman—and telephone the manager of the building. Tell him I've hurt my ankle rather badly and ask him to send up the nurse."

" Do they have a nurse in the building? "

" That's what we want to know."

Five minutes later Mary returned. " There isn't one in the building," she said. " They gave me the numbers of two doctors in the block—"

" Perfect! "

BARNEY appeared a moment later before the manager of the building. He neither faltered nor hesitated. " Cuts! " he said excitedly. " Sprains! Headaches! Backaches! Stomachaches! Colds! A building full of men with colds. Hundreds. Burns! Thousands upon thousands of business hours lost—"

" What are you talking about? "

" This building isn't modern, efficient, up-to-date. Why, do you realize that it has no visiting nurse? Here it is—a place where hundreds of men and women—a townful—spend a third of their lives. And they have to cross three streets and take valuable time to get medical attention. Why, for the most trifling cost you could fit up a neat attractive little dispensary. Iodine and aspirin ladled out at twenty-five cents a throw by a trained nurse. Charges appearing on the rent bills. It would save your tenants thousands of business hours. And what a sales feature! You have the space. All you need is some trained maternal soul who could have hours—and also pop around from office to office. I guess from looking at you that you're subject to colds. Right? Right! Suppose you could hop into an elevator on a winter day and in two minutes be getting expert attention? What relief! In these bad times you can get bargains in that

1 *"Good gracious, Aunt Alice! Imagine bringing me this coarse powder! Don't you know I always use Johnson's? Maybe you think all baby powders are alike? . . . Well, look here a minute, please—I'll prove you're mistaken."*

2 *"First, try this powder between your finger-tips. Gritty—isn't it! Wouldn't feel so good on my sensitive skin, either! . . . Now, please hand me that Johnson's Baby Powder out of my bath-basket. I'll soon show you the difference."*

3 *"There now—try that! Ever feel anything so s-m-o-o-t-h! —Like velvet! That's because Johnson's Baby Powder is made from finest Italian talc. Our doctor said it hasn't any zinc stearate or orris-root in it, either!"*

4 *"Now promise me you won't forget, Aunt Alice, that baby powders aren't all alike . . . There's a big difference! Powders made from cheap talcs are mean and scratchy. But Johnson's Baby Powder keeps a baby feeling simply grand!"*

Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience, fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 150, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

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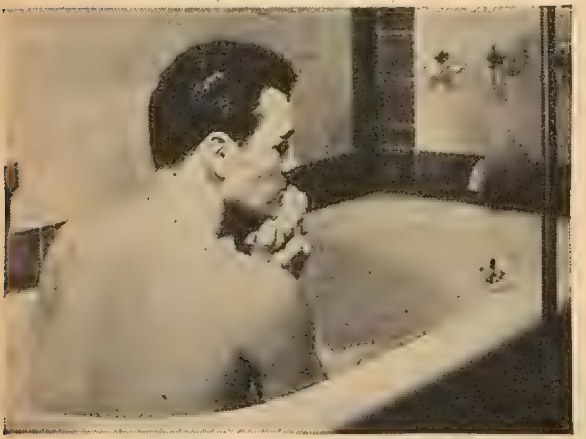
JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

Clean
OUTSIDE



UNCLEAN
inside?

You can believe every word of this message because it was written by a registered physician.

Doctors say it's more important to be clean inside than outside. This is because wastes have a tendency to accumulate in the bowel and make you feel out of sorts and below par. These wastes decompose and form gases and other harmful chemicals, many of which are absorbed into the system and may be responsible for the way you now feel.

That's why doctors and nurses wash out the lower bowel in treating the sick.

You know how fresh your skin is after using soap and water. But have you ever felt the glow of buoyant health after taking an internal bath?

IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH

When you feel listless and ailing—not sick enough to see a doctor but just run-down—your trouble may be due to or aggravated by intestinal uncleanliness. The sensible thing to do is to cleanse your internal passages just as thoroughly as you wash your hands and face.

If you suffer from headaches due to constipation, bad breath, gas on stomach and bloating, biliousness or acne pimples and unsightly skin blemishes due to constipation—you need internal cleanliness.

When you feel only 50% efficient, when work seems hard and you have no zest for play, the chances are that internal uncleanliness is aggravating your trouble.

Feel well and look your best by cleansing the inside passage of all clogging wastes. Do it the same way nurses do—by washing out the whole length of the colon.

The colon or lower bowel, five feet long, is where wastes and indigestible food accumulate. Many physics do not act sufficiently here. Enemas cleanse only one-third the length of the colon.

There is one sure way to cleanse the whole length of the colon thoroughly—the method perfected by Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell to treat his own condition. This is the famous J.B.L. Cascade treatment for taking an Internal Bath.

This treatment has a double action: First, it removes impurities from that human cesspool—the colon. Second, it tones up and stimulates the colon through the action of the J.B.L. Cleansing Tonic used in the treatment. This is a medically approved prescription made according to the scientific formula of a leading New York laboratory.

You can treat yourself in your own home—without pain, discomfort or embarrassment. And it costs very little.

SEND NO MONEY

FREE—an authoritative booklet which tells you why you should keep clean internally, and how to do it. This pamphlet will be a revelation to you. It tells you how thousands and thousands of men and women have enjoyed healthier and happier lives by practicing internal cleanliness the right way. Either mail the coupon below or address a penny postcard to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L 1117, 152 W. 65 St., New York City.

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet on internal cleanliness—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name......................................
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sort of service. A trained nurse usually costs big money. You could sign one up now cheaply—and I—"

"It's a good idea. But you'll have to take it to the owners."

"Sure," said Barney. "I will. And I've got the nurse picked out. One in a million."

He was able then to return to his office and tell Mrs. Draper with some confidence that she would hear from him. His client was more than satisfied. "You're so young," she said, "to be so important."

When she had gone Barney winked at Mary.

"Did you hear that?"

"Sure. Young to be important. What are you going to do about that? Burst?"

He shook his head.

"I don't like the sign I put up this morning. JOBS. Too flat. Think I'll make a new one. CREATOR OF JOBS. Sounds better, what?"

"And after that—our duties consist of just sitting?"

"Yep. Until noon. Then we go to a restaurant, Mary, my girl! You know—one of those places where you sit at a little table and a man comes and asks you what you want to eat and you tell him and he brings it?"

Mary donned a far-away expression. "I seem to recall having heard of some such place—"

Then they both laughed.

NO one else arrived that morning. But in the afternoon Barney had two clients—a man who had managed a rubber plantation all his life and a housewife with no qualifications. Barney conversed with both of them at length. After they had departed, he went out to see the owners of the building. He persuaded two of them that a nurse would be an asset to the building. The third stockholder was recalcitrant—until Barney observed that he was afflicted by a single, fortunate boil. Arguing from the boil, Barney won his point.

Mrs. Draper was informed before sundown that she had a buildingful of persons who would need her care. She began jubilantly to make lists of the things she would require.

On the second day it rained. Barney recalled that he had once heard that people get wet feet not because the seams of their shoes leak but because their weight forces moisture from the pavement through the porous leather of their shoe soles. He then called upon the rubber planter and they had a conference. The result was Swain's Sole-proof. Commuters leaving the city were exhorted by sandwich boards worn by Mr. Swain himself to have their shoe soles coated with a rubber mixture which would insure them a dry-shod walk to their suburban homes. Several tried it. They were gratified by the result. Mr. Swain complained that his occupation was good only for rainy days. But Barney insisted that the product could be marketed to every shoe-shining stand in the nation, and he set out to find capital for the first steps of the enterprise.

In the ensuing weeks a great many new enterprises were started in Douglas City. Miss Teagle's classes grew. She finally required an assistant. Barney found a bird expert to alternate with her. Mr. Ferguson had equipped a secondhand truck as a short-order kitchen and was engaged in planning a similar but more resplendent vehicle for baseball and football crowds. Barney had a carpenter teaching boys manual training in a one-man summer school. He had the town's most deft seamstress and its only and impecunious poet collaborating on a series of articles in a daily paper on the subjects of sewing, dressmaking, tatting, knitting, and crocheting. The articles promised to become a syndicated feature.

Of course many of his ideas failed to materialize. Some of the occupations he invented were not sufficiently remunerative to warrant their pursuit. But by the middle of summer Barney's clients were earning a total of more than a thousand dollars a week. He had a bank account. People who had work to be done and who knew about him occasionally called upon him for help. And out of that circumstance Barney one day derived much publicity and obtained employment for his most difficult client.

That client was the sixth guest at table seventeen—Mr. Shell. He came to Barney in June. It proved that Mr. Shell had once been a burglar.

ICKES to Speak
Liberty Forum

HAROLD L. ICKES, Secretary of the Interior and administrator of the government's $3,700,000,000 public works fund, will be the guest speaker on Liberty's new radio program, The Forum

HAROLD L. ICKES

"I was good at it," he said to Barney. "I'd picked pockets and done second-story work. Then I started blowing safes. There was never a better man."

"You don't look it," Barney answered. "I'd thought you were a clerk."

"The Reverend Dodsley knew about it. He gave me the meal ticket. You see, I was sent to prison for six years. I started to study. The warden helped me. I learned to talk properly first. I'd never thought of being anything but a crook until I was sent up—I mean to say incarcerated."

"What did you study?" Barney asked.

"English. Then the Romance languages, Latin. I read right through Horace and Terence and Plautus."

"Good Lord!"

The man of undeterminable age and retiring manner looked earnestly through his glasses. "I—reformed. I presume I'm one of the few convicts who was really changed. I became fascinated by languages. I speak eight—now."

"You could be an interpreter."

Mr. Shell nodded. "I've tried many things. But the police keep track of me. I've been at liberty for several years. They never let up. And I'm obliged to tell people my record." He smiled apologetically. "Under present-day circumstances people would rather hire an honest man—than a jailbird."

"Golly," said Barney, "we'll think it over."

Barney called the Reverend Dodsley when Mr. Shell had gone and found his story to be true. "He has entirely changed," said the minister. "He is a natural student. Just brought up in a bad environment. I understand he was a really—well—brilliant burglar. And he's now an accomplished linguist. The warden told me the man was worthy of implicit trust—and I believe it."

"I'll get him something," Barney answered. "Burglar, hunh!"

But he had not made good his boast. No one wanted a thief and housebreaker in a time when honorable men were living on charity. Mr. Shell had spent many a weary day sitting in Barney's office on the chance that some trivial job might be offered to him, but Barney, to his continual regret, had never found for him more than work by the hour—and generally outdoor work.

IT was on such a day, however, that he at last provided Mr. Shell with a stepping-stone to employment.

A very wealthy and crotchety Mrs. Gale, a chronic invalid who lived in a huge house on the outskirts of town, had telephoned to Barney for some one to do a little redecorating in her home. He had dispatched Mr. Williams, a gentleman who had formerly owned a drapery shop, and Mr. Williams returned at midday while Mr. Shell was patiently waiting for a chance at gardening or leaf-raking. Mr. Williams was pale and angry.

"She threw me out!" he said repeatedly to Barney. "When I hammered, she hollered. And when I accidentally upset a box of nails on the parquet floor, she came racing in on her wheel chair and told me to leave at once. She called me a noisy clown!"

"I told you she was fussy."

"Fussy! She sits around listening for pins to drop. She bawled out her maid for whistling in the kitchen—and the kitchen is a mile from her room!"

"I'm sorry," Barney said. "But—" And then his eye wandered to Mr. Shell. Mr. Shell had been listening. There was in his face a bright light. An eager light. Barney nodded. "All right, Shell. Go on up and try it. I get it."

Before Barney left the office that evening Mr. Shell came joyously back. "I have a job," he said.

"Great!"

"I'm going to be Mrs. Gale's butler."

"Fine! How did it happen? I saw you get a hunch—"

"That I could do it? Of course. Why not? I imagine I've entered two hundred houses and thoroughly rifled them without waking a soul. A maid let me in. Mrs. Gale was asleep. I put up the drapes with screws. Then I noticed that one of the panes was broken. I found a glass that fitted in the cellar and some putty in the garage, and replaced it. I've broken windows without disturb-

on Broadcast of
on November 8

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e is expected to tell just what the gov-
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s unprecedented outlay for public
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A Bull Mooser, La Follette Progres-
ive, and Republican before he joined
e Roosevelt administration, Mr. Ickes
irectly heads up fourteen important
ranches of federal activity, including
he PWA and the Emergency Housing
orporation.
He will be introduced by Fulton
ursler, editor of Liberty, after a dra-
atic narrative about the Interior De-
artment and the PWA by Edwin C. Hill.
here will be songs by Edward Nell and
usic by Arnold Johnson's orchestra.

**The broadcast will be made at 8:30 P. M., Eastern
andard Time, over: Akron, WADC; Albany,
OKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo,
GR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleve-
nd, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne,
OWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM;
nsas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York
ty, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh,
JAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syra-
se, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.**

Here's why Amy's nose said "Trouble ahead!"

—and here's why she didn't catch cold!

QUICK! At that first nasal irritation, she used Vicks Va-tro-nol*—the clinic-tested aid in *preventing* colds.

VA-TRO-NOL is real medication—not mere "oil drops." It aids nature's defense in the nose to prevent colds—and to throw them off in their early stages. Used in time, it helps you steer clear of many colds entirely.

If neglected irritation has led to a stuffed-up nose, Va-tro-nol quickly clears clogging mucus and gives wonderful relief.

Va-tro-nol is remarkably effective, yet safe for both children and adults.

For Better Control of Colds—Va-tro-nol is the ideal companion to Vicks VapoRub—standby of two generations for *treating* colds. These two preparations give you the basic medication of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. (Full details in each Vicks package.)

*NOTE—*for your protection:* The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of "imitations." The trademark, *Va-tro-nol*, is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula. Always ask for *Vicks Va-tro-nol.*

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL
For Nose & Throat
Now 2 Generous Sizes
50¢ 30¢

Attractive, Healthy
HAIR!

Worth having
—keep yours!

Wake up your scalp—keep your hair handsome and healthy with the
60-SECOND WORKOUT!

THOUSANDS of men have found the way to keep their hair and keep it healthy and well-groomed. Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout does it. For Vitalis with massage defeats tight, dry scalp, releases natural, lubricating oils—routs loose dandruff. Your hair is more responsive—brushes smartly into place with no trace of "patent-leather" slickness. Get Vitalis today—give your scalp and hair the 60-Second Workout. You'll keep your hair and keep it handsome.

50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE . . Rub Vitalis briskly into your scalp. It wakes up—and your hair has a chance!

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . Comb your hair and brush it well. It looks rich, lustrous. No "patent-leather" look.

VITALIS
Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome

NRA CODE

ing any one"—a faint smile came and went on his unreadable face—"so I ought to be able to replace them quietly. Then I changed the curtains in her room—while she slept. Afterward she woke up peacefully."

"Great," Barney said.

"So she inspected my work and she was pleased. She said she'd had a French butler who could walk as quietly as I can—and she asked me if I were French. I told her I could speak it. She tried me. And we got along very well. I polished up my conversational French with a man named Deroux—before he was executed."

Mr. Shell had scarcely left the office when the telephone rang and Barney heard Mrs. Gale's booming voice. "This is Eleanore Gale, Mr. Taylor. What stroke of genius prompted you to send me a housebreaker?"

"It was his idea. The man's thoroughly reliable—now."

"Of course he's reliable. I read people like posters. I've hired him for life—his or mine. But he told me something about you. You know I own the Times-Gazette. I think I'll have them send a man up to interview you. Is it true that you started a fire buff serving food at fires?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, I think I'll send my managing editor down to ask you how to run the Times-Gazette." She hung up.

Mary was standing before Barney with her hat on. "May I go now?"

"Sure."

She glanced uneasily at her desk. "You know, Barney, you ought to have a stenographer. I'm way behind in those letters. And they're all straggly."

"Guess I'll get one," he said. "Lots of business."

PHILIP WYLIE

is well known to our regular readers as he has contributed many short stories as well as a recent serial. He is a minister's son who has succeeded in one of the most crowded fields—literature. At the age of twelve he began his writing career when a poem of his was published. He is thirty-two and married.

Mary smiled and looked away. The telephone rang and a manufacturer of notions asked Barney to accept a substantial retainer for inventing salable items. Barney accepted. Mary was on the point of speaking again when a man arrived with a large sign. It read BARNARD TAYLOR—RE-EMPLOYMENT ENGINEER. She opened the door. "Well," she murmured, "I'll be going."

"See you tomorrow."

"I mean for good. If you get a stenographer—"

Barney looked from the sign which he had been admiring to the girl. A glimmer in his eye should have showed her that he had been conscious of her depressed and lingering manner.

"I forgot," Barney said. "I've found a job for you at last."

"For me? What?"

"Marriage."

She looked at him, her expression changing slowly. "Are you sure you'd want me?"

"Positive."

"I'm not a specialist in it, you know—haven't had any experience at all."

Before he walked over and kissed her he faced his sign to the wall. "This new job of yours," he explained, "has got to be permanent."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE** by Henry Seidel Canby. Farrar & Rinehart.
A treat for those who knew the American '90s and can recognize this book as wise and kind without being either sentimental or smart-Aleck. A life portrait of a small city just before the wheel began to whiz.

★ ★ ★ **THE TAKING OF THE GRY** by John Masefield. The Macmillan Company.
Beauty and suspense, the poetry of adventure, and also reality all sing like wind in the halyards in this briskly told tale.

★ ★ ★ **DEW ON THE GRASS** by Eiluned Lewis. The Macmillan Company.
The spirit of childhood is recaptured in this exquisitely told story of a family of children.

★ ★ ★ **GAY CRUSADER** by Magdalen King-Hall. D. Appleton-Century Company.
The medieval color, habits, and customs of the days of the Crusaders vividly and critically developed as a background for a charming—albeit lusty—romance.

★ ★ ½ **FER-DE-LANCE** by Rex Stout. Farrar & Rinehart.
A poisoned needle springs from the shaft of his club as Dr. Barstow smacks a ball off the first tee. Who murdered him and how is ingeniously solved by beer-swizzling Nero Wolfe.

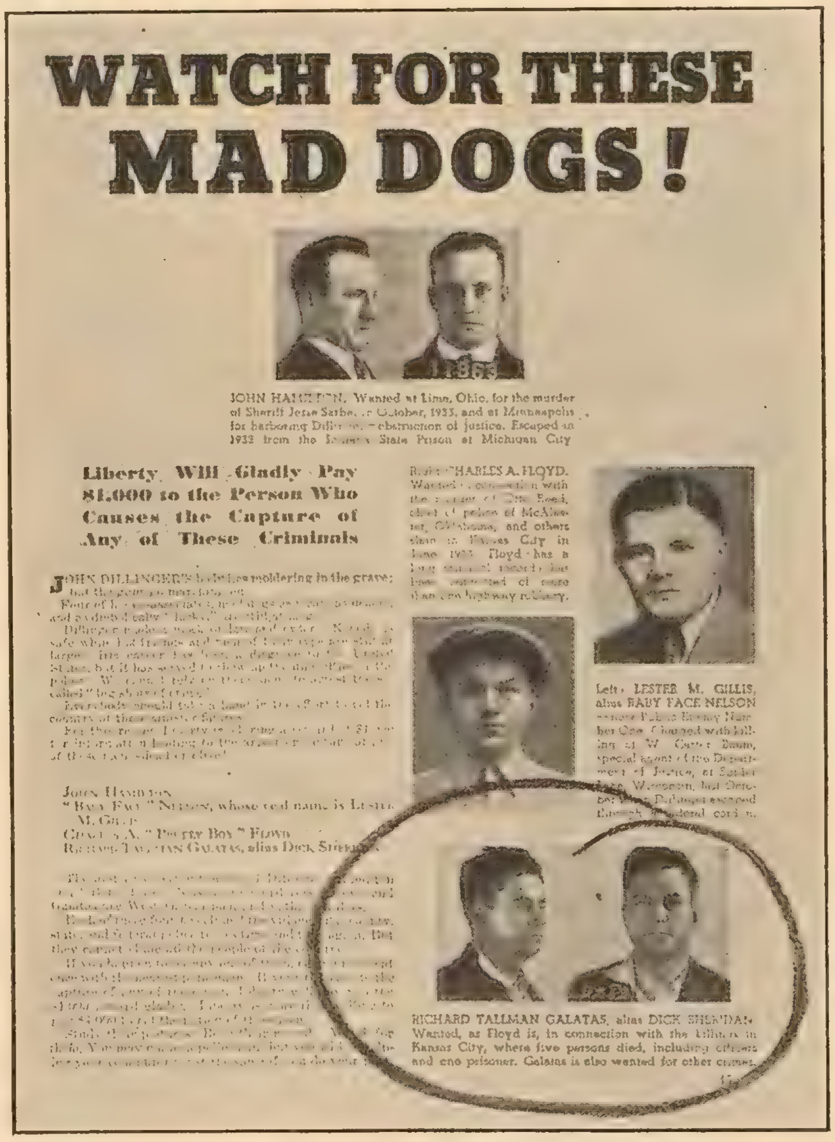
★ ★ **ROUGH AIR** by Ernest Haycox. Doubleday, Doran & Company.
A good Western air yarn by one of the best of the practitioners of this kind of romance.

A MAD DOG is Caught!

How Liberty's $1,000 Offer Led to the Capture of a Famous Fugitive from Justice

by RICHARD G. HARRIS

This page of Liberty's issue of September 15 landed Galatas in custody September 22!



WATCH FOR THESE MAD DOGS!

JOHN HAMILTON. Wanted at Lima, Ohio, for the murder of Sheriff Jesse Sarbe[illegible] October, 1933, and at Minneapolis for harboring Dill[illegible] obstruction of justice. Escaped in 1933 from the [illegible] State Prison at Michigan City

Liberty Will Gladly Pay $1,000 to the Person Who Causes the Capture of Any of These Criminals

R[illegible] CHARLES A. FLOYD. Wanted [illegible] with the [illegible] of [illegible] Reed, chief of police of McAlester, Oklahoma, and others slain in Kansas City in June 1933. Floyd has a long [illegible] record, has been convicted of more than one highway robbery.

Left, LESTER M. GILLIS, alias BABY FACE NELSON [illegible]

RICHARD TALLMAN GALATAS, alias DICK SHERIDAN. Wanted, as Floyd is, in connection with the killings in Kansas City, where five persons died, including officers and one prisoner. Galatas is also wanted for other crimes.

FOR more than a year the police of the United States hunted Richard T. Galatas. He was alleged to have had a part in the "Kansas City Massacre" on June 16, 1933, when four officers were killed, and so was Frank Nash, a criminal who was being taken to Leavenworth Prison.

The actual assassins, according to Department of Justice agents, were Vernon C. Miller, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, and Adam Richetti. Galatas was alleged to be the "brains of the gang." (Last month Floyd was killed in Ohio two days after Richetti had been captured.)

In its issue of last September 15 Liberty published pictures of four "mad dogs" and offered a reward for their apprehension—$1,000 apiece. They were John Hamilton, "Baby Face" Nelson, Floyd, and Galatas.

On September 22 Galatas was arrested in New Orleans.

Two men claim the thousand-dollar reward. Liberty is now determining the merits of each claim and will pay the reward at the conclusion of its investigation.

One of the claimants who used the name Ed J. Thomas to protect himself from Galatas's friends, recognized Galatas in "E. W. Lee," a reputed business man of New Orleans, and went to United States Attorney Rene A. Viosca, told him Galatas was planning to leave town that night, and directed him to the fugitive's office.

The other claimant is R. P. Allen, who writes from the Hotel Moccasin, Chattanooga, Tennessee:

"In the September 15 Liberty I saw the picture of Galatas and your offer of a $1,000 reward to the person causing the capture. I recognized the picture as being that of a man in New Orleans who called himself E. W. Lee. He was selling a product and our business brought us together for numerous conversations.

"I immediately informed Sergeant Dorsey of the detectives in Chattanooga, and on September 13 he wrote the Department of Justice in Nashville. I read in this morning's paper that Galatas had been taken in New Orleans. Sergeant Dorsey said the seizure had been made due to the very definite information in regard to name and both residence and business addresses which I had given, and told me to write you at once, entering my claim for the reward and referring you to him."

Mr. Viosca champions the claim of "Thomas."

"Shortly before noon on Saturday, September 22," he writes, "an apparently responsible man with good connections who is now using the name of Ed J. Thomas, called at my office and stated he thought he could give us the exact whereabouts of a man wanted dead or alive by the government, and for whom Liberty was offering a reward of $1,000. He stated that he had seen the man's photograph in Liberty, which he had with him. . . . I immediately took the matter up with Mr. D. W. Magee, acting special agent in charge, Division of Investigation, Department of Justice, New Orleans. . . . The informant apprised Mr. Magee of the exact room number in the Stern Building in which Galatas could be found, and he was apprehended at that office one hour and a half later. The informant furnished certain other information. . . .

"I am informed that the local Division of Investigation had [previously] received a communication from a Mr. Allen giving certain information with respect to Galatas's presence in New Orleans; but in my opinion this information was rather indefinite, and Galatas would not have been apprehended, as he was apparently planning to leave New Orleans in a day or two."

After the Kansas City murders Galatas went to California and spent some time on the beach at Santa Monica. He lived a quiet life there with his wife as Mr. and Mrs. Lee. In Los Angeles he made a connection with a paint concern and was appointed Southern sales representative. In June he went to New Orleans, rented an office, and began advertising in the newspapers for salesmen.

THEN Liberty printed his picture—not the one so much circularized, yet a police-made photograph. It showed him as he is today, though not in business clothes.

One Liberty reader wrote immediately to the Department of Justice, through a police sergeant. The other claimant had gone to New Orleans from Mississippi, looking for work. He bought a copy of Liberty, a magazine he had read for years, and studied the "mad dog" pictures. By accident next day he saw Galatas, or thought he did. He followed him to an office in the Stern Building, trailed him when he came out, took his car's license number.

Then he came across a "Help Wanted" ad inserted by the man he had trailed. He applied for the job, talked with the man, and became convinced of his identity. He went directly to Mr. Viosca—and the arrest followed.

Liberty had done the job in a little more than a week.

John Hamilton and "Baby Face" Nelson are still at large. Liberty still offers $1,000 for the capture of each of them. Who'll get those rewards?

THE END

What I

IF I WIN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

TWO PATHS AHEAD

Why Liberty Opposes the SINCLAIR Program

As this issue of Liberty reaches the news stands the results of the elections in various states should be known. Because the whole nation has watched the California contest with the deepest concern and interest and in many cases with apprehension, the editors of Liberty have given Upton Sinclair the opportunity to state frankly in these pages what his plans for the future will be, whether he is elected or defeated. We do this because of the importance his candidacy has assumed in the eyes of all thoughtful Americans, who have begun to wonder which way this country of ours is headed. But in doing this journalistic service we feel we would be remiss in our duty to our readers if we did not at the same time point out to them our own complete lack of sympathy with Mr. Sinclair's philosophy of politics and his program for California. This disagreement with his EPIC Plan we want to make clear beyond the possibility of doubt. For Upton Sinclair the man we have a genuine admiration. He is a stanch fighter and he is not afraid to say what he thinks. It is too bad that these fine talents are not being used to help America on safer and more conservative lines. We still believe that the problems oppressing the American people today, not only in California but in all the sovereign states, can be solved by a return to sound business principles, open competition, and the old-fashioned wisdom of common sense.

Bernarr Macfadden

THE victory at the polls of the End Poverty In California movement is an event whose importance it is hard to overestimate. We are face to face with the breakdown of a system whereby human beings have created and obtained the necessities of life for centuries. We have to find a new way to go about it; and can we make this change by peaceable and orderly means, with democratic consent, or do we have to have violence, civil war, and the overthrow of our government?

The present election gives us a chance to show that the former is the case. We have obtained from the people of California by the method of the ballot box permission to establish a system of production for use to apply to the 1,250,000 persons in our state—nearly one fifth of our population—who are now living on public charity. The people have declared that the credit power of the state shall be put behind these destitute ones.

We figure that keeping these persons as objects of charity costs the State of California more than $500,000 a day. We figure that the 500,000 able-bodied workers among them would, if they were at productive labor, create $2,000,000 a day of new wealth. We are unwilling to lose that wealth, even for the sixty days between the day of our election and the day of our taking office. Therefore we are going to start our system of production for use on the day after election. Our entire political machine is now to be converted into the organ of the people's economic activities.

I am about to issue a proclamation as Governor-Elect, asking our whole EPIC force, and likewise the Democratic Party, to set immediately to work upon a land and factory survey to determine what means of production are now idle and on what terms they can be rented from the present owners. We hope to get many tracts of land for one dollar a year—for these lands are of no immediate use to the owners.

I am appointing committees of the California Authority for Land (the CAL), the California Authority for Production (the CAP), and the California Authority for Barter (the CAB). I am asking the acting governor to make these committees official relief organizations of the state, and to give out of the relief funds a small amount of money to pay the preliminary costs. If he refuses to do this, our movement will proceed for two months, as it has done in the past, with volunteer labor and volunteer gifts.

I shall endeavor to find the best men in the state, those who are technically qualified for the particular job, and who have at the same time independence, integrity, and a real belief in democracy. I shall give each of these persons his job and tell him to go to it, paying no attention to any idea but the people's welfare. If he succeeds I will stand behind him, and if he fails I will get somebody else who can do better.

We hope for the coöperation of our former opponents—because we are all in the same boat together, and if we succeed in establishing production for use by the efforts and for the benefit of the unemployed, everybody in the state will reap a share of advantage.

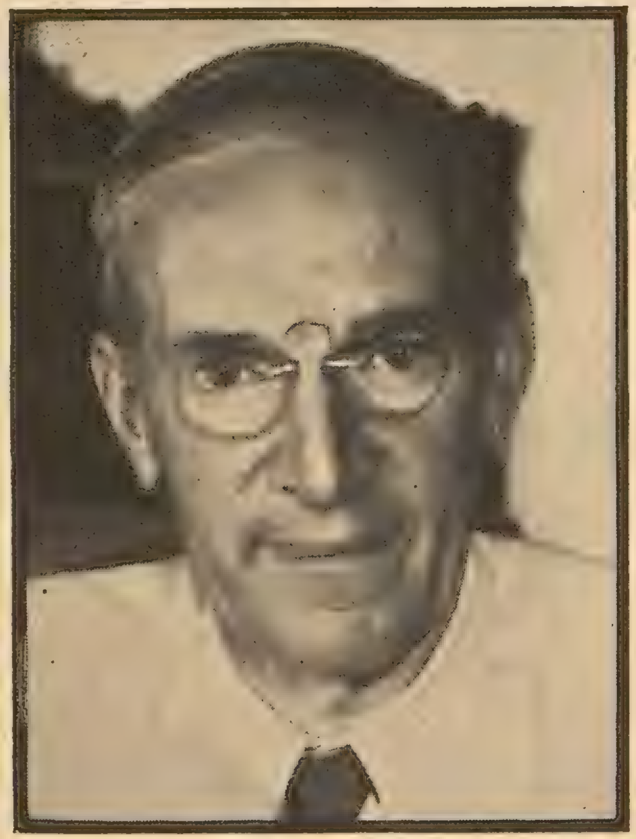
For forty years I have been a writer of books. I am now no longer a writer. I am making a sacrifice of my own talents, my own tastes, my own comfort. I am asking others to make sacrifices for the common welfare; and as proof of my own good faith I am turning over to the State of California the plates and copyrights of my forty-nine books. As soon as the California Authority for Production is organized, this legal transfer will be made, and one of the tasks of the unemployed printers and binders of our state will be to make an edition of these books to be donated to public libraries throughout our state.

We have a majority of the people of our state behind us, and we are going to show that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from California. Watch us, and learn from our efforts; for your problems and your needs are exactly the same as ours.

One last word: Don't come to California—not unless you have money in your pocket. We have a problem big enough to last us for years; we cannot take on any more. No one can get work under our EPIC Plan who has not been in California for a year.

Shall Do IF I LOSE

by UPTON SINCLAIR



The author, Upton Sinclair, Democratic standard bearer in California and author of the much-discussed EPIC Plan.

OUR End Poverty In California movement has failed to elect its candidate for Governor; nevertheless we do not feel that we have been defeated. Our vote of 445,000 in the primaries has been greatly increased; which means that many more people have come to understand the idea of production for use and have resolved to bring it to reality.

In the space of fifteen months we have built up an organization which covers the State of California, and has reached the entire people and set them talking about the causes of the depression and the way out. We were able to frighten the reactionary Republican machine, which has ruled this state for forty years, to such an extent that they shoved into their platform a demand for the six-hour day and the five-day week, and for a system of pensions which would pay the sum of $200 a month to every person over sixty-five in the United States. Of course they do not mean these things, and won't do anything about them, but at least we have them on record.

The campaign against our EPIC movement was one of unprecedented bitterness and a falsity hardly to be believed.

They placarded the state with huge posters containing garbled words from my speeches and books. The great commercial newspapers printed many columns of this sort of stuff every day. They told the people that I was an atheist, a communist, a millionaire, and at the same time a failure in life; a vegetarian, a believer in telepathy. Every day one newspaper printed on the front page a box containing a quotation from one of my books, and generally there were one or two more such boxes on the inside pages. Each contained a quotation from one of my books; almost always the quotation was garbled so that it seemed to mean something different from what it really meant, and always there was a false headline over it which still further misled the reader.

Over the radio they did even worse: They read to the people faked affidavits to the effect that I had trampled on the American flag at San Pedro; that I had cursed the flag and the Constitution; that I had expressed a wish that the forty-eight sailors killed on the battleship Mississippi had been forty-eight hundred; and even that I had been connected with the San Francisco Preparedness Day bombing.

They frightened the people with wholesale threats that those who voted for me would be discharged, and that if I were elected all the factories and stores in California would be closed down. They raised a slush fund whose size I hope will be determined by federal investigation—for they used it to defeat liberal and progressive Congressmen as well as state candidates.

However, we are going to keep our organization intact, and we shall go right ahead to educate the people of California into the meaning of production for use, the only way by which the unemployed can be taken off the backs of the taxpayers.

A reactionary administration has been elected in our state, having no program and no pretense of a program. It confronts a deficit which will be more than $100,000,000 next year. It will have to pile on the taxes and pile up the public debt of the state. Of course it will tax the poor instead of those who have money.

The reactionaries of California will never permit a thirty-hour week or old-age pensions or any such progressive legislation. What they will do is to put down strikes and start the beginning of Fascism. The discontent of the people will mount to a fury; and I call upon our EPIC movement to start immediately a campaign of education to bring about the recall of the new Governor within a year or six months from date.

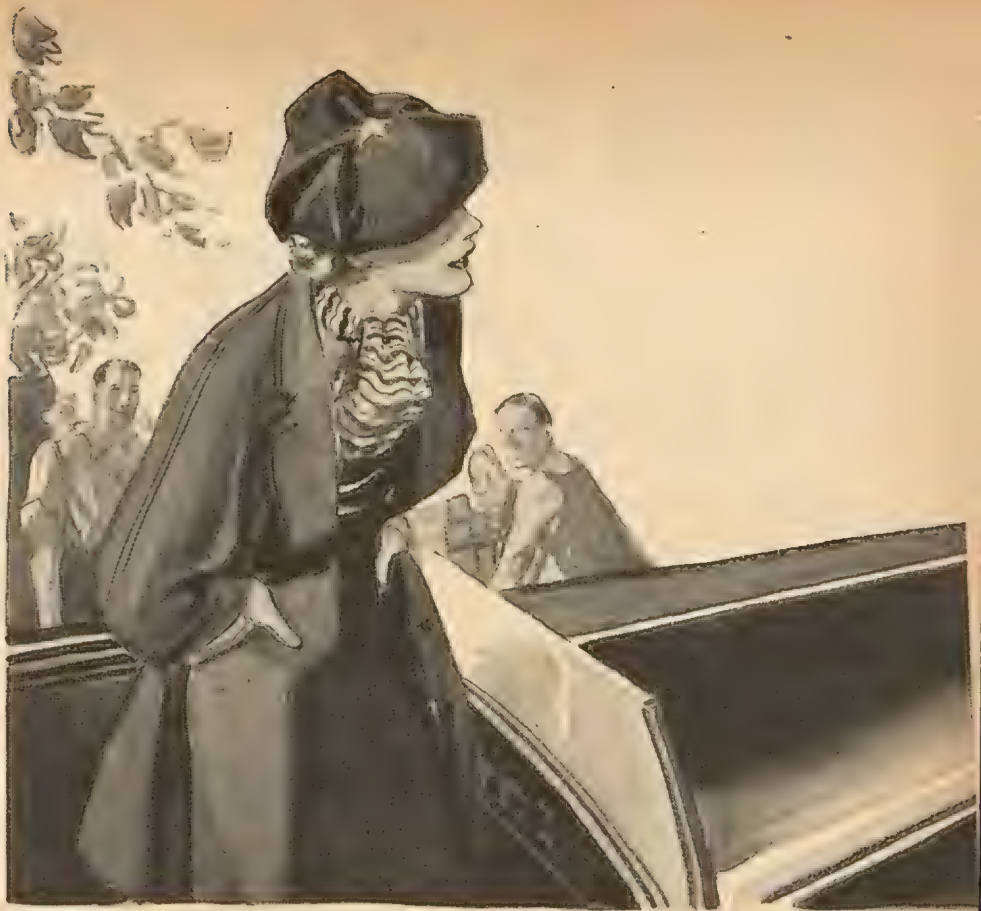
These are the things we must do: First, keep our political organization intact; publish our paper each week and get it to the people; it is the only organ of the people's welfare in the whole State of California. We shall continue to hold meetings and pay for their expenses by means of collections. We shall keep our headquarters.

Furthermore, we must as far as possible turn our political clubs into organs of economic action. We must form coöperatives and get behind those which already exist. We must find the idle lands which can be borrowed or rented. We must find what machinery can be got for the unemployed. And we must get our share of the federal funds which are being allotted for coöperative production.

The people's hopes were defeated very largely by the garbled passages from my books. It is my intention to donate the plates and copyrights of all my forty-nine books to the EPIC movement. A task of the unemployed book printers and binders of our state will be to make an edition of these books, to be donated to the public libraries.

I shall make an appeal to my readers and friends throughout the world to contribute the money needed to carry out this enterprise. Our EPIC clubs will form circulating libraries of their own, and get these books at cost without profit to me, and make them available to the people. So next year, when our recall election comes along, tens of thousands of persons in the state will know what the ideas of Upton Sinclair really are—that I am not an enemy of the nation, the Constitution, or the flag, of the home and marriage, of religion and the church, but one who has fought all his life to preserve these institutions and make them serve the public welfare instead of the greed of a small privileged class.

Love catches up with Lambie



Lambie swerved and ran up to the hubs in a sof
looking like a beautiful hijacker. Immense, with

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE girl who told me this tragedy is an experienced bridesmaid, and she knows Cornelia (Lambie) Wagstaff like a date book.

Of course you know Lambie, how she acts [said the experienced bridesmaid]. And you know Ma Wagstaff, always baiting the hook with Lambie, hoping to pull in something out of the Almanach de Gotha. She's a nobility fan because, you see, it wasn't long ago that E. L. Wagstaff peddled electric flatirons from door to door.

Lambie met this Grand Duke Volvo a year ago, when she practically ran over him. She was driving out to Southampton, late as usual, and you know how she drives.

Well, whiffing round a curve, what did she see but a bunch of linemen wiggling a red flag. Lambie swerved and ran up to the hubs in a soft shoulder. Then out of the mob comes something looking like a beautiful hijacker. Immense, you know, with a face by Jack Barrymore and shoulders by Jim Londos.

He dug the car out. He could have lifted it with his teeth, he was so strong. Something had gone screwy with the engine, so he hitched it to his flivver and towed it to a garage in Riverhead, and told her the story of his life.

He came from a Balkan kingdom called Altruria. He'd been at Columbia University two years, studying electrical gadgets. His name sounded like Siss-boom-bah, but it meant Brown in his silly old language. So Brown he was, and going home next week. Could he call on Miss Wagstaff?

Lambie was perfectly etherized. She just lowered her dewy eyes and said, "What about Wednesday?"

Just imagine Wednesday. Brown in his best store clothes telling Lambie that she was Miss America and he was coming back to the Land of Opportunity. Then mother breezing back from a bridge party. "Well!" she said, the way she can. "My name's Brown," said Brown, "and I'm an electrician. I live in Altruria, and I'm coming back next year to marry your daughter." Ma Wagstaff, I guess, thought that Altruria was some place outside Brooklyn. Anyhow her hand went out like a traffic cop's. When Ma signals Go, you usually go. But Mr. Brown made quite a lot of courtly bows and said he'd be back in May, 1934, the way the tree doctor does after he's sprayed the elms.

For a week you couldn't see the Wagstaffs for the fur.

Then along came May, 1934. Lambie hadn't got more than a thousand letters from Mr. Brown, telling her how he hated sheep and loved electricity; also describing the reddish shade in Lambie's hair and the greenish in her eyes.

Believe it or not, Lambie didn't get engaged, even once, in that whole year.

Then one morning at breakfast Ma read in the papers that Grand Duke Volvo—gosh, how can I remember what sounds like Volvo Ipsivich de Barnville Augustus Hippolito of Altruria? Anyhow, he'd arrived with some inferior nobles to work in the shops of the Wagstaff Electric and learn the business. Volvo, the papers said, had studied at Columbia under the name of Brown.

Lambie swallowed nearly a pint of coffee, trying to drown her emotions. So this was how her electrician had come back!

Without the slightest idea that she'd ever set eyes on him before, Ma went to her desk and licked the regal boots in pen and ink. Would His Royal Highness do Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Wagstaff the distinguished et cetera on the evening of the twenty-fourth?

Volvo was at the Ritz, and Lambie got him on the phone. Sure, he'd come back to get her. Should he show up at Mama's reception? "Better keep her guessing a while," said Lambie.

So there was no answer from Volvo for a week. Ma Wagstaff ran a frightful blood pressure. What's worse, she found out that the King of Altruria was ga-ga, and the archduke next in line was a great sufferer from D. Ts. So everybody wanted Volvo. Wasn't that simply marv? To be the mother of Lambie, Queen of Altruria. M-m-m-m-m!

Lambie sneaked a couple of tea parties with Volvo. Being in love, they didn't have much to talk about. Oh, yes, he did hint darkly that he'd have some news pretty soon that would make her terribly proud of him. She knew that meant a throne for them, and wondered what she'd do on a throne—sit on his lap? The last tea they had she told him he'd better accept Ma's invite before she went cuckoo and bit a duck.

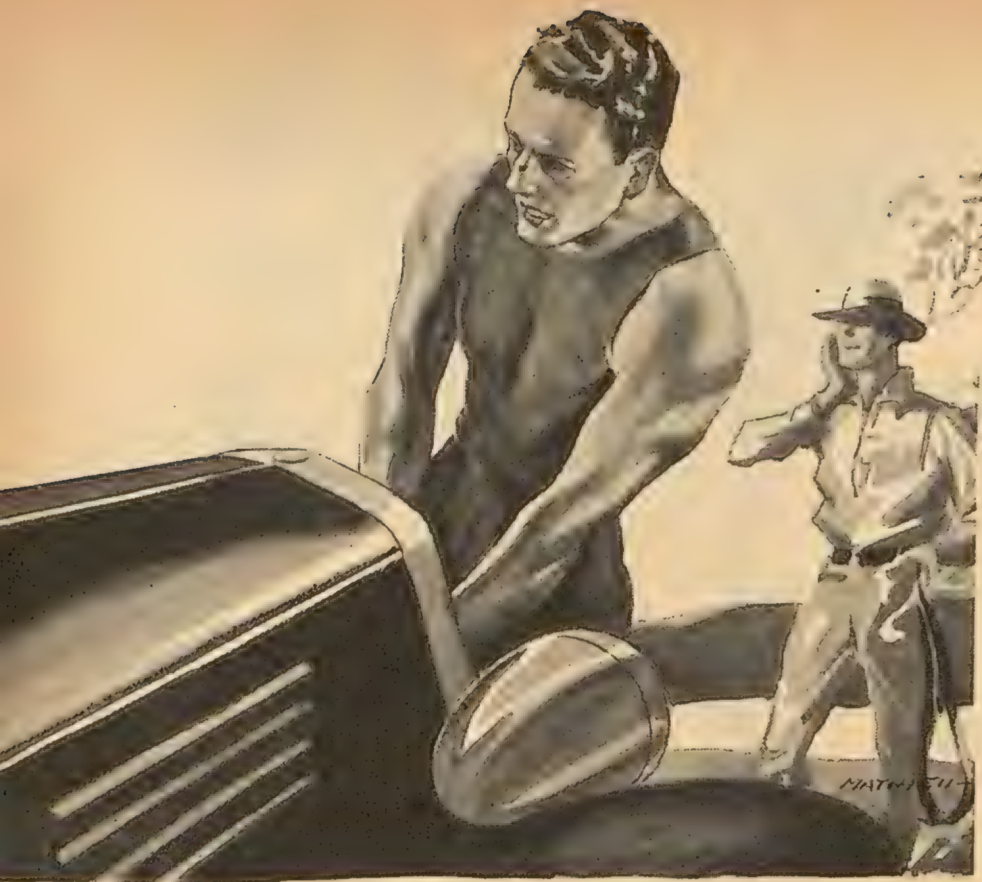
What happened at Little Harbor, Long Island, when the royal acceptance came? Ma Wagstaff knocked down the old French château, covered everything with crimson velvet, and asked a hand-picked thousand of New York's Four Hundred. And here's the half of it that wasn't in the papers exactly.

The Grand Duke Volvo came with medals, in a white-wool uniform and a baby-lamb cap. Ma Wagstaff, practically coated in diamonds, kissed the royal hand. When

When a Balkan Grand Duke Looks Like a Beautiful Hijacker, Can You Blame an American Girl for Anything that May Happen? Even . . . Well, Consider the Hilarious Happenings Herewith

by WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU



houlder. Then out of the mob comes something
ace by Jack Barrymore and shoulders by Jim Londos.

she recognized who it was, she almost lost her facial.

"Brown is the name," said Volvo.

I was there with a man I'm going to be engaged to pretty soon, and the party wasn't very different. Only Lambie and Volvo dancing together a lot, and Ma swelling so that her diamonds most popped off, and E. L. Wagstaff looking at royalty like it was so much lime juice. Then Volvo went into a huddle with Ma for quite a while. Suddenly Ma clapped her hands in front of the orchestra and yelled, "Stop the music!" They stopped, and she kissed Volvo and kissed Lambie, and everybody knew they were engaged. Efficiency, what? She'd used a gaff and landed a grand duke.

The wedding was set for June 12, cards out, presents in. About the seventh, around came Volvo, looking sunk. The wedding would have to be postponed. Something about the State Department; he couldn't marry till he got the good news he'd been waiting for, a surprise. He said he wanted to be married on the Fourth of July because it was a patriotic holiday and he liked noisy weddings. Picture Ma's expression!

So out went the cards for the Fourth, like asking people to a fireworks display.

Well, time staggered along, Ma ruining herself staging one of those garden weddings—the kind where they cover the flower beds with orchids. Then along comes Volvo with something else.

"IN Altruria," he said, "on the wedding eve, the two families dine together with only close relatives and intimate friends. My Uncle Sextus and Aunt Folia have come over as witnesses. Everything that's said will, of course, be confidential. No reporters. That, I know, is what you will prefer." *Yes,* she would, the old broadcaster! "Because," said he, "I want to announce the good news to my friends first."

WALLACE IRWIN *is a native of Oneida, N. Y., and a graduate of Stanford University. He wrote special features for the San Francisco Examiner and later was editor of the Overland Magazine. Has written burlesque scripts and topical verse as well as many short stories and novels. He is married and lives in East Setauket, N. Y.*

Ma had reached the stage where she'd have put French dressing on her hat and swallowed it whole if Volvo gave the word. Anyhow she was going to be the Queen Mother, and E. L. Wagstaff the Queen Father, if you can imagine that. I was happy too, because I was Lambie's confidential bridesmaid; and that let me in last night on Volvo's dinner.

Behold a simple dinner for forty in one of the Waldorf's grandest. Uncle Sextus was rather deaf and very dumb. He couldn't speak anything but the Altrurian language, which isn't quite human. Aunt Folia was ditto, with a lisp. Ma Wagstaff was on stilts, spiritually I mean. Volvo was dressed so plain he looked like a nudist—nothing on but American full dress and a medal. And Lambie was beautiful, if you like her type.

Well, after everybody else had popped up with a wineglass and said things, Volvo rose. He looked like a king, he really did.

"My friends"—the poor simp had been here such a short time that he thought every American speech had to begin that way—"my friends, this is the good news: After some delay, a long-sought honor has been conferred upon me. When I came to America as a student, I sought this honor, unworthy though I was. Certain obstacles arose, involving the affairs of my unfortunate kingdom. But when I first met the woman I love I swore that we must not marry until she could share the honor.

"This morning," said Volvo, "the great news arrived through your kind State Department. After all this time I have been granted the highest prize that can come to any prince of the realm—"

Ma's face was like an airplane view of Pittsburgh; but she didn't wabble until Volvo said it all:

"Today I was given my naturalization papers. Congratulate me, my friends. I am now a citizen of the United States!"

So that was it. If there had been a band, of course they'd have struck up The Star-Spangled Banner. As it was, Ma Wagstaff didn't actually faint until Volvo punched in the last straw.

"In renouncing my foreign allegiance," he said, "I have renounced all foreign titles. Citizen is the only rank I desire. From now on please call me by my chosen American name—Mr. Brown."

After that there came three loud smacks in rapid succession. One of 'em was Lambie kissing Volvo; the other one was E. L. Wagstaff shouting "Sterling worth!" and slapping him on the back; the last and loudest was Ma Wagstaff hitting the floor.

Heigh-ho. It's certainly a rare day when you can suit everybody. . . .

I said, "Well, the wedding today sounded pretty swell."

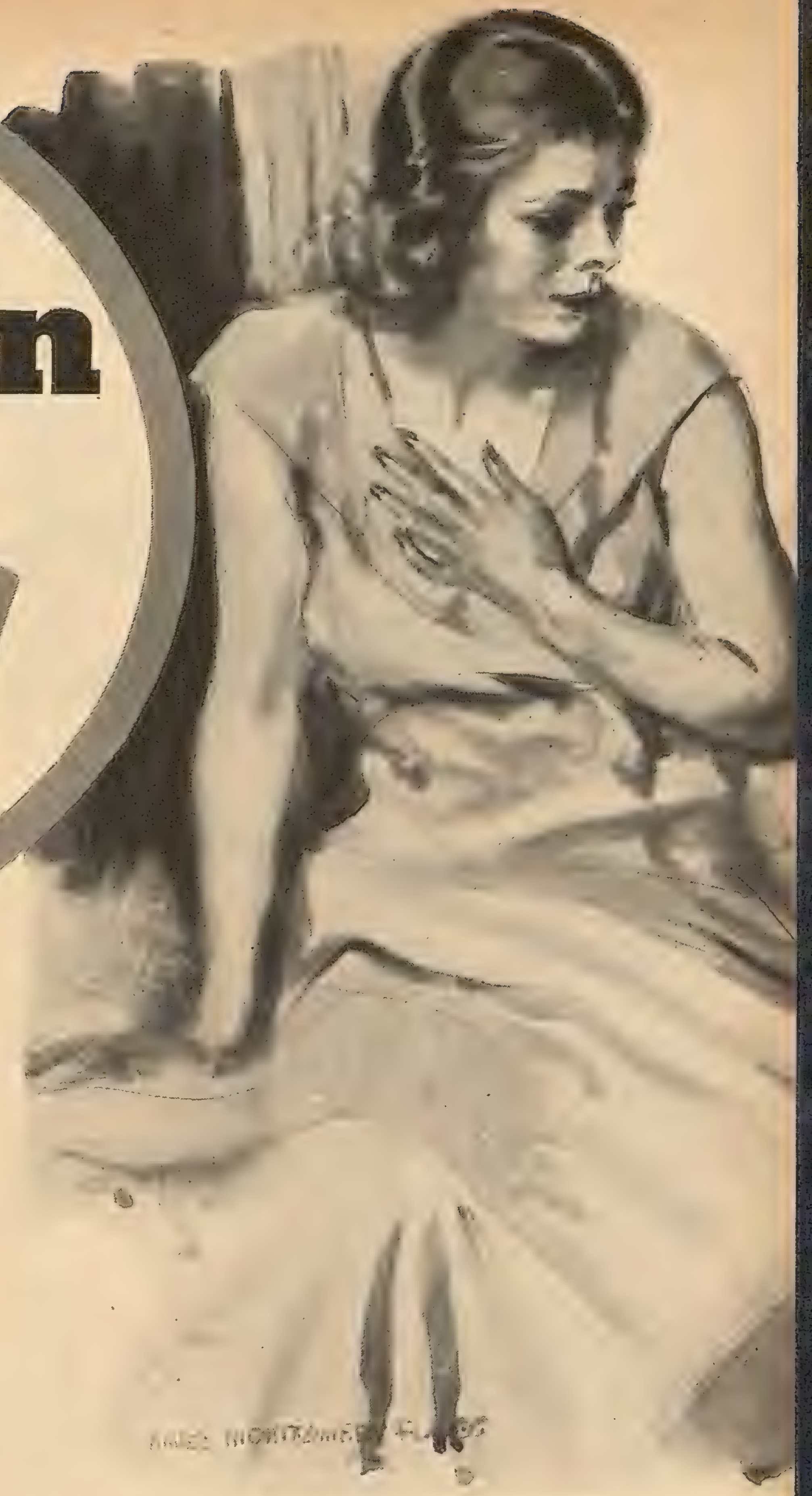
"You notice," said the experienced bridesmaid, "that the headlines say that Miss Wagstaff becomes Grand Duchess Cornelia of And-So-Forth and Altruria. Volvo put that in, just to keep Ma sane. Tomorrow he'll be V. I. Brown of the Wagstaff Electric, and Lambie will be Mrs. V. I. Brown of Bronxville, and darned glad of it."

"So that ends the romance," I said.

"Don't be silly," said the experienced bridesmaid. "Volvo's got Ma Wagstaff for a mother-in-law, hasn't he? What do you mean, ends the romance?"

THE END

Modern Lady



"Jane, you've ruined him, broken him. It's your job to pick up the pieces and put him together again."

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

FORCE of habit put Jane behind her desk the next day, her heavy eyes averted from questioning faces. Every time the phone rang she felt her stomach swoop dizzily. She urged herself through the day and, canceling engagements, drove out to West Wind for the night.

Nell McAm followed her to her room.

"I hear," she said with mixed importance and disapproval, "that you quarreled yesterday with both Marion and Rudy."

Jane nodded.

"Well"—Nell lit a cigarette nervously—"they were evidently together last night."

Jane shrugged.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"But I have something to tell you," her mother insisted. "I'm sorry, but I must. Marion told your husband all about the baby's birth."

"She what?"

"I guess she was tight. And she was very angry with you herself. She's terribly sorry this morning and terribly afraid of what she did. Evidently Rudy hit the ceiling."

"Oh, my God!"

"I don't understand it myself"—Nell McAm tugged thoughtfully at her coral necklace—"that you could have a baby whenever you wanted. And you had yours to keep Rudy from sailing. Marion said Ham verified it, though. Rudy phoned Ham and—"

"Shut up!" screamed Jane. "All of you! All of you! It's none of your business. Now he'll never come back. Never! Never come back!"

She was crying, beating the mantel of the fireplace with her fists, bruising them as if bent on self-destruction. There are moments of temporary insanity and Jane was a madwoman. It took her father and Abby to get her into bed and force some brandy down her throat. Before the doctor arrived she had spent herself and was lying exhausted, too weak to cry.

For several days she struggled through a fever that seemed to burn the spirit of the whole house.

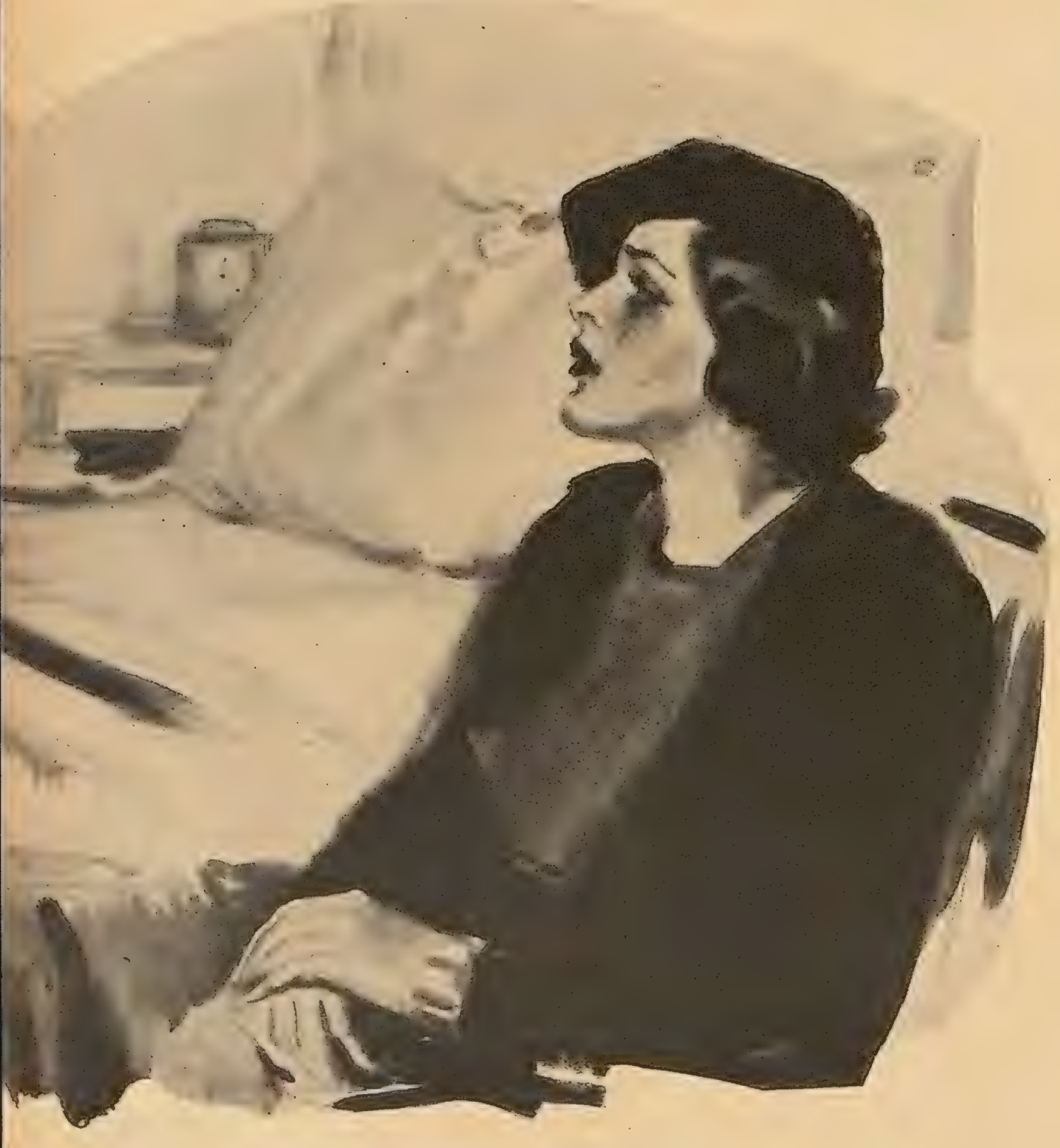
When she first insisted upon getting up, she went as far as Rudy's chair and sat for hours, hunched and silent.

The next day the white-haired Trudy came, looking al-

Can a Woman Combine a Career with Love, and Be Successful in Both

by
GRACE PERKINS

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



most as ghostlike as her beloved employer. Even as she reached the doorway of the bedroom Jane guessed at bad news.

"Have you seen the evening papers?" Trudy asked.

Jane shook her head. With reluctant hands she took the newspaper and read the item to which Trudy pointed. The paper dropped to the floor and Jane closed her eyes.

Rudy had sailed for Europe on the same ship with Nina Norris.

He was going to hell, then, as he had promised—high, wide, and handsome and all the way. A man like that wasn't worth suffering over, was he? After the first few shocks, it won't hurt because he couldn't matter. He's just no good.

"Are you all right?" Trudy's voice reached her vaguely, as though it had come from a great distance. She opened her eyes and nodded mutely.

"I have a letter for you." Trudy drew up her purse. "He came into the office yesterday afternoon and gave it to me."

"Rudy?"

"Yes. He said not to give it to you until tonight. I guess that"—she glared at the paper—"was why."

"Oh, Trudy, why didn't you call me? How could you hold it?"

"He made me promise. He said you had always said I never broke my word."

"Oh, you fool! You damn' fool!" Jane grasped at the letter feverishly and tore it open.

> JANE:
>
> I have succeeded in finding my career at last—the career you've fitted me for. You have made a kept man of me. But you didn't keep me well enough. I think Nina can do me justice. Perhaps with the years of practice you've given me I am a first-rate gigolo. I hope you are proud of your work.
>
> At any rate I owe you no allegiance. I lived in a dream, but I have waked up to find even my baby a nightmare. Please divorce me as quickly as possible and oblige with this last favor—R. W.

Eventually Jane remembered that Trudy was in the room.

"I'll see you in the office tomorrow," she said. "I'm sorry I lost my temper. It wouldn't have mattered when you gave me this letter. Please go now. I must be alone."

All night she sat alone and in the dark. Muttering at times as she huddled in her chair. It was not possible that she was as wicked as he made out. That all that she had done was so blameworthy. It was not possible that she had earned such punishment.

Without an hour's sleep, she bathed, drank some coffee, dressed, and drove to the city. There she talked with her lawyer.

"He asked for a divorce. Get it—as quickly and quietly as possible. Write him that I am granting him his last favor."

She tried to work. But the wheels of her mind turned slowly. Over and over through the months that followed she drove herself to harder work. But her mind would slough off in a semidaze. Often in the midst of the most vital conferences she would turn to Edgar Holloway.

"You explain, Edgar," she would half beg, half command, and would excuse herself with vague charm.

The old gal's failing, they nodded wisely; but even her bitterest rivals were sympathetic and easy with her, appreciating the scandal that was more and more openly detailed in the newspapers. Yet occasionally she would rise with some brilliant breath-taking agility reminiscent of her astute gambling spirit and slip over a deal that would set the tongues wagging in reluctant admiration. But these were sudden lunges of strength like some dying beast summoning all his forces for a last fight.

ightly or Wrongly, One of Them Here Makes Her Own Decision

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who found the "only thing" good enough for her children

A MOTHER will go to any length to get something which her children need. To her, their welfare is the only thing that matters. That's why this letter from Mrs. Ralph W. Michael, of Lakeville, Indiana, is worth reading. But let her tell her own story.

"Six years ago, before my daughter Marilyn was born, I was a very sick woman. I suffered terribly, and I was sure an operation was the only way out to end my suffering.

"Then my doctor prescribed Nujol. I used it daily for over a year, and from the start found improvement from the constipation which was the main source of my trouble. Because Nujol is a 'natural regulator' and not a 'habit former,' I found I could gradually decrease the amount taken, and at the beginning of my second year I needed only a little every other day.

"My two lovely little daughters, Marilyn, six, and Prudence, who is four, are being brought up on this same safe Nujol which was such a godsend to me. I would not think of trusting their delicate little organs to anything but Nujol. I have had them on Nujol since they were tiny babies and, just as in my own case, I find that it has trained them to daily regularity.

"Yes, indeed, I am always glad to say a good word for my dear old friend, Nujol, and you may publish this letter. It may help Nujol to do for other people the same good that it has done for me."

Follow Mrs. Michael's example. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it to be regular as clockwork. You can get Nujol at any drug store—now in two forms—plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, Dept. 21T, 2 Park Ave., New York City.

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Advertisement

These deals put her firm back on a par with the old basis, and the loyalty of her anxious staff who seemed to suffer with her carried the rest.

She lived alone, in the tiny apartment in which she and Rudy had quarreled and parted. She seemed quietly glad when any one rang her bell. For a wretched thin half hour her mother, her father, Abby, Edgar, Trudy, or Seth would sit and fumble for words. Once or twice they brought the baby, but she never asked for him, and when he would wriggle from her lap she sat and watched him with bewilderment.

Even Marion came and wept her contrition.

"It's too late to be sorry," Jane said.

"I can't forgive myself. I can't ask you to forgive me."

"I forgive you. It was to be, I guess. You only fired the last shot. Please, never speak of it again."

But Marion came often, anxious to be close, to ease the hours with her presence. It was she who dared broach the subject every one else dreaded.

"You'll be sick, Jane. You're sick now."

Silence.

"You won't eat."

"I want to die."

"He isn't worth it, Jane. No man is."

But Jane had closed her eyes.

Her wiry strength seemed endless. Even through dizzy spells she drove herself on, and now Marion lived with her, accompanying her everywhere. Coming out of her office building one night at seven, Jane caught hold of Marion's arm.

"This is my anniversary," she said. "Eight years ago tonight—"

She folded in a spineless heap on the pavement in a faint.

AT the hospital she accepted rules and conditions with heavy lassitude—almost with relief. But as months added up, she asked for no one, expressed no interest. Obediently she ate and drank what they gave her, slept when they told her, submitted to the bathings and rubbings and lamps and tests and tubes. They permitted her no visitors, no letters, no contacts, and she didn't demur. Christmas came and passed without a sign of interest. The bells and sirens of the city roared out the herald of a new year without response from her. Slowly she gained weight and strength and some of the torment faded from her eyes. Absent-mindedly she played cards with the nurses, listened when they read her poetry, and spent hours with jig-saw puzzles. Even when they started her on exercises she seemed remote and mentally aloof.

One morning when she was wheeled to the porch she stared dully at a discarded newspaper flapping in a feeble breeze. Her eyes narrowed, as if clearing them of a fog. She sat up—March 25—her boy was two years old today!

She rang for the nurse and requested a visit from her doctor.

"I want to phone my home in Westchester, doctor," she said. "Today is my baby's birthday. I thought if I could hear his voice—"

The doctor smiled.

"Best news I've heard in months," he declared. "I'll try to get him on the phone. But your home in Westchester is rented. Your people are not living there."

She considered this with a slight frown as he wheeled her inside.

"Where's my boy?"

"At the Pines—that's a large and exclusive summer hotel in Maine. His Aunt Abigail West is head housekeeper there. She and the boy are very comfortable. I get regular reports."

She gazed up at him, her eyes filling with tears.

"I've been here five months?" she half asked. "I didn't realize it was so long."

HER phone rang and a few moments later she heard the unsatisfactory faint sound of little Rudy's voice. Only a moment was she permitted to speak before the doctor ended the call.

She fell to weeping, and they seemed glad—almost elated at her quiet hysterics. She slept long and soundly and woke trying to remember.

"Where did you say the hotel was?" she demanded, and listened with anxious nods as the doctor repeated his story. He showed her numerous snapshots of the boy taken since she had seen him—and with choked laughter she fondled the picture of a fat fellow in a swim suit at the edge of the water.

"Where is every one else?" she pleaded. "My mother?"

"They are all well and all fairly happy," he assured her. "They are worrying about you. You are not to worry about them."

Slowly she learned, masticating with new humility each fresh shock. The doctor seemed to know as much and more about each member of her family as she ever had, and he talked frankly and matter-of-factly.

Nell McAm was divorced and remarried. Her mother was now Mrs. Duke Howard, living in a modest bungalow outside of Detroit. Her father had gone back to his jail, his home for twenty years, and was junior warden, the first former prisoner to hold such a distinction.

Marion, who could not take hard times, had put Clarence in alimony jail and released him a month later. She was living with Jules Carter and was considered the best kept woman in New York. Her only concern was how Jane would take it when she knew.

Dick, who had reached Russia by the simple device of traveling westward from New York until he hit it, had proved himself of unique value at the American embassy in the understanding of the U. S. S. R. and its adherents. He had married in Russia and had a son.

"Your brother Toby has a pretty successful novel," the doctor told her one morning. "It's based on your life and it's rather unfair to you. His family won't speak to him as a result. But he's made good. If that's a comfort."

She closed her eyes, leaned back on her pillows, and smiled.

"That's one of his books I'll read," she said and shrugged at the doctor's "Bravo!"

"So now," she sat up and faced him, "my family are on their own. They've done everything they've wanted to do as soon as my back was turned. Everything I kept them from doing."

"And the world has not come to an end," her doctor added.

"Exactly. But my business. How did they do without me? They couldn't make enough to keep Abby and my boy in their home? Tell me."

"Nobody wanted to live in the place. As each left, Abby couldn't bear the big place alone. She knows many people in Maine. No, your business is my pleasantest surprise. It's eighty thousand over this time last year. That Holloway is a marvel."

ALONE, she turned this over. Holloway carrying on. Well, all the months she was half alive and half in hell he had practically run things. That had got him in the swing. More and more since her marriage he and Trudy had taken the helm, each time more confidently.

So she wasn't needed anywhere. Without her they all got along beautifully—perhaps much happier. The Great I McAm wasn't important. Then why had she worked so, worried so, strained so? For what?

She was at last permitted visitors, and every two weeks she saw them one by one. First Abby and little Rudy down from Maine. Tanned and healthy. Father, on from Chicago, surprisingly talkative and no longer wearing white. Nell McAm who would not come without her new husband. No make-up on Nell McAm Howard, dressed in department-store clothes and quite proud of not smoking. Duke Howard, still handsome, was overbearing and almost rude in his domination. One could hardly blame him—he had an old and pardonable resentment.

Marion, startling in silver fox and three diamond bracelets under her white kid gloves. Marion looking twenty and studying French. Breezy and glib Marion unwrapped a gift she had brought: an absurd array of gallant little red-white-and-blue drums of various shapes and sizes. They won a childlike smile from Jane.

"Face powder, lipstick, compact, talcum, bath," Marion tallied off. "Named Drumstick. All calling you to battle, Jane. The battle of being beautiful again."

"Is that all that is on your mind, Marion?"

"No, but it's the best sermon I preach and you just might take heed.

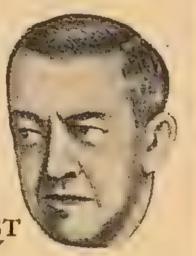
The extracts below are quoted from authentic testimonials, the originals of which are free to inspection.

FIRST DAY

"... Formerly my hair was thin and straggling ..."

TENTH DAY

"... But thanks to your excellent comb, my hair is now soft, wavy and beautiful ..." M. H.



FIRST DAY

"... am now 49 years old. Already at about thirty my hair started to get gray, especially at the temples, and during the last years it has become quite gray ..."

TENTH DAY

"... but in spite of the short time I have been using your comb, I must say that the result is wonderful. This comb certainly does all that your advertisements promise and MORE. My hair is a lot darker already, also a quantity of new, dark hair is coming forth ... The time given by you for testing is ample, because already after 4 or 5 days the effect of the comb is obvious to anybody." C. M. L.

★

Manufactured Exclusively By
G. LINDHOLM CO.,
607 Bergen Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

1,200,000 in daily use by men and women throughout Europe.

EVANS
DERMECTRO
TRADE MARK
COMB
A MARVELOUS INVENTION

- - - - - - - -THAT CAN DO WONDERS FOR YOUR HAIR!

Here is the new great sensation of the world, EVANS ELECTRIC COMB, the "Live" Comb which has such a remarkable power of stimulating the hair—in fact, of giving new life to the hair roots. The gentle electric current in the Evans Comb acts upon the hair as water on parched plants, thus stimulating the hair roots to renewed activity.

ON BALD PATCHES AND IN MANY CASES OF BEGINNING BALDNESS new hair has started growing within 72 hours—as through a miracle.

STRAIGHT AND THIN HAIR gets thick ... glistening ... soft ... wavy ... and wonderfully lustrous.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR checked in a few days. You and your friends will be equally surprised at the health and beauty of your hair.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! This is perhaps your comment on reading the above claims, but we have received thousands of letters which prove that Evans Comb really has worked wonders. European doctors explain this phenomena—that the electricity through the curved double rows of teeth is able to reach all weakened hair roots—literally pouring its life-giving energy over them, waking them up and stimulating them. Over one million Evans Electric Combs are now being used by men and women all over the world. The electric current is generated by a battery concealed in the handle of the comb. No shocks—no sparks. You cannot feel the current, but if you put a pocket lamp bulb against the teeth you will see it light up. The battery lasts six months—spare battery costs only 25c. Thus at a cost of only about 5c a month you get a hair treatment which otherwise would cost you hundreds of dollars at a hair specialist.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS—HUNDREDS OF OTHERS

The original letters from which the extracts below are taken, were sent to us voluntarily and are in our files. A reward of $2,000 is offered to anyone who can prove that any of these letters are not genuine.

"... *My hair, which was formerly thin, has now grown thick and beautifully glossy. I recommend the comb to everybody who wants to have beautiful hair.*" (*Signed M. W.*)

"... *I had formerly rough, thin hair, with dandruff, but after a few days only, I was free from this, and after further treatment I got healthy and soft hair, which was beautifully wavy.*" (*Signed A. L.*)

This is to certify that the foregoing in extract is true and correct.

Ex officio:

NOTARY PUBLIC

Do you want your hair more beautiful ... better ... then don't delay in obtaining the EVANS ELECTRIC COMB. Use it for seven days if you like and if you are not satisfied in every way with the improvement in your hair, just mail it back to us, and we will immediately refund your money. If it doesn't do all we say it will do it has not cost you a cent to try it.

Money back if not satisfied
CUT NOW

$1,000 GUARANTEE COUPON

Mail This Coupon at Once to
G. LINDHOLM CO.,
607 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enclose Money Order—Cash—Check for $.......... Please send POST FREE in plain package, with full instructions and ready for use:

☐ Evans Electric Comb, small model, at $2.50 complete.

☐ Evans Electric Comb, large model, with plated handle (double power battery) at $3.25 complete.

Under guarantee of $1000—you undertake to return my money if I send the comb back within seven days and say I am not satisfied with the results. This is an absolute condition of my order.

Name..

Address..

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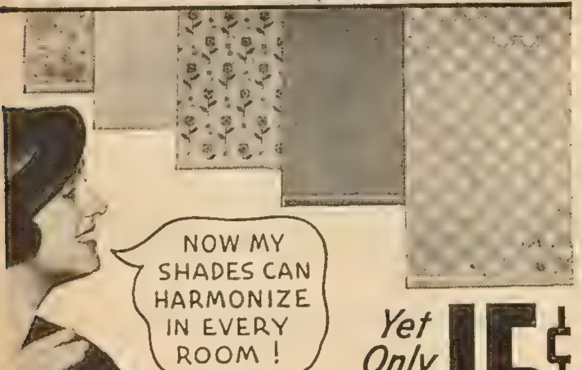
For C. O. D. delivery plus postage check here
☐ SMALL MODEL. ☐ LARGE MODEL.

EVER SEE *Such Smart* WINDOW SHADES?


NOW MY SHADES CAN HARMONIZE IN EVERY ROOM!
Yet Only
15¢

*Exclusive Clopay Features

EACH

WHY not spruce up your home with fresh, clean window shades all 'round? It costs so little with Clopays. Your choice of solid colors or smart chintz patterns by America's foremost designers. Amazingly durable—won't crack, fray or pinhole. Many features found in no other shades. *Trim only one side to fit narrow windows. *Attach to rollers with patented gummed strip. No tacks or tools. *Patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. "Today's best buy in window shades," millions say. At all 5c and 10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

New FABRAY Looks... Feels ...Wears Like OILCLOTH Yet Costs ½ to ⅓ Less At Your Favorite 5c and 10c Store

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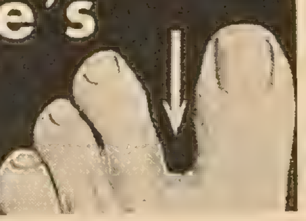
Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take at night. All druggists, 15c, 30c, 60c.



"Athlete's Foot" Itching Feet and Toes

The intense itching of ringworm on the feet and toes is immediately relieved by Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX! The germ killing power of this ointment quickly rids you of every sign of "Athlete's Foot" and other ringworm infections, and soon restores the inflamed, cracked or scaly skin to normal. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is the formula of this famous specialist. Insist on it. At drug, shoe and department stores. 50¢ and $1.00.

Dr. Scholl's Solvex

It's a woman's war—to keep beautiful. Here's the perfume to go with it. De Toi Je Chante—Of Thee I Sing."

"I never could carry a tune."

"You never found the right theme song."

Jane regarded the saucy Puckish drums.

"A woman's war. Marion, after you win, what?"

"Oh, when you win you surrender. You rule by being the terrible meek, the conquered."

"I must look into it," Jane shrugged.

"I'm afraid you're too square, Jane. Square people are admirable but are so full of nasty sharp corners."

When she had gone Jane considered the powders and lipsticks and thoughtfully began to apply their subtle fragrant magic, staring at the Jane in a hospital mirror and remembering Marion's oiled and perfumed tones. Maybe, after all, she had joined the wrong army, fought the wrong battle . . .

The next day Toby came.

Toby, dapper and sternly well groomed, who kissed Jane and held her tight.

"My book," he rushed out the words. "I felt you had it coming to you. I felt you could take it, anyway. But it was before your illness, before all this happened. I wouldn't have done it—honestly."

But with all their kindness she got so pitifully little from any of them—so little to cling to. And her recovery seemed slower and less sure than before, even after very pleasant visits with Edgar and Trudy and Seth.

"I have nothing to get well for," she complained to her doctor. "I try to figure it out. Nobody needs me. I should be glad. I have no worries for once in my life. I'm free. Gloriously free. But free for what?"

"There is a woman who is anxious to see you," he said gravely. "Perhaps she can give you the answer. Her name is Nina Norris."

"Oh, no!"

A moment later:

"Are they together?"

"NO. She came back to this country alone after making an English picture."

"Where—is he?"

"In England."

"Yes—yes, I'll see her. I want to know."

But she trembled violently when Nina was one day brought to her room.

"I'd like to talk plainly, Jane," she began.

"I can't promise I'll listen. I'll try. How is he?"

"He's pretty wrecked. I did my damnedest for him. I couldn't get to first base."

"Is he ill?"

"He's drinking himself to death."

"And I suppose I did that?"

"Jane, I don't know what you did. I got bits when he was tight. He never mentioned you otherwise. But I know one thing—you've ruined him. You've broken him. And it's your job to pick up the pieces and put him together again.

"Once I loved that boy and I gave him up for a career. I've had damn' near everything in my life except the sort of love Rudy stood for—and one day when I found he was within reach I decided I'd take him. I'd have him at last. It was fair enough—you were no ninny, and if you couldn't hold him you didn't deserve him.

"But after I got him he wasn't the same Rudy. He was a weakling—a waster. The boy I once fell in love with was a doer—a darer—an adventurer.

"That's what you fell in love with too. But what did you do with him?"

"WHY is it my fault," Jane cried, "if he hadn't character enough to stand up to things? He played the market like a madman."

"Trying to make enough money to live up to your fancy standards."

"He drank constantly."

"Unless you're a born drinker—and Rudy wasn't—you'll find nobody drinks unless he's unhappy."

"I've been unhappy—terribly unhappy in my life—and I never drank so that it became a habit—a necessity."

"That's one of the things that's ruinous about you, Jane. You're so self-disciplined, so strong-minded you give everybody else an overdose of inferiority. You're your own worst enemy and your own best friend. It's an unpardonable combination. I know, because I'm the same thing. It's brought us both success and very little happiness."

She rose and took Jane's hand.

"I'm sorry," she said; "sorry I got mixed up in the whole thing. It only brought me unhappiness too. I'll tell you one thing—if any man loved me the way that man loves you, I'd go to hell for him."

Jane looked up, winking away tears.

"But what can I do?"

"I don't know. If you care enough you'll find out."

"Thank you for coming, Nina."

"I owed it to him," Nina shrugged. "Though he'd die if he knew. He has only false pride left."

At the door she put on her public manner as if donning an invisible cloak.

"Good-by," she smiled. "We successful women, Jane, are strange monsters. If it's hard for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven, it's damn' near impossible for a rich woman."

She was gone, her words lingering through the long slow hours.

But he loved her. That's all that mattered. He loved her and he needed her.

That made life worth facing—gave her new strength and quickened hopes. If she needed him? Would he react as happily—would it rouse him? He had evidently not heard of her illness, or if he had, the swift divorce granted him would keep him silent. *But if she were in desperate need?*

It took her nearly two weeks with Edgar and her lawyer to plan her failure. The complete crash of Jane McAm, Incorporated.

Yet such a wily failure that Edgar would take over the business, reorganize, and carry on.

"I'll be the only one to lose," she pointed out, "and every cent of my personal funds will go with it. Then I'll be forced into bankruptcy. I'll be wiped out, all but poverty-stricken."

"But your family?"

"The hell with my family," she smiled.

"Your child?"

"Abby's taking beautiful care of him and loving it. He'll have my insurance anyway."

They nodded.

"I want a failure bigger than my success. If my success was more than he could take, it's going plumb to hell, reputation and all—I'll go to him empty-handed and in need."

They shrugged.

"It can be done—in a few short months. Just bad management and all the orders direct from me. Only study every move so that nobody else loses."

"God, I hate to see you do it, Jane." Edgar blew his nose vigorously.

She laughed.

"You hated to see me get in this business," she reminded him—"get me out now, Edgar, and I'll never ask you another favor."

The day it happened—the afternoon it broke—Jane stood numb with heartache reading the glaring headlines and columns of type in the papers.

"Miss McAm, once the most brilliant woman in the field, has been very ill and should not be too severely criticized."

Edgar Holloway was obviously trying to cover up for his associate of twenty-three years' standing.

"She made her unusual record with reckless audacity. She does not realize that this is no time for speculation. She has lost step in the parade. Today more than ever we need conservatism and . . ."

Her tears blotted out the rest and she put the papers aside, too cowardly to read of the disgrace she had planned. She wondered if the ghost of Jane McAm would fall over the leases and mortgages to be signed in the future . . . how long before they would forget her. Her mind went back to the mad female scramble for jobs and money during the war. That's when women got their first taste of golden blood. If the women who were so patriotic about the "dear boys" then were really patriotic now, they'd give back the jobs. They'd say to the unemployed:

"This was swell while it lasted, but it's really yours. If there's not enough to go round I'd rather eat your food as a dependent than a thief."

ALL the throbbing black-and-blue problems of the world—and women throw their splendid energies into mere money-making. The salary. The dollar. We outnumber men; we live longer than men.

There must be in the scheme of things some good reason for that. What is it? Where are we going? Isn't it time we found out?

Trudy came, weeding out the wires, letters, and calls and handing her only the ones that meant something. The very first read:

Smart girl. Nina.

and somehow soothed her as none of the condolences of her family and friends.

Voted out of every club, written by editorial sages as an object lesson to women too ambitious, rebuked and cold-shouldered by the women's organizations, Jane roused herself to hurry out of it. She made her modest sailing arrangements and bought sparsely to pack for the future.

The night she was to sail she went from her hospital room to a small quiet party at the Holloway home—their last meal together.

During dinner Edgar was called to the phone, and when he returned to the room he put his hand on Jane's shoulder. His eyes were wet.

"You've put through the biggest gamble of all," he said tightly. "That was Rudy on the phone."

"Where is he?" she said.

"He landed in New York today. Has been everywhere for you. He's on his way here. Shall we set another place?"

"No." She smiled softly and got up. "You'll all let me go, I know. I'm glad—awfully glad never to eat the last meal with you."

She met him in the vestibule and threw out her arms as he came up the steps.

And in the semidarkness of Edgar's doorway they both were crying as they clung to each other.

They went down the brownstone steps slowly and hesitated.

"Where to?" he asked. His handsome face was gaunt and lean in the lamplight.

"I don't know, Rudy. We have no home."

He shook his head, puzzled.

"I've been living at the hospital," she added—"I left there today."

"Poor little Jane. Honey, I have no job."

"Neither have I," she smiled.

He caught her hand.

"Jane, I have about twenty dollars in my pocket and about two hundred in the bank."

She laughed.

"I have a hundred dollars cash on me," she told him, "not a cent in any bank, and a boat ticket to Europe I can cash in."

"You were coming to me?"

She nodded, squeezing his hand.

He motioned a cruising cab and gave the name of the best hotel in town.

"Let's live in sin tonight and get married tomorrow," he grinned.

THE END

SUDDEN DEATH TO SMOKER'S BREATH

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Two of these 'holesome, minty rings of fine candy make a complete disguise for any pipe-smoker. They take your breath away!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

MUSIC, MYSTERY,

Fred Astaire and Some Tuneful Gayetie
Tingling Murder Thriller Scores—bu

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary. 3 stars—Excellent.
2 stars—Good. 1 star—Poor. 0 star—Very Poor.

★ ★ ★ THE GAY DIVORCEE

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Erik Rhodes, Eric Blore, Lillian Miles, Art Jarrett. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Book by Dwight Taylor.

THE GAY DIVORCEE is a little too much of a good thing. The picture offers just about all one can ask of a musical comedy but doesn't know when to stop offering.

Astaire's dancing alone is enough for our money. But there's a lot more than him in the picture, for it has a grand collection of songs, the outstanding number being The Continental, the carioca successor; a bright script beautifully handled by Edward Everett Horton, Alice Brady, Erik Rhodes, and Eric Blore. Horton has never been funnier than as the blundering divorce lawyer; and Eric Blore, in a brief part, gives warning of a new comedy character soon to be the rage of Hollywood.

Yet with all this, with all its delightful tunes, its crisp dialogue, and the matchless dancing of Astaire and Ginger Rogers, The Gay Divorcee is not entirely successful. The film might have been perfect—intimate, sprightly, and racy—but RKO was evidently afraid to take the chance on that.

So the picture was given production value. And the production value very nearly ruins it; for the story, unimportant but gay, is continually broken by shots of thousands of dancers gliding about.

The featherweight plot—all about a young divorcee who believes the handsome young man is a professional corespondent and then, to her glee, learns that he isn't—is adorned with so many surprisingly elegant things that we believe you'll find more than enough to offset its halting pace and gaudy interruptions.

VITAL STATISTICS: You will be seeing the 488th performance of The Gay Divorcee: it ran 288 performances on Broadway and 200 in London. Was writ as a play by Dwight Taylor, son of Laurette Taylor. The Continental, successor to the Astaire-Ginger-Rogers-introduced carioca, is a terpsichorean cocktail containing a jigger of rhumba, a dash of jazz, a hooker of waltz, a snort of fox trot, a couple of slugs of the grenadinish minuet, and a few drops of taps, strut, low-down, and tango. It opens with a hand-kiss. Then it's up to you to shake well. All you have to have are the feet and ability of the Astaire and la Rogers. . . . Only one of the original Cole Porter songs for the stage version was retained: Night and Day. . . . You adagio lovers will be thrilled by a fully garbed adagio done by a hundred men and women in full evening dress. Very hazardous and wearing, every participant had to pass a physical examination. . . . Twinkletoes Fred Astaire hails from Omaha, which is in Nebraska, and sometime in the past his family was known as Austerlitz. He was born to the gold standard and educated by hand. When his fambly's gold went glimmering he and his sister Adèle took the élite dancing-school experience into vodvil and at the age of eight were earning $200 a week. Eventually Fred and Adèle became big-time, the cinnamon toast of two continents, and continued so together till Adèle became Lady Cavendish. Now Fred is hoofing it alone, getting about $3,500 a week for doing so, and is married to the socialite Phyllis Livingstone Potter. He believes Ginger Rogers the next-to-the-best dancer he ever hoofed it with. . . . Ginger Rogers is really redheaded, and it is impossible to find a stand-in in Hollywood with hair to match Ginger's in shade or lusciousness. . . . Edward Everett Horton's early ambitions included becoming a baker, a gum architect, and a telephone doctor. An infant prodigy, he could recite one hundred nursery rhymes at the age of one. . . . Seven actual marriages took place after picture was finished—all among the chorus people in the film—six couples having met on the set for the first time.

Paul Cavanaugh in Menace—a picture which supplies more than its share of big thrills.

★ ★ ★ MENACE

THE PLAYERS: Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanaugh, Henrietta Crosman, John Lodge, Raymond Milland, Berton Churchill, Halliwell Hobbes, Robert Allen, Forrester Harvey. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Story by Philip MacDonald.

MENACE, an eerie exciting murder mystery with a good strong touch of horror, is an item none of you mystery fans can afford to miss. And it'll even get those who are not amateur sleuths; for the picture has real suspense, a sound craftsmanlike cast, and is given sure direction by Ralph Murphy.

Wanted for a fourth at bridge, a young engineer, played by Ray Milland, leaves his post during a storm to attend. Because he is not on hand to open gates, the dam breaks, spreading havoc through the sector.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in The Gay Divorcee—a picture featured by their matchless dance numbers.

The young engineer becomes so despondent over his lack of integrity that he kills himself. His brother, inmate of an insane asylum, blames the bridge players for the death and begins a reign of terror aimed at them. The three—Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanaugh, and Berton Churchill—meet again in Miss Michael's country home, and the party is given something more than a fillip when a note, stuck into the wall by a dagger, is found announcing their doom.

The house is fairly stuffed with suspects, any one of whom might be the potential killer. We won't tell you how it turns out, but the picture has some of the tightest moments yet felt in the talkies.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gertrude Michael is 120 pounds of light-brown-haired and blue-eyed So'th'n sugah, and pretty much of a prodigy at that. Was born in Talladega, Alabama. At five she could play the piano; by twelve she was giving concerts and on the side mastering the violin. At fourteen entered Alabama Law School. Gave it up after a year, having learned about lawyers from life. Took her books over to Converse College at Spartanburg, South Carolina, and rounded off with some more piano at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Gave up a five-year musical scholarship to Italy and crashed the theater by playing off-stage piano for Stuart Walker's traveling troupe. Eventually started a little theater movement in her community and founded, at seventeen, the practically one-man-operated radio station WFDA. She was the one man. She plays violin when tired and piano when happy. She likes Oriental food and hates giggling women. Wrote the hymn used as theme music in the film. . . . Toothbrush-mustached Paul Cavanaugh served in the war with the 202d Canadian Dragoons. Is a Cambridge University, England, graduate, and can argue the law if he so desires. Served in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. After the war, took the $20,000 he made practicing law at Calgary, Alberta, to Monte Carlo, where he invested it in roulette. Broke, he fled for refuge to the stage, and from 1926 on his career has been upward and onward, thespianishly speaking. . . . John Lodge also took in his shingle and emigrated to the Land of Klieg when the law palled. A member of the bluest-blooded family in America, he went to Hollywood for a rest, and remained to act ever since. . . . Forrester Harvey, while filming Menace, played in Limehouse Nights with George Raft, and used his nights in a re-

MARRIAGE by BEVERLY HILLS

ffer a Surfeit in Entertainment; a Spine-
iss Hayes' Latest Seems Dated

vival of Journey's End in Los Angeles. A triple-threat man, so to speak. . . . Henrietta Crosman is the Grand Old Lady of the theatrical world.

★ ★ WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

THE PLAYERS: Helen Hayes, Brian Aherne, Madge Evans, Lucile Watson, Dudley Digges, Donald Crisp, David Torrence, Henry Stephenson. Directed by Gregory La Cava. From the play by Sir James Barrie.

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S whimsical little treatise on What Every Woman Knows, or more accurately what every woman would *like* to know, seems quite dated now on the screen. Helen Hayes, back again after a Broadway hiatus, while somewhat more than capable as the homely little wren who has quite a time getting herself married, seemed to us to be full of clever theatric tricks rather than to be truly emotional.

The picture is beautifully photographed and the Scotch background, both in characterizations and settings, is sympathetically captured. But the story, which concerns Miss Hayes' method of keeping herself married and follows her life as she secretly guides her husband's climb to Parliament, lacks suspense and vigor. Brian Aherne, as the serious Scotsman who sells himself to Miss Hayes in exchange for an education, gives a really striking performance. David Torrence as her father and Dudley Digges and Donald Crisp as the brothers who watch over her are splendid.

Brian Aherne and Helen Hayes, the two principals in What Every Woman Knows, founded on the Barrie play.

In fact all connected with the picture are acceptable, but somehow it doesn't matter. The whimsey is soggy, the basic premise of the plot—that women do all the deciding for the men—has been overused lately, and Miss Hayes' performance, while full of great technical dexterity, touched us but slightly.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture was originally written as a play by Sir J. M. Barrie for Maude Adams. Was made in a silent movie years ago by Paramount. Helen Hayes revived it in 1926, playing in it for sixty weeks on the stage. . . . Helen Hayes was born Helen Hayes Brown, in Washington, D. C., daughter of a government employee. Played first rôle in summer stock at the age of six because she had to eat a large piece of orange cake in part. Made an instant hit and played four seasons with Lew Fields. From twelve to seventeen she studied in a convent, breaking it to appear with John Drew. After the convent her stage career which followed was meteoric. Called to Hollywood, she was an immediate sensation. Plays a stiff game of bridge. Loves charades. Is mentioned with Bernhardt and Duse and deserves it. Gets about $3,000 per week—nothing to giggle at. . . . Whenever directors are looking for a girl who typifies the average ideal of young American womanhood, they think of Madge Evans. Actually she is pure English type, born to solid roast-beef English stock emigrated to Central Park West, New York. . . . Brian Aherne, trained for the stage at Italia Conti's famous London stage school (he lived in London at the age of ten for one year absolutely by himself), eventually gave up stage ideas to earn an honest living, only to come back to it in time. . . . Lucile Watson was born in Quebec, Canada, was once very well known to stage audiences for her excellently handled sad-woman parts, and makes her screen début in this picture after a ten-year retirement in France. . . . Donald Crisp, an old-time movie baddie, plays a shy clumsy man in this one: a real departure rôle. . . . Harry Lauder II, nephew to the famous burr & stick, was technical adviser on Scotch scenes in film.

★ ½ WEDNESDAY'S CHILD

THE PLAYERS: Karen Morley, Edward Arnold, Frankie Thomas, Robert Shayne, Shirley Grey, Paul Stanton. Directed by John Robertson. From the play by Leopold Atlas.

QUITE unintentionally, Wednesday's Child gives an enlightening study of a neurotic in the making. Meant to show that the children are the ones who suffer by divorce, the picture presents Frankie Thomas as the child whose parents, Karen Morley and Edward Arnold, call it quits.

The court decrees that the lad shall spend part of the year with each parent. But the boy cares for neither his stepfather nor his intended stepmother and is consequently shunted to military school where his life might run more peacefully. Visiting the child at school, Arnold overhears him crying. Deciding that a home is what the child needs, Arnold abandons the idea of remarriage and takes his son home with him.

Wednesday's Child is unique in its handling of the love of the father and son. Most of their time is spent kissing and fondling each other. The child cries when he sees his mother kiss another man. And upon spotting father with a woman he goes into a dead faint!

If you are interested in psychopathics, the picture moves like a case history. But as Wednesday's Child is intended to portray a normal boy suffering from divorce, we cannot recommend it as worth your time.

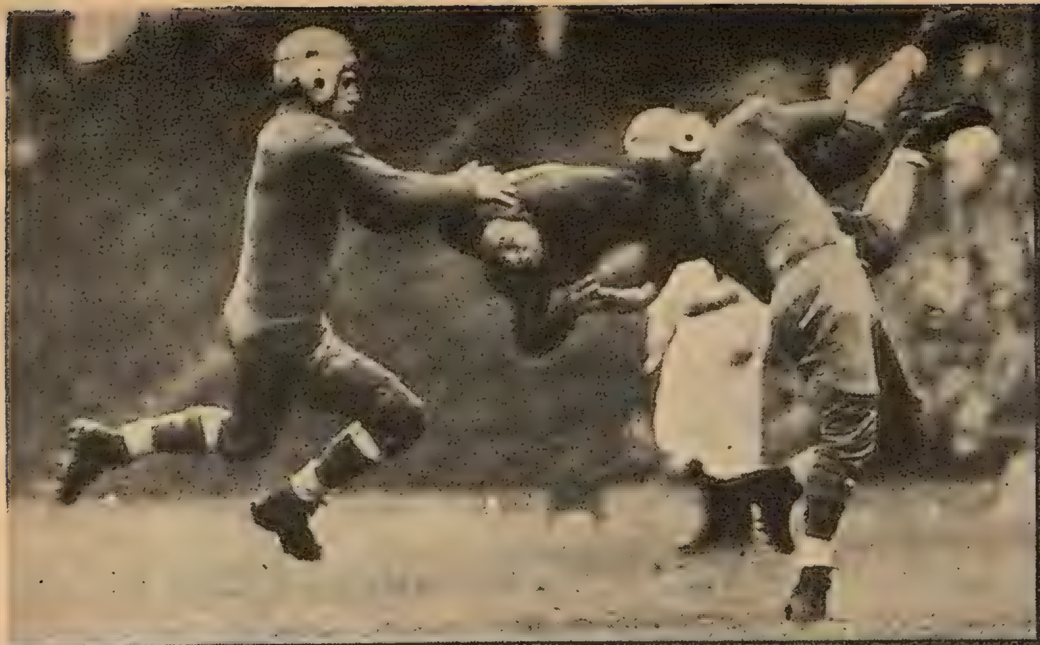
VITAL STATISTICS: Wednesday's child, Frankie Thomas, Jr., is twelve and played the same part in the play from which this movie was made. Father is a stage leading man and his uncle, Calvin Thomas, also an actor. His mother, known professionally as Mona Brun, carried Frankie on the stage for his first appearance at nine months. Frankie handles his most difficult assignment of eighty-eight emotional speeches with the brilliant ease of an Ibsen actor. Has had considerable radio experience. Has never heard a harsh word or received a spanking from his parents, but has a clause in his contract that he shall be allowed to decide on his hair parts. Feels his parents comb his hair to death and demanded the clause. . . . Robert Shayne is another Theatre Guild actor. He accepted his part in the film only because his favorite actress, Karen Morley, was in it. . . . Karen Morley is a graduate of Glamour School, admits that she may not be as pretty as many but there are other ways she can get herself across.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf.

★★★—We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me.

Edward Arnold, the father, and Frankie Thomas, in Wednesday's Child, based on divorce evils.



"Pose-EE-shun!"

It's "Old Man" Yost's Magic Prescription for Saving Lives and Averting Injuries in Football—Here Is the Little-Known Story of What It Has Meant to Michigan and What It May Mean to Schoolboys and Athletes Everywhere

by BENNY FRIEDMAN

All-America quarterback, 1925-26; head football coach at the College of the City of New York

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

ON a fall Saturday in 1931 Yale was host to the Army at New Haven. It was football weather, lifting, exhilarating. It made you glad to be alive. Then tragedy popped up and spread a pall of gloom not only over the Bowl but wherever football was known.

The Army booted a long kick-off to the goal line. Bob Lassiter, Yale halfback, caught the ball and started up the field, pounding the ground in an effort to catch his interference. Dick Sheridan, playing end for the West Pointers, sprinted down the side line and, once behind the Yale interference, turned in on Lassiter, his legs digging into the turf like pistons. Sitting on the Yale bench I instinctively gritted my teeth as I saw the force with which those two boys would meet.

Some *fifteen feet* away from Lassiter, Sheridan dived through the air for the ball-carrier's legs. His arms slid past Lassiter's thighs, and his head, face downward, smashed into a hard, unyielding, powerful knee. Lassiter ran on. Sheridan, his head twisted as he lay prone on the field, was knocked out. Without regaining consciousness, he died. They said something had happened to his head and neck.

Last year I was playing defensive halfback for our Brooklyn Dodgers team against the Chicago Bears. Manders, the big ex-Minnesota fullback, weighing 215 pounds in comparison with Lassiter's 160, started a wide end run for the Bears. Paul Riblette, our end, turned Manders inside and I charged forward to stop him. He suddenly swerved just as I hit him, and snap! the lights went out for me.

I came to thirty minutes later, on my feet and stark naked, as my brother Jerry was leading me under a shower bath in the dressing room. I had done exactly what Dick Sheridan had done—crashed into a driving knee with my head.

Habit killed him; habit saved my life.

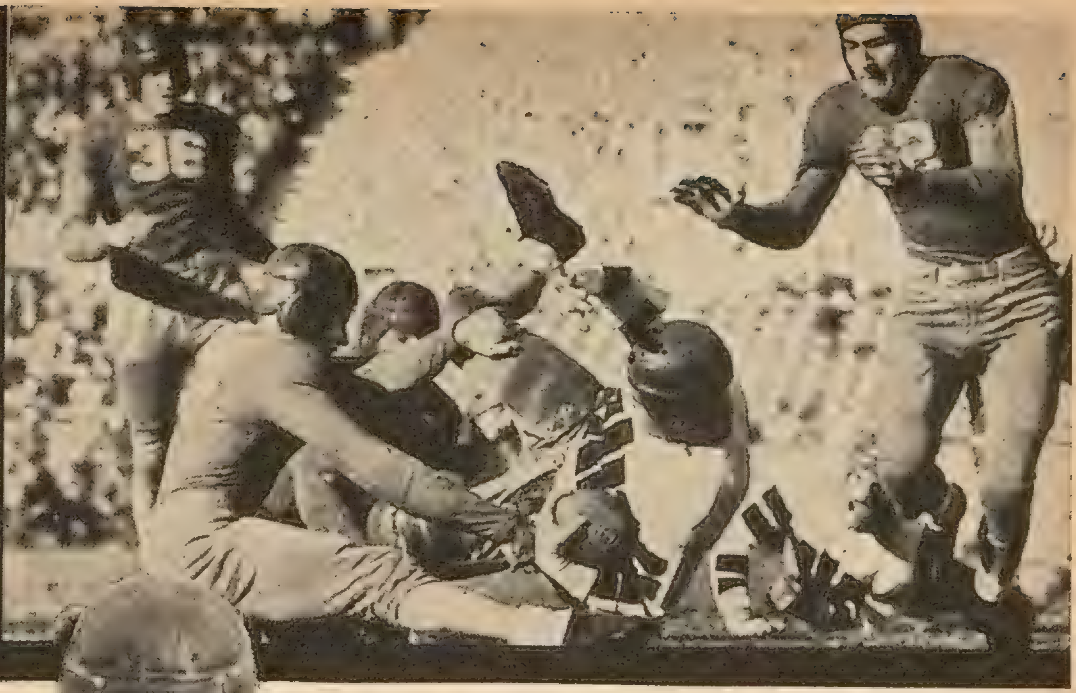
Fielding Yost, my old coach at Michigan, used to drawl at us in that dialect of his, "Pose-*ee*-shun! Watch your position, my boy. Pose-*ee*-shun is everything."

Position is certainly important on a football field. Without the proper position you can get hurt, crippled, killed. With it you can enjoy yourself, free from any worry of possible injury. And that enables you to play better football.

As a minor proof of this, Michigan's record over the past years can be reviewed. Michigan's coaches teach the correct rudiments of football, they drill their players in the proper fundamentals. Their record of games won in recent years is the best in football. But in addition to that is the important, rarely discussed fact that "bear" stories emanate from the Michigan campus but once in a blue moon. Somehow those pregame yarns that halfback Zilch or end Whoosis is laid up and will be unable to play Saturday because of an injury sustained in practice or the previous game just do not materialize. Michigan men seldom get hurt, and when they do it is because of that unavoidable accident which is bound to occur in a body-contact game such as football. These, pure *accidents*, are less frequent than might be supposed. In four years of college football and seven years of professional football I was nailed by but one of them, which I've already mentioned.

And what is position and where does habit enter into the game of football? How can the proper positions and good habits eliminate many of the injuries and deaths now marring the game?

When I landed at Michigan I was an ignorant lad when it came to the niceties of football play. I could pass fairly well, kick some, and had been a good high-school ball-carrier, but that let me out. In spring practice of that year I was paired off against a big tackle named Bob Hall, who was over six feet tall, weighed 210 pounds, had a pair of legs and arms on him like stumps of trees. I was told to take him out of a play. I tried—and bounced right off him on to my back. Coach Yost let one howl of "Pose-*ee*-shun!" out of him and told me to do it again. The result was the same. So the Old Man took Hall's place.



"Now come at me," he said.

I did, and caught a knee in the stomach that laid me gasping on the ground. I felt I'd *never* want to get up for the first few seconds.

"Benny," said Yost, "if you had the right pose-*ee*-shun that could not happen. With the right pose-*ee*-shun you cannot be hurt."

I staggered to my feet and the Old Man went to work. The light began to dawn upon me.

"Look, Benny," said Yost. "The closer a man gets to the ground the less likely he is to be hurt. So the first thing to do is to squat, get your 'tail' close to the ground, get a low center of gravity. An automobile with a low center of gravity is hard to tip over. The next thing is to get a base, a wide base. So spread your legs, your feet, apart. That makes it tougher to knock you over and helps you get lower. Third, keep your back straight all the time. Because with a straight back you have power, driving power. The man who hits the hardest is hurt the least. And always keep a 'bull' neck and your head up so you can see where you're going."

Left: Benny Friedman in action. His football background includes thirteen years of playing the game.

Acme photos

Below: Fielding H. Yost, "the Old Man" of Michigan. His motto is "Pose-ee-shun is everything!"

I said it all sounded reasonable enough to me, although I'll admit now I did not see the full importance of it. In consequence I didn't quite do what I was supposed to do.

One day Tad Wieman, greatest of all football line coaches in my estimation, wanted some "live" dummies to give tackles a workout. Yost sent Harry Ferenze, another freshman who was trying to make an end of himself, and me to Wieman. And we knew so little we couldn't give Tad's men any practice. We couldn't even be dummies! Finally Tad could stand it no longer.

"Get out of there, Friedman," he snapped at me. "This is the position you're to take and *keep!*" He illustrated by doing the job himself. He showed Harry. "Now let's see you go to work," he said to us as he got to his feet after bowling a tackle over.

We did. Ferenze and I practiced together for four days. With a sound knowledge now of what good position meant on a football field we discovered things which had been difficult became easier, hurts which had been jarring us and crippling our muscles and handicapping our natural abilities no longer came our way.

We had *good positions.*

We found that by doing as Yost had told us to do in the first place we became compact balls of muscle and bone.

Our necks were drawn in to our shoulders and "bulled" so that they could not be twisted or bent when our heads were walloped; our arms were safe from injury because they were held close to our bodies, the elbows against the ribs and the forearms generally across our stomachs; our legs were safer because our knees were always bent and our feet braced underneath us.

The only parts of our bodies which could be hit, the only parts we hit with, were our shoulders, hips, thighs, knees, and the tops of our heads. All protected by pads, none vulnerable.

After Ferenze and I learned Yost's "pose-*ee*-shuns" we practiced and practiced and practiced them. That because we wanted them to become second nature to us, wanted them to be instinctive, wanted to be able to assume and keep those positions without being forced to think about them.

It is claimed our minds are made up of two parts, the conscious and the subconscious. With the conscious mind

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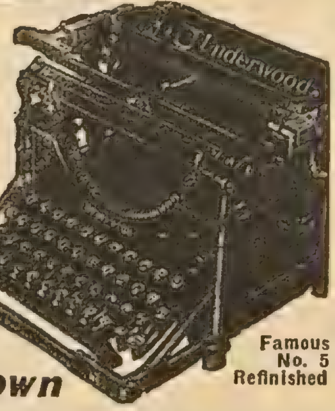

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we think, reason. With the subconscious mind we remember. And either can rule the actions of our bodies. It works out like this: We consciously think of an action in football and we do it. And we repeat that thought and action until it is impressed upon our subconscious minds. So when in tight spots, where we must act before we have time to think and reason consciously, our subconscious mind will take command and direct our bodies correctly. In other words, we develop *habits* of action.

Dick Sheridan acted through habit. After his death a picture of him diving through an automobile tire to make a tackle was published in a national magazine. He was stretched out full length, loose, limber, every part of his body open and unprotected. He had developed that habit, mode, of tackling. When things went a bit wrong, he was killed.

The bump I took in the Chicago Bears game from Manders was every bit as hard as that which he took. Probably harder, considering the men who were doing the bumping. But Fielding Yost's "pose-*ee*-shun," which had become my unconscious habit, enabled me to take that jar and suffer no ill effects except a knockout. Correct position, good habits pay big dividends.

Incidentally that long flying tackle, while spectacular, is not as effective as it might be. It's a poor way to tackle. Jim McMillen, who once knocked opponents out of the way for "Red" Grange at Illinois, now one of the country's leading professional wrestlers, recently said, "I've shortened my flying tackle to a distance of three feet. I find the leverage gained from this point gives me more power and drive." It also cuts down the possibility of hitting something not aimed at, such as a knee or empty air.

WHEN Harry Ferenze and I had learned our positions and through long hours of practice mastered them to the point where they became habit, we no longer had to think of ourselves on the field. We could devote all our time and efforts to the problem of handling the man in front of us. Working as a team—end and halfback on offense—we enjoyed so much success handling those lads who did not want us to do what we wanted to do that Tad Wieman himself got into the line-up one day to see what was going on and why his tackles were being boxed and manhandled. *And we dumped Tad.* That was one of the biggest "kicks" I've ever received from football. Tad had spilled us badly a short time before and then taught us how to handle him.

A further example of what habit in action can do was seen in one of the professional games. "Swede" Rehnquist, a big rawboned powerful man weighing 218 pounds, was playing guard and center for us. When he wasn't playing football he worked with a concrete-mixing gang in California. Swede had a few habits, one of which was knifing through opposing lines and standing flat-footed to grab ball-carriers. He was traded to Providence, and I, as quarterback, had to be careful when we played him. He knew our plays as well as we did.

From the kick-off of the first game I refrained from calling a play I knew he expected, a driving cut-back over guard, with me carrying the ball. That kind of play was one of our strongest; it was also a kind Swede had a knack of throwing for a loss, especially if he suspected it was coming. Along late in the third quarter a spot came for it and I hoped he had forgotten about it by that time. I called the signal. The ball was snapped, I stepped wide, turned, and drove for the hole—and there was Swede standing right in front of it!

The action was too fast to permit thinking. Habit made me drop a bit closer to the ground and become a more compact ball, made me drive a little harder; habit made Swede stand fairly upright. We crashed together, and Swede, bigger, stronger, more powerful by far than I, was knocked out cold. All the impact did to me was jar the top of my helmet-protected head.

EACH fall around 10,000 high-school stars step on to college football fields for the first time. Of that large group something like 100 get somewhere in college, are again stars in the bigger league. The rest fall by the wayside, drop the game, or become mediocre and substitute players.

One reason for this is that most high-school "stars" are ball carriers. They become publicized because they score touchdowns; come to college knowing little about the game except ball handling. A second reason is purely physical. A boy walked into my office at City College last spring and talked to me of football. He was a junior in high school, eighteen years old, six feet two inches tall, 210 pounds and no fat. I couldn't help thinking, "What chance has the average immature, untrained high-school player of handling *this* giant? Sure he's a star now because of his size. But what of his college days?"

College football has a trick of knocking every one down to about the same size. It is like a big funnel. All stars and a lot of high-school boys not stars are poured into it during their freshman year. The boy who was so much bigger than his team mates now finds others just as big, the speed merchant finds himself equaled in speed. Natural advantages now count for but little by themselves; well *trained* they become important. The yardstick is accomplishment.

When I was coaching at Yale a boy named Joe Crowley was playing fullback. He was a 207-pounder with great legs and shoulders. Just looking at him any one could be excused for wondering how in the world he could ever be stopped, once he got under way. But he was stopped often and easily. It was no trick at all to knock him off his feet. He ran with those feet so in a straight line, so close together, he had no balance; a shove, and over he went. So we worked on him, tried to train properly the natural advantages he had.

He was smart, intelligent. When talked to, he understood what he was being told. But it took six weeks of constant pounding on our part and conscious effort on his to get him to *do* as he was told—to spread those legs and keep them bent and spread when he ran. Not having time to think during fast action, habit would command him, habit he had been allowed to develop through poor coaching or none at all, and there would be his legs in a straight line again, nullifying his power and speed.

A few years ago Dartmouth had a boy named Al Marsters playing quarterback—"Special Delivery" Al. He could do everything on a football field—except survive. He spent the last half of his final season, when his team could have used his great ability and he wanted to use it, on the bench, injured. The funnel was rough on Marsters.

Tony Plansky was one of the greatest all-around athletes I have ever known. He could control his body beautifully, had a wonderful sense of timing. Over six feet tall, nearly 220 pounds in weight, he was a fancy diver, shot in the low seventies in golf, was the decathlon champion of the United States, a Georgetown football star and graduate. He played professional football for the New York Giants, was continually being hurt, climaxing with a broken leg sustained during the opening game of the 1928 season.

The following year, my first with the Giants, he was back. One day he said to me, "How do *you* get by? I see you hit from all over the place, yet you're never hurt."

I showed him the positions I had been taught at Michigan, that was all. He practiced them, they became his habits. He was hurt no more. He ran low, stayed low, had his feet spread and his knees bent and his arms close to his body. When he hit the ground he didn't have far to fall and knew how to fall, curled into a compact ball with his arms and legs drawn in. He could *use* the great ability he had.

OFTEN in football is heard the expression, "He was suckered." It means only that some one was fooled into committing himself first. Linesmen are continually bobbing their heads, thrusting their shoulders, putting forth and pulling back their legs, in an endeavor to feint the other fellow into definitely committing himself to some move. The backs are doing the same thing when running interference or carrying the ball.

A clean example of suckering was seen last season during the Columbia-Princeton game. Garry Levan, Tiger safety man, caught a punt on his own forty-five-yard line, started up the field. He swerved in and out, eluding all tacklers, until he was nailed up against a side line by Cliff Montgomery, the Columbia quarterback. As soon as he saw he was caught by either the oncoming tackler or the side line, Levan stopped twisting his body. For a few steps he seemed to hesitate, and then, just before Montgomery got to him, he bobbed his torso, *feinted* as if he were putting on speed to continue on up the side line. Montgomery believed him, dived in that direction for his tackle. Levan, who had not committed himself, who made Montgomery commit himself first, who had merely feinted, side-stepped the Columbia man and shot into the open field. He scored standing up, alone.

Knute Rockne used to say, "The Big Four of football are—eyes, head, hands, and feet." The eyes see what the other fellow is about to do, the head reacts to that and chooses the proper counter (through habit), and the hands and feet, the body, execute the order the mind flashes.

Once the proper habits are attained, that's about all there is to football—making the other fellow commit himself first, making him take some course of action, if only that of standing still, and then doing the thing that will be effective as long as he is taking that particular action.

SOMETIMES the set-up leaves *you* no choice. It then becomes a simple case of plowing straight ahead, and here is where position helps to the *n*th degree. Our Giants team played a charity game in New York in 1930 against the Notre Dame alumni. Leyden, Miller, Stuhldreher, Crowley—of Four Horsemen reputation—Carideo, Adam Walsh, and Hunk Anderson were but a few stars they put on the field against us. We were on their twenty-two-yard line at one point of the game and I was called upon to carry the ball. A hole was opened in their line and through it I went, to see a field spotted with Notre Dame men. They were all over the place and nothing was left for me to do but dig. One by one, four of them dived, hit me, were shaken off. Then came Frank Carideo. He charged, hit, was shaken loose. I pulled up over the goal line with a touchdown I never expected as I stuck my head through that scrimmage line and saw how many men were between me and the goal.

Ed Thorp, the big Eastern official, said it was the best run of its kind he had ever seen. I liked that, of course. But *I* had little to do with the effectiveness of that run. Not once during the entire scramble was my body ever higher than it had been as I crouched in our backfield before getting the ball. And while under way my legs were spread, bent at the knees, one of them always free to use in pulling away from trouble. I was difficult to hit solidly. It was Fielding Yost's old "pose-*ee*-shun" the Notre Dame boys found hard to stop. Any one using it as I used it during that run would have scored just as well as I did.

I have often been asked, "But how can high-school boys and other untrained football players learn these things?"

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NRA CODE

My answer is always about the same and it comes from a football background which includes thirteen years of playing the game.

"Tell them we live by our experiences, and make them realize the necessity of creating right habits. Tell them always to run low, with their feet spread and knees bent and arms close to their sides, to keep their heads up and eyes looking where they are going.

"Tell them that in hitting the ground they should always pull their vulnerable breakable arms and legs as close to their bodies as possible.

"Tell them not to hit the ground with a smack, but with a slight roll toward the compact position they want to be in when the action stops.

"It may be their high-school coach knows what he is doing. It may also be he does not. Tell them to make sure by visiting the closest major coach. He'll be only too glad to show them what to do and how. Or let them ask any professional football player. For such a purpose a youngster could crash almost any dressing room in the professional leagues. Any trouble they experience getting to these coaches and players will be repaid in full, believe me.

"Tell them to watch the professional games, the big college games when they can. And start doing that as early as possible. Let them observe the proper ways to do things; they'll then imitate those actions and unconsciously they'll be following basically correct principles of action.

"Vinnie Richards, long one of the best tennis players in the world, told me he has never received a tennis lesson in his life. But he spent hours as a ball boy watching first-flight tennis players handle their racquets. He then imitated the great ones, adjusted their strokes and habits to his own physical peculiarities, and became a national, an Olympic champion. Borotra, Cochet, Tilden, all the tennis champions, started their careers by *watching* the best in their game play. Bobby Jones watched Stuart Maidenhead when he was yet in short pants. And Maidenhead's swing can be seen in Jones's today. Sarazen, Hagen, Smith, Goodman—go down the list of champion golfers, professional and amateur alike, and see how many of them spent their early days as caddies, watching champions swing, and imitating those swings in the caddie yards until they became habits. Tell untrained players not to forget to watch early. The day they start playing on the sand lot or park playground is the day to start practicing proper actions."

THEY may then go through the dangerous high-school days, the even more dangerous sand-lot days, and come to the more exacting college league unhampered by muscular injuries already received, unhandicapped by harmful habits gained through no coaching or bad coaching. They will suffer fewer "accidents" in football.

In conclusion I'll tell a story. Pop Warner gave his Stanford varsity a new trick play the week before a California game some years back when Biff Hoffman, later a great Cardinal fullback and now a successful San Francisco broker, was a freshman. After drilling, the play was tried on the frosh team. It worked. Both times Hoffman, playing end on the freshman team, found himself fooled, boxed, and spilled. It was successful a third time. And again Hoffman landed on the ground. Warner smiled broadly.

"That idea looks pretty good from here," he said. "How's it look from where you sit, Biff?"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Two: the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific.

2—It is French for awkwardness; tactlessness; also an awkward or tactless action.

3—A century plant.

4—In 1873. It is now known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Force.

5—A body of armed Zulus or other African natives. The word is Zulu.

6—The earliest authentic records refer to a group of Dutch settlers, near Albany, New York, playing the game in 1779.

7—John Ellis, who is also the official executioner for the State of New York.

8—It is an instrument for measuring the pressure of the blood in the arteries.

9—The Rev. John Eliot, 1604-70, pastor at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and known as "the Apostle to the Indians." The Bible was in the language of the Pequot Indians and was the first Bible printed in America.

10—Thomas Octave Murdoch Sopwith.

11—In General Foch's headquarters in a railroad coach near Rethondes, France, at 5 A. M., November 11, 1918.

12—Drs. F. G. Banting and J. J. R. MacLeod of Toronto. They received jointly a Nobel Prize in 1923 for their discovery.

13—For the seven months ending July 31, 1934, it was 2,501,000 barrels, of 42 gallons each, daily.

14—No. It can be *transformed.*

15—The Spaniards, who brought it to Florida in the sixteenth century.

16—Evidence is that which makes evident, whether taken singly or collectively; testimony is a statement or affirmation of a fact or a matter of fact.

17—Richard Lovelace in To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars.

18—A false step, mistake, error; especially a breach of good breeding or of good morals.

19—The three stamps (one-, three-, and five-cent) of the Pilgrim Tercentenary issue of 1920.

20—Benjamin Franklin. They were his last words.

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

CAN you and your musical friend play duets on two pianos? No? Then you had better learn. It's *being done* this year by all the stylish amateurs.

Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti started the fad. Of course you know who they are. You listen to their synchronized piano twosome daily over your radio. They tinkle out every sort of tune from Bach to jazz, and back to Bach again.

I met them recently at M. Fray's studio. He's a Frenchman, son of a Paris banker. Braggiotti was born in Florence, Italy—papa Italian, mama from Boston. He is one of a family of seven, all accomplished at some art. The Braggiotti clan is rumored to have inspired that novel, The Constant Nymph.

I asked Fray and Braggiotti what they do for relaxation.

"I box, I swim, I chop down trees," said Braggiotti, who is large and athletic. He made a pugnacious face at his piano. "That thing hinders my exercise," he added. "It obliges me to be careful of my hands."

M. Fray, slim and delicate of appearance, takes all his exercise with the knife and fork. Fabulous appetite. Once did away with six orders of chicken at a sitting. Has been known to consume ten orders of fried potatoes. While he and I talked food, Braggiotti got hungry, ransacked the kitchen, emerged with one crust of mildewed bread. "Not another bite to eat in the house," he grumbled, "and this partner of mine is supposed to be a gourmet!"

The Fray-Braggiotti team first came to America on a concert tour with Maurice Chevalier, who was featured then as a singer. Their piano duet has been a star number now for six years.

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

"*Darling, I'm miserable,*" his letter said. "*Nothing is any fun without you.*"

She hurried home, her visit out of town cut short because of the letter. It was from her husband—poor lonesome boy!

The telephone rang as she let herself in. A man growled her husband's name. "He isn't here," she said.

"When he gets there," said the man, "you tell him I want to see him. Tell him it's Joe—the fella who runs the place where he broke all that stuff last night. He's gotta pay me twelve dollars for the window and the chair and them dishes. And you can tell him twelve bucks is cheap—considering the fun he had."

What did she do? She laughed. What of his letter, with its "*Darling, nothing is any fun without you*"?

Well, and what of it? She was wise enough to understand that husbands quickly forget the fun they have alone. And she knew that every word of his letter had been sincere—when he wrote it. For the moods of men are not less changeable, you know, than the minds of women.

At Toledo, Ohio, I saw safety glass in the making. That's a sandwich business. They put a film of transparent celluloid in between two slices of clear glass—one white, one blue. They squeeze 'em under pressure until all three unite in a solid piece. The film glues the glass together so that it can't be shattered. Hit it as hard as you please. I did. It cracks but the pieces won't fly apart. I had a lot of destructive Russian excitement trying to smash it with a hammer.

The glass workers of Toledo wear fascinating gauntlets of soft leather stitched with copper wire. Would look swell with feminine sports clothes. I'm trying to get me a pair.

Another surprise—they use *rouge* to polish glass. Big sheets of glass are finished off with dry rouge—buckets of it—a six-ton disk of metal giving the glass the same rotary treatment that we girls employ to rub the rouge on our cheeks.

The proprietor of a dog shop tells me he's thinking seriously of renting dogs out by the day to people who love dogs but have no place to keep them permanently. Says he may even rent them by the hour. Believes lots of people would do more walking if they had a good dog to keep them company. I'm not vouching for it offhand, but it sounds to me like a pretty good idea.

I recommend Frank Shay's historical novel, Pirate Wench, based on the life of Mary Read—only woman who ever captained a pirate ship. (Published by Ives Washburn.)

Winter forecast from Paris predicts the following fur-and-color combinations: gray astrakhan on dull olive green, black skunk with midnight blue, leopard on wine-red tweeds.

The new evening dresses of stiff satin and faille are cut as modestly as old-fashioned nightgowns. Square décolletage front and back—and isn't *that* nice?

Now we may enjoy again the admiration we deserve for our all-over effect—not just for our bare shoulder blades.

VOICE

A Short Short Story

by C. S. MONTANYE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FROM 8 until 9 A. M. Gorman Finley worked hard. In that hour he had to run David Schuyler's bath, lay out the man's clothing, have the correct shoes ready, and make sure that Wands, the second man, would bring breakfast up the instant Mr. Schuyler's cravat was tied. Then Finley had to make certain Hobson and the limousine were at the curb outside, ready to take David Schuyler to his Wall Street office. Also there was the matter of the morning newspaper that had to be folded accurately to the stock quotations, the cigar and matches in the ash tray, and the boutonnière for Schuyler's lapel. The other thing was the three white tablets and the half glass of water for the medicine. Schuyler had been under the doctor's care for months.

Finley's employer had never suspected how much he loathed his menial tasks. The breakdown of vaudeville had sent Finley into domestic service. Once the valet had been an impersonator and mimic.

Schuyler waddled out of the dressing room. He was a huge man with a round red face. A dew of perennial perspiration dampened his forehead and hands. Finley never ceased to marvel at the way his employer ate.

He had never seen any one consume food in such quantity. He was through his breakfast and had taken his medicine all within fifteen minutes.

From the window Finley watched him climb into the limousine. He turned as Wands came into the room to remove the breakfast tray.

"In a rush, wasn't he?"

Finley shrugged.

"He always is. That's why he's not going to live long."

"Stupid old mug," Wands said.

Finley straightened up the room. Then he put on coat and hat, took the valise in which he had packed his belongings, and descended to the basement.

Morton, the butler, met him on the way out.

"Where are you going?"

"Mr. Schuyler gave me the day off," Finley said casually.

He let himself out and walked toward Madison Avenue. He ran his hand over the bulge made by the wallet in his pocket.

In it, purchased three days past, was a reservation for a second-class stateroom aboard the Palantic. The reservation had been made in the name of George Alexander. The ship sailed at one o'clock that day from its North River pier.

Finley turned into a drug store where telephone booths were far enough away from the prescription counter to keep the conversations within them private. He dialed a familiar number.

"Good morning," a cheerful feminine voice said. "This is Loring & Stevens—the Columbus Circle branch."

Finley pitched his voice in the exact imitation of David Schuyler's tone that had so often convulsed Wands at the house.

"Let me talk to Hugh Loring. David Schuyler speaking."

There was another pause before a man answered:

"Hello, Dave. What's on your mind?"

Finley spoke precisely:

"Remember those Indiana Utility bonds, the ones I gave you last week to hold? Sell them immediately. I have to have some ready cash by noon. How much can you knock down on them—approximately?"

"Five or six thousand."

"That'll have to do. Put the money in an envelope and keep it there. I'll send Finley in to pick it up around noon. You know him?"

"That thin-faced valet of yours. Sure I do. Anything else, Dave?"

"That's all. Much obliged. I'm going to a directors' meeting now and won't be back at the office until three o'clock."

Finley rang off. He drew a deep breath of satisfaction. On the Continent he could live pretty well for a year on five grand. Maybe he could hop down to Monte Carlo and do a little gambling.

A noon whistle was shrilling somewhere when Finley entered the uptown branch of the Exchange Place brokerage house.

The girl at the telephone looked up.

"Do you wish to see some one?"

"My name is Finley. Mr. Schuyler sent me up here. I'm to get an envelope from Mr. Loring."

She plugged in on the switchboard, spoke to some one, and looked up again. Finley went through the main room and into a rear office. Hugh Loring pushed aside a sheaf of correspondence and smiled.

"Hello, Finley. How are you today?"

"Very well, sir. And your own health?"

"Fine and dandy. Mr. Schuyler sent you up to get an envelope. Did he say what was in it?"

"No, sir; he didn't."

"Well, it's six thousand three hundred dollars in cash. Better be a little careful with it."

Loring handed over an envelope addressed to David Schuyler.

FINLEY walked out. He had three quarters of an hour to reach the pier and his stateroom aboard the Palantic. Finley shaped a course toward the Fifty-seventh Street hotel where he had checked his bag. Sixty-three hundred dollars! The world seemed filled with mellow sunshine.

He retrieved his bag, flung down a quarter tip, and was halfway down the hotel's front steps when a hand dropped to his shoulder. Finley turned and looked into a pair of quizzical searching eyes. The man they belonged to tightened the pressure of his fingers.

"Suppose," he said quietly, "the two of us take a walk back to the Circle with that dough!"

For a minute Finley hesitated. Then, with a shrug, he put himself in motion.

"What is all this about?" he asked politely.

The man beside him grinned.

"Listen, smart guy. Don't pull any of that innocent-pan stuff on me. The next time you do tricks with your voice and dope out a nifty like this, get a live one to work on."

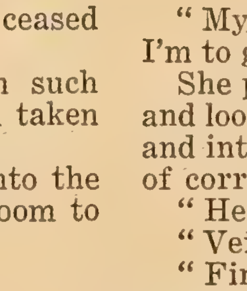
Finley's eyes widened.

"A—what?"

The man's grin disappeared. It left his face hard and cold.

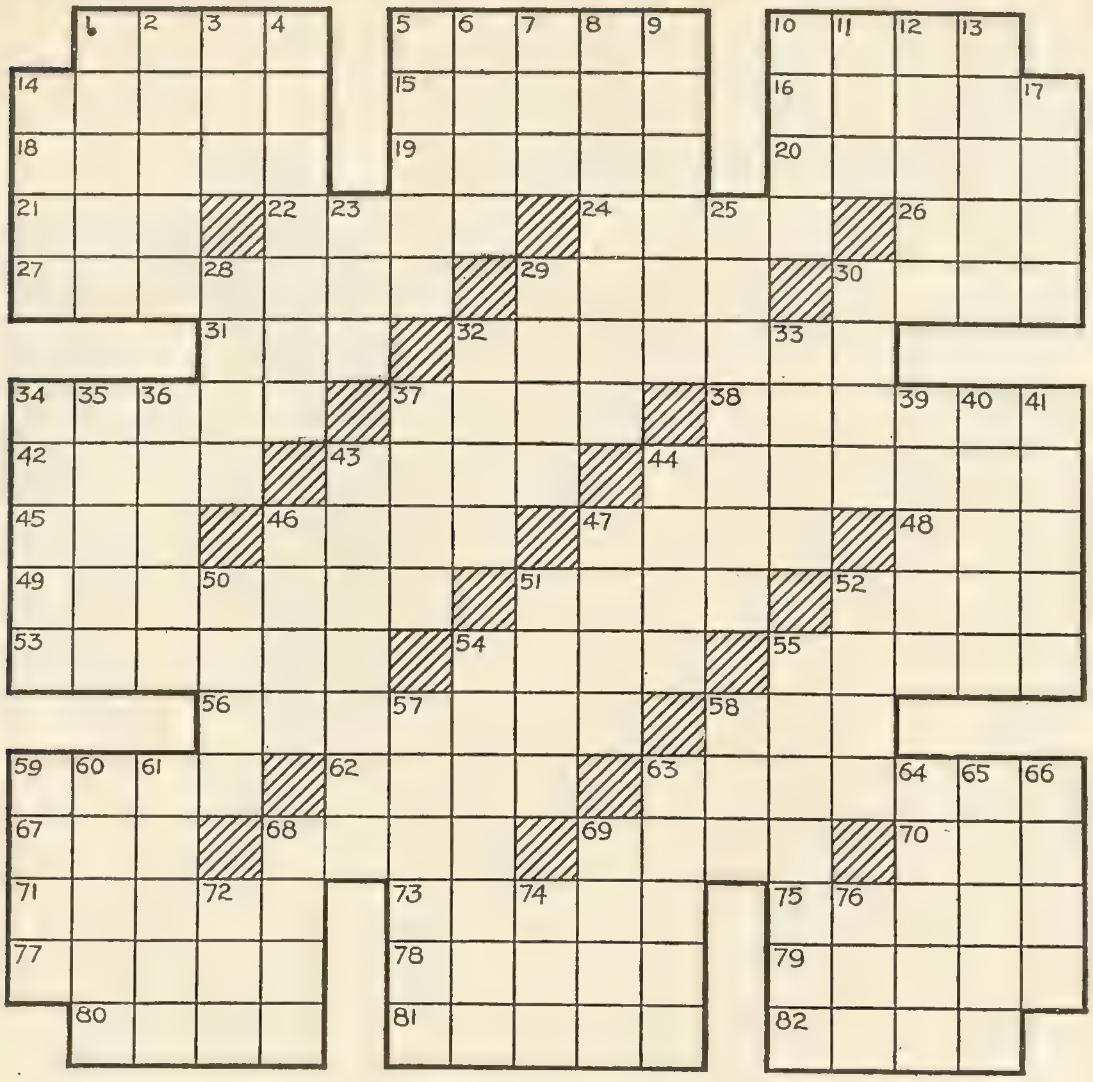
"You heard me. The next time whistle it. David Schuyler dropped dead in his office at nine thirty this morning."

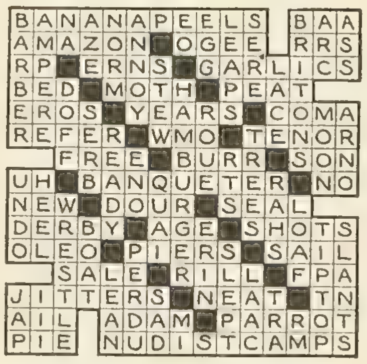
THE END



C. S. MONTANYE *is married, lives in Connecticut, has coauthored two Broadway musicals, and has written a large number of stories for various magazines. His two main interests in life are breeding and showing cocker spaniels and writing fiction.*

CROSS WORDS





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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Moist
5 Silly
10 Anything extremely small
14 Mistake
15 A compiler of laws
16 Opened to view
18 A rajah's wife
19 Statue
20 A size of type
21 Imitate
22 Trigonometric term
24 Drama division (pl.)
26 A light brown
27 Ostensible
29 Man's name
30 Assail with missiles
31 To join on
32 A county in Pennsylvania
34 Reduce in rank
37 Uttered
38 Characterized by melody
42 Jacks in a game of cribbage
43 Roman emperor
44 Banged
45 Period
46 Strikes lightly
47 Christmas carol
48 Unit of energy
49 Makes response
51 Come upon by seeking
52 Molding
53 Reconsider, as a court case
54 Strong taste
55 Body of students
56 Conciliate
58 Japanese fish
59 Retained
62 Dresses, as leather
63 An artery
67 Woman's name
68 Saucy
69 A mineral
70 Collection of facts
71 Courtyard of a Spanish house
73 Father
75 Inquired
77 Notions
78 Blot out
79 Prophets
80 Eagle
81 Piece of pastry (pl.)
82 Dispatched

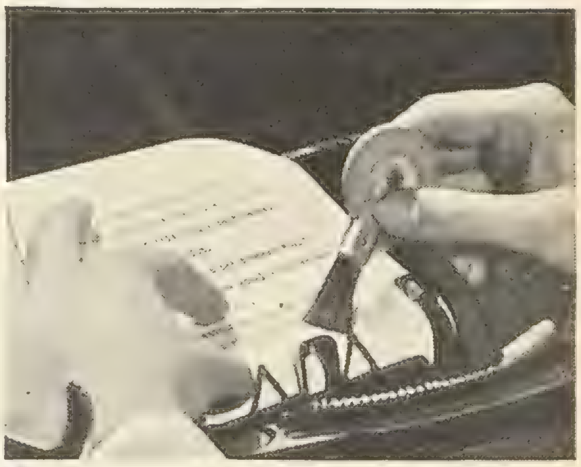
VERTICAL

1 To cover, as with hanging cloth
2 The wild buffalo of India
3 Man's nickname
4 Act as chief officer at a meeting
5 Frosting
6 Town in Alaska
7 Woman's name
8 Nullified
9 Builds
10 Arab garment (plural)
11 Label
12 Declaim
13 The essential quality of anything
14 Periods
17 Indentation
23 India (poetic)
25 Amounted to
28 Religious service
29 One of the United States
30 Stiffly decorous
32 Vehicles
33 Of an era
34 Close by (poetic)
35 Carried
36 Put to shame
37 Collections of things belonging together
39 A Greek letter
40 Becomes withered
41 Borders
43 Relate
44 Ditty
46 Ring
47 Cardinal number
50 Lamented
51 Oily tissue (plural)
52 Hodgepodge
54 Blare of a trumpet
55 Dead body
57 Floor covering
58 East Indian palm
59 Military cap
60 Avoid by dexterity
61 To become exhausted
63 Responsibilities
64 Captured
65 Not having active properties
66 Fathers
68 An assumed position
69 Trial
72 A form of John
74 A viscous liquid
76 Comprehend

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

● A mistake. Annoying, yes. But no need to rewrite the letter if you have an Eberhard Faber Typewriter Eraser.

● It completely cleans the original without roughing. Yet is soft enough to use on carbons without tearing.



● Thin enough to erase *just* what you want—*no more*. Goes easily between letters. Handy brush for the "crumbs."

"I find them better than any others I've ever tried . . ."

"These wonderful erasers have helped build my reputation as a fine secretary . . . by completely erasing any errors and leaving the paper smooth and neat."

EBERHARD·FABER
TYPEWRITER ERASERS . . . 10¢

To Meet Human Needs

Why 34 National Welfare Agencies, Backed by the President, Have Mobilized for the "Rebuilding" Tasks the Government Cannot Perform

by

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Newton D. Baker, chairman of the 1934 Mobilization.

Mrs. Roosevelt, chairman of the women's committee.

NEVER before in history has a great government made such efforts to take such care of its people. Billions of dollars have been spent, billions issued in loans. And yet there is still misery and woe in the land—and winter coming on.

There are millions to be fed and sheltered and nursed back to health. And who's going to do it?

The repeatedly burdened, heavy-laden taxpayers?

At this seemingly inauspicious moment the 1934 Mobilization for Human Needs is launched, with Newton D. Baker as chairman, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt as chairman of the national women's committee.

This campaign, waged by thirty-four national welfare agencies, sets its intensive effort to collect money for charity for the weeks between October 21 and November 11. It has for its motto, "Rebuild."

In a letter to Chairman Baker, President Roosevelt says:

"I wrote you on January 2 thanking you for the invaluable assistance that the 1933 Mobilization for Human Needs rendered the government in relief work last year, and I wish to state again emphatically that volunteer welfare services are indispensable to national recovery. This is every whit as true this year as it was last year. I am sure the 1934 Mobilization will be a success if every one that can will render aid this fall, and I bespeak for you their utmost coöperation."

Mr. Baker replied in part: "We appreciate the crucial situation in which private welfare agencies inevitably find themselves. The necessary appropriation of billions for merely material relief of our millions of unemployed fellow citizens tends to overshadow the increased and continuing need for hospitals, nursing, family and child welfare services, guidance and recreation for youth. In these fields private organizations have had to assume more than their proportionate share of the increased load because of the immense drain on local and national government funds for food, clothing, and shelter alone. . . . Half the millions of unemployed receive no material relief. They depend especially on the other social services upheld by our national Mobilization. In addition, the billions spent for food, shelter, and clothing mean only twenty-four dollars per month per family for those on relief, and leave crucial and compelling human needs unmet."

What crucial and compelling human needs are left unmet? I wondered. After all, since every taxing body in the country was squeezing out of the people every cent it could squeeze, why shouldn't those crucial and compelling human needs be met by those taxes?

"There are some people money won't help," a social worker told me. "And there are many who cannot be aided by public-relief workers."

She cited the case of the Bartlett family. (That name will serve.) Jimmy Bartlett had a wife and three children. He'd been out of work for some time when he got a job washing windows. He got dizzy and fell from the second story. He was taken to a hospital with all the bones in his feet broken.

The landlord called for his rent the next day. He had a dispossess notice with him. Mrs. Bartlett told him of the accident; and the landlord had a heart.

"Well," he said, "let it go for a while."

Within a few months Jimmy came back from the hospital. But he was out of sorts. Why should he look for a job when the family was on relief? He started drinking. A lawyer told him he'd get some money for him by suing the corporation that owned the building from which he fell. Jimmy got quite cocky. One night he beat up his wife. The judge said six months.

At this point the landlord called up the social worker. "I don't know what to do," he said. "Everything's in such a mess. Bartlett's lawyer is trimming him. He'll be in jail half a year. They owe me five months' rent. I can't kick 'em out. What can you do about it?"

THE first thing was to see the judge. His Honor agreed not to send the man to jail right away. The next thing was to interview Mrs. Bartlett.

Mrs. Bartlett was hysterical. She looked ill. A clinic doctor who examined her said she should have a goiter operation at once. Mrs. Bartlett wouldn't leave the children. The school authorities had complained about them as it was, saying they were delinquent.

The next thing was to see Bartlett.

"Finally," the social worker told me, "I got the straight of it. Bartlett had left the hospital before his feet had healed properly. Constant pain made him irritable—and the goiter gave his wife a fiendish temper. It was pain and too much nagging that made Bartlett take to drink—that plus his worries.

"Finally we got the judge to reverse his decision. We got a doctor to treat Jimmy's feet. The doctor advised him to go away for four weeks. We managed that. We managed the operation for his wife. While the parents were away we boarded the children temporarily. Now all we have to do is to untangle the legal mess."

"All the public relief in the world," I agreed, "couldn't have done all that for the Bartletts."

"Public-relief workers can't give individual attention to people," the social worker replied. "They haven't the time. Besides, it takes some one with experience to help in most cases. And we know how."

Not one cent of government money can be used in such cases. Private giving must provide. For the time being the taxpayers of the country—you and I—will have to bear the extra burden. We'll have to kick in to the 1934 Mobilization for Human Needs. But we'll write it into our income-tax returns just the same when next March rolls around. Deduction for charity.

Uncle Sam thus will have to pay some of it, after all.

THE END

LIBERTY'S EDUCATIONAL GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER!

YOUR chance to win one of Liberty's 223 cash prizes in the Game of Postage Stamps is still excellent, even though your knowledge of stamps as a subject is meager. You can use as many reference books as you require in order to identify the countries which issued the various stamps reproduced. If you have not already entered, do not be discouraged because you are not an expert stamp collector. It is not necessary to have special knowledge in order to become a prize winner. But it *is* necessary to enter. Start your entry now, if you have not already done so, before it is too late. Read the rules. Identify the stamps below. Then send for the first five sets.

HOW TO GET THE FIRST FIVE SETS

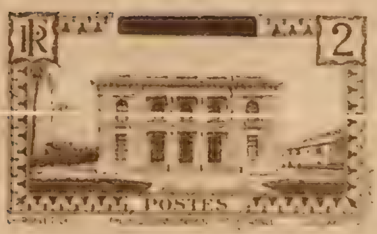
If you have solved this week's identifications and have mislaid the issues of Liberty containing the previous groups of stamps, you may obtain reprints without charge. Simply mail your request to the address in Rule 5. No requests for reprints will be honored after Monday, November 19.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.
2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued and accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling "Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."
3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space provided beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.
7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.
8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

THIS IS GROUP 6

52



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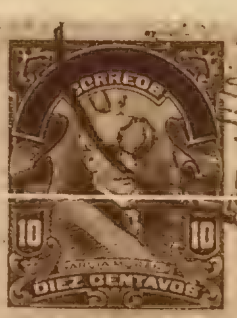

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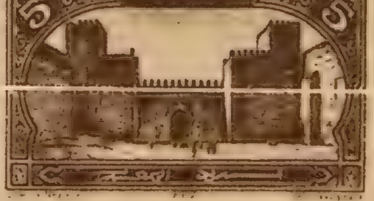

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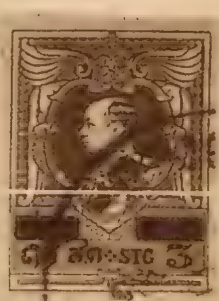

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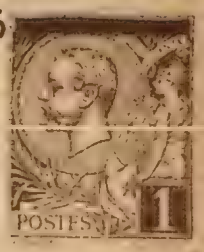

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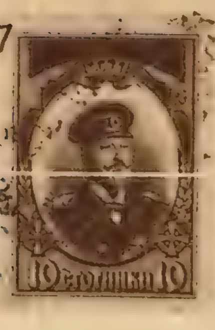

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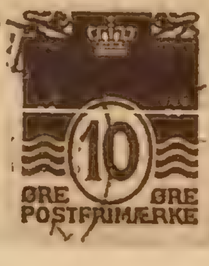

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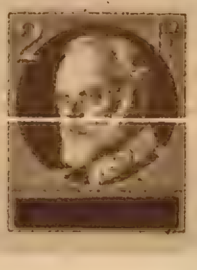

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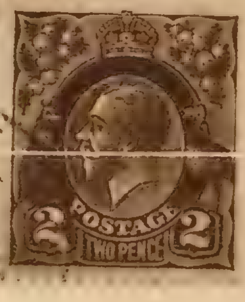

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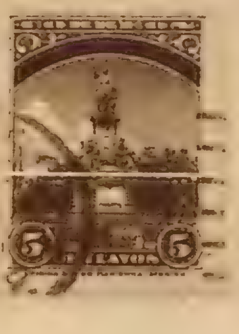

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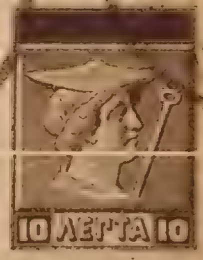
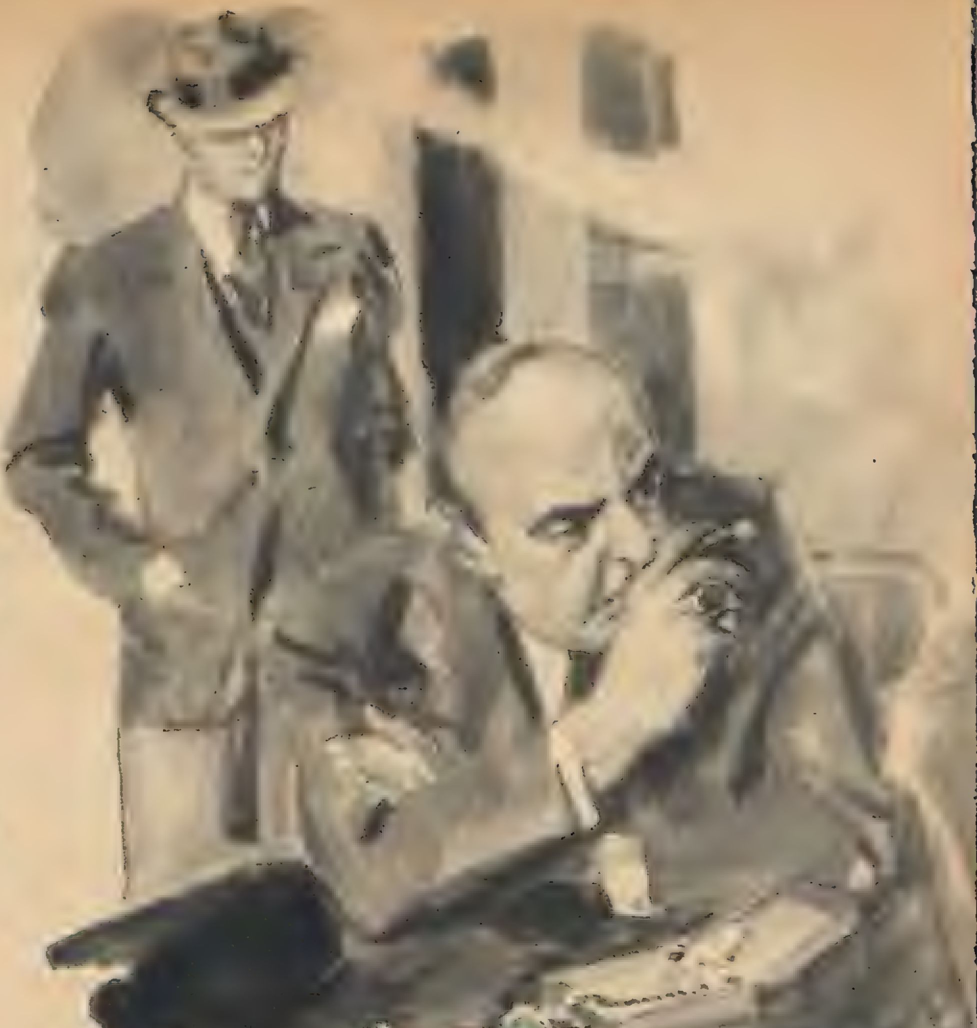


SET NO. 7 OF THIS EDUCATIONAL CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A MYSTERY NOVEL OF A BLONDE TERROR



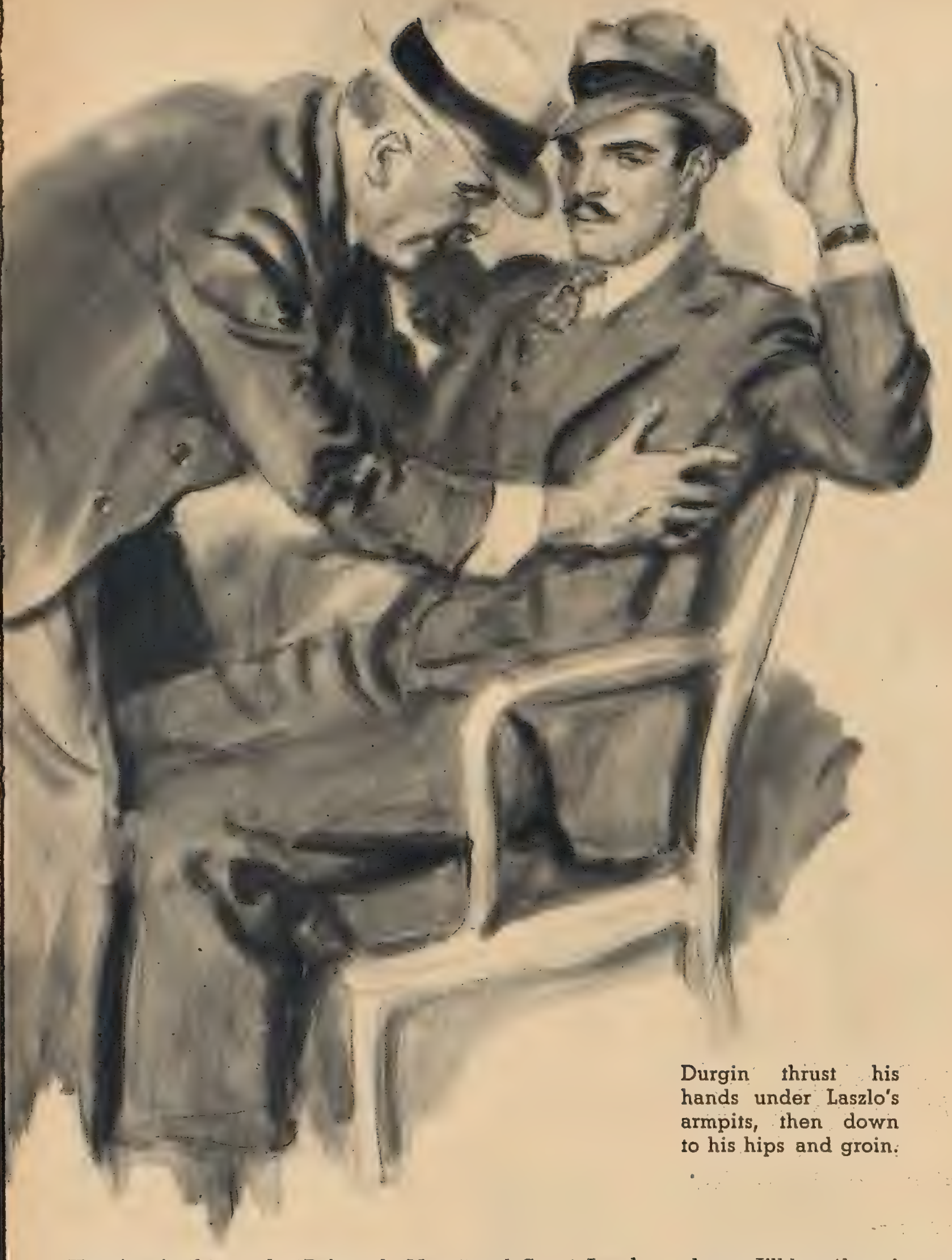
Dangerous Woman

by WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SOPHY KOLOFF, a clever international crook known as " the baroness," determines to go straight. She turns down John Hawks's offer to swing a crooked oil-deal in South America, and also another from Police Captain Felix Durgin to join a syndicate of diamond smugglers. Hawks's wife, Alison, who sympathizes with Sophy, takes her to the Washington home of Susan Budlong, a rich widow with young twin daughters, and there induces Arthur Merriman, United States Commissioner of Narcotics, to give her a job as a secret service agent. With a French maid, Marie, Sophy exposes John " Lefty " Collins and Joseph " Gooseneck " Stevens when they attempt to smuggle in narcotics on an airplane from the liner Sonomic. They are seized, and so is she, to hide her real identity. Alison and Charles " Chub " Hopping, Sophy's admirer, are appalled at her arrest as a dope smuggler. Chub believed she actually was going straight, and she dared not reveal her undercover job. After her release on bail she and Alison go to the Budlong home.

DECORATIONS BY
M. E. SHERWOOD



Durgin thrust his hands under Laszlo's armpits, then down to his hips and groin.

Hopping is there; also Prince de Musat and Count Laszlo, whom Sophy had met on the boat.

The prince sells Susan the famous Jildac Rose necklace, then Laszlo substitutes a paste imitation for it. Sophy detects the swindle and secretly switches the real necklace back to Sue's safe and returns the paste to Laszlo's room. Hopping sees her slipping down the hall and is more than ever convinced that she is still a thief. He departs for the South to try to market a cigarette package he has invented.

PART FOUR—PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

POWELL PAWLING, president of Amalgamated Tobacco, stalked impatiently back and forth in his office at Winston-Salem. President Pawling spent nine tenths of his time at his New York headquarters. In his Southern offices he always felt himself something of a stranger.

Charles Hopping sat in the visitor's chair beside the desk which the tobacco man ignored. On the desk lay Hopping's cigarette sales package and a letter of introduction from Corning.

"If Stephen Corning thinks it worth while to send you down here, I'm not going to throw down anything you've got without looking into it, Mr. Hopping."

The big man yanked open the door and called into the anteroom.

"Miss—Miss—er, ah"—he had forgotten her name—"ask Mr. Colter if he'll step this way a moment."

When the operating chief appeared, Pawling tossed him the box.

"Colter, take this out to your technicians and get me a production estimate on it. Find out what machine changes it would need."

Mr. Colter withdrew. Pawling, still pacing up and down, flung his words over his shoulder:

"You've hit us at a strategic time, young man. We're on the point of bringing out a new cigarette to compete with Eldorados and Beau Brummells. Seven million a year advertising budget."

"A new brand?" murmured Hopping. "Then perhaps — a new package?"

"Yes. Just a chance."

"When is the new brand coming out, Mr. Pawling?"

"Can't say. Waiting on slogans and names. If you've got a good name and a couple of slogans up your sleeve, I'll buy them in a minute, young man. Don't have to remodel machines for that."

He frowned, lighted a cigar, and continued pacing.

"I want an advertising idea that'll do two things: first, it's got to make more women smoke more cigarettes; and second, I want a name and a slogan that'll make women ask for my cigarettes more than they ask for others. A name that'll appeal to women—or suggest women—or something. Not just a *label* that you've got to hammer in with a million dollars a month—but a *name* that's got the woman-pulling suggestion to start with."

"Merry Widow," grinned Hopping. "Get 'em asking for a 'pack of Widows.'"

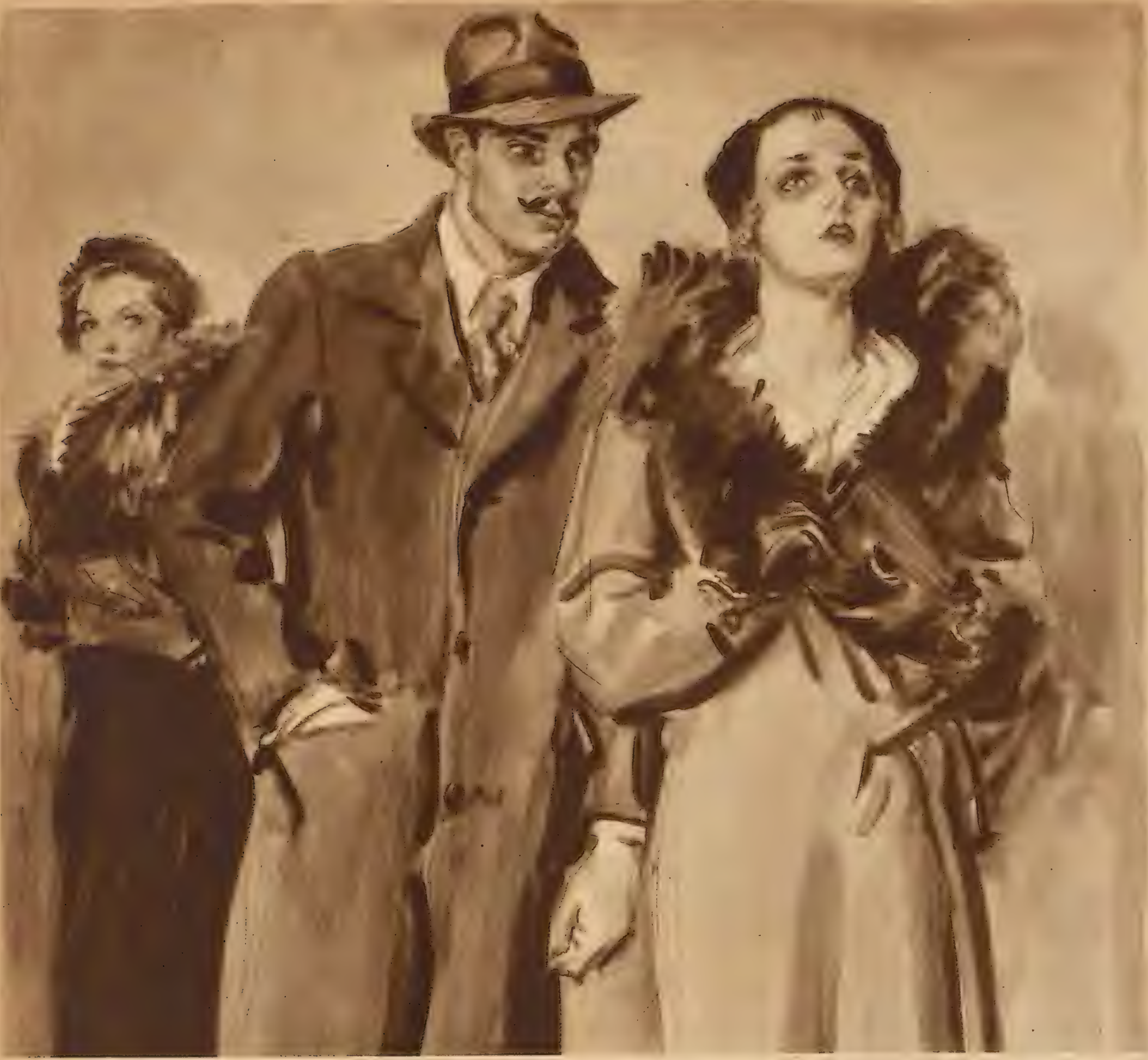
President Pawling stopped short in his pacing.

"What's that?" he snapped. "Say it again!"

But he gave Hopping no chance to say it again. He yanked open the office door.

"Dr. Yates around?" he called. "I want him!"

Dr. Henry Yates, technologist of advertising psy-



"And you—with your criminal record—posing as a titled woman!"

chology to Amalgamated Tobacco, presently made his appearance.

"Here's your name for you, Yates," Pawling announced. "*Merry Widows.* How's that?"

Dr. Yates permitted the tips of his fingers to touch to indicate reflection.

"Um-m. Not bad. Not bad *at* all. In fact—yes—ah, 'Gimme a pack of Widows'—yes—feminine appeal that we need. Touch of lightness, gayety, deviltry, sophistication. Yes—excellent, Mr. Pawling—really excellent."

President Pawling glowered happily at Hopping.

"I'll buy that, young man. Can you do some slogan stuff? Catchwords? You know what I mean?"

"I do," said Hopping. He had been scribbling absently at a yellow pad of foolscap. He passed over the sheet.

"Here's just an offhand thought," he offered. "It brings the man into the picture."

The Average Woman
is
More Kissed Against than Kissing

* * *

Make Him Smoke
Merry Widows

President Pawling whistled softly.

"Any more up your sleeve?"

Chub was beginning to enjoy himself.

"I've often wondered why some of you big cigarette people didn't exploit the inhaling angle of smoking. You've eliminated the catarrhal cough, reduced obesity, and purified the breath for amorous purposes. Why not show that inhaling Merry Widows is beneficial to the bronchial tubes or something?"

President Pawling wheeled on

the professor. "There's your name, Yates: *Merry Widows.* And there's your slogan: *They're made to inhale.*"

"And the sales-package idea?" ventured Hopping.

"Later—later." Pawling was impatient. "Can't go into that till I've studied the production estimates."

"We haven't discussed my split yet, Mr. Pawling."

"Later, young man, later. Wait until we get to New York. I think you'll find no cause to complain."

. . . . .

Back in Washington, in the meantime, the affairs of Sophy Koloff had not been shaping themselves too satisfactorily. Count Laszlo, having received from the prince his very handsome commission on the sale of the necklace, seemed loath to depart. De Musat had started for Florida on Monday, but Laszlo stayed on.

This was precisely what Koloff did not want. For the time being, she was through with him. She wanted him off her hands so that she might return to New York and pick up the threads where she had left them after her release from jail. Furthermore, the man was making himself increasingly objectionable.

Finally Sophy gave up and let him accompany her and Alison to New York. It would be easier to lose him there than in Washington. Going over on the Congressional, Alison Hawks served as a buffer. But when they reached the Penn Station, Alison had to go on to Long Island, and Sophy found herself up against the exigencies of a situation which she had herself initiated.

"SEE here, my girl," began the count as soon as Alison Hawks was out of the way. "There's no earthly reason why you should keep on standing me off this way. I'm getting jolly well fed up."

"Fair enough," agreed Sophy coldly.

"Is it indeed? And you—with your criminal record—posing as a titled woman and worming your way in with the smart Budlongs! How long would that last, I ask you, if I should drop a word of what I know—eh?"

"There's nothing they don't know about me or my record. I told Alison Hawks to tell them before I set foot in Washington."

"You told them you were out on bail on a narcotic-smuggling charge?"

For an instant Koloff was nonplused. For obvious reasons her recent narcotic exploits had not been included in her consciousness of confessable sins. Laszlo sensed her hesitancy. His manner assumed an easy tolerance.

"I thought not. Now look here, my girl. You play cricket with me—and I will with you. I don't mind saying I need your help."

"Help?" said Koloff. This was just what she had feared.

"Yes, help. A friend of mine—no, deary, it's not the prince—a friend of mine landed in the States recently

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN

Lamentoso
I'M BRAVE ENOUGH WHEN FACING FLAMES—BUT OH, THIS FLAMING FACE!
THEN STOP THAT STING WITH INGRAM'S, JOE—IT NEVER LEAVES A TRACE!
Bravura
MY CHIN WAS ALWAYS RAW BEFORE—MY SHAVES A RANK DISGRACE!
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
POSEN
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
INGRAM'S Ingram's SHAVING CREAM

THERE'S NO NEED, MEN, TO PUT UP WITH HARSH HOT SHAVES THAT LEAVE YOUR FACE BLAZING LIKE A 3-ALARM FIRE. JUST SWITCH TO THE FAMOUS COOL SHAVING CREAM —INGRAM'S! IN IT ARE SPECIAL INGREDIENTS WHICH TONE THE SKIN, SOOTHE IT AND SHIELD IT AGAINST RAZOR-RAWNESS. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM IN TUBES AND JARS.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-10, 110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

Name__________

Street__________

City__________ State__________

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

[CORK-TIPPED]

a long gain for
THROAT COMFORT!

Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

with some—ah—stones. Gems, you understand. Bit of an unofficial landing, if you follow me?"

"Smuggled rocks, you mean?"

"If you must employ such underworld argot—yes, 'smuggled rocks.'"

"And you want a good reliable fence?"

"Ah—precisely."

"I used to know one or two," admitted Sophy. "I'll let you know tomorrow. Now I want you to let me go, Laszlo. Tell me where you're staying and I'll give you a ring in the morning." And then she remembered to play up to her part. "What's there in it for me if I slip this stuff for you?"

"There's something in it for you—if you don't." He smiled unpleasantly. Then he escorted her to a cab. "I'm stopping at the Metropolis. I shall expect to hear from you there." He lifted his hat and backed away.

Sophy drove uptown to her old third floor back and found it for rent. She established herself there and telephoned Maxime, Inc., asking for the proprietor.

"It's me," she announced, and waited, underworld fashion, until he made her voice. "Yeah—I'm back in the same old flop. Want I should drop round to your place? No? Well, if you come up here around five, I got something for you."

At five o'clock her downstairs buzzer sounded.

A few minutes later the stairs creaked announcingly and there was a discreet knock at her door.

The small, swart, morning-coated man who entered was Maxime, the jeweler, alias Max Imelbaum. Koloff opened upon him without preamble:

"Max—I'm going to send a guy to you that wants to dispose of some rocks. The chief item he's got is the Jildac Rose."

Imelbaum's eyes widened and then narrowed.

"Couldn't pass that anywhere in the world. Don't he know that?"

"No. He's just an amateur with larceny in him. And he don't know that every stone he'll show you is paste."

"Huh? What are you getting at?"

"I WANT you to stall him for a few weeks—get me? Examine his stones, test 'em—tell him they're all first water and everything, but you got to have time to negotiate on the biggest ones."

"Thought you had some cash business for me, Sophe."

"This is just the build-up, Max. Play it like I tell you and you won't suffer—not from me, anyway."

"Hum," reflected the jeweler. And after a pause: "I see where you were taken trying to run in a big bunch of the white."

"Yeah? And you saw I got out on bail."

"Lefty Collins and Gooseneck Stevens were sprung too. Claim they was tipped to Washington. Some rat in France, most likely. Taking down his twenty-five per cent of what the government recovers."

"Most likely," the baroness agreed.

"Well, Sophe, I got to run along. I'll look out for your guy. And don't forget me when you take him. And say, what's your bird's name, anyhow?"

"I almost forgot. Count Alexis Laszlo's his name. He's a Pole or Swede or something that talks like a high-life Englishman. You can't miss him. He'll likely be in to see you tomorrow. Well, so long, Max."

After the departure of the jeweler, Sophy sat a while in her chair and took stock of the situation. Two things she had accomplished by uncovering herself to Imelbaum. First, she had postponed the discovery by Laszlo that the necklace he had stolen was his own paste one; and second, she had disclosed her whereabouts to the narcotic mob she was interested in.

ABOUT noon the next day Lefty Collins appeared at the flat and took Sophy out to luncheon.

"I soitenly got to hand it to you for the way you did your stuff on the steamer," Collins began with elaborate casualness. "Me and Gooseneck Stevens never made you at all. And to think we was all four in the same line!"

"All four?" queried Sophy, off her guard.

"Yeah. The little French frail—what's her name—Marie?"

"Oh—Marie! Yes—of course."

"Stevens and me was trying to figure why they didn't pick her up on the pier along with you."

Sophy had to do some quick thinking. This was an angle she had quite overlooked.

"They did," she said coldly. "Brought her in later after they'd gone through the baggage. But they didn't have a thing on her, so they turned her out."

"Oh," said Mr. Collins in a tone that neither challenged nor accepted Koloff's explanation. But he asked no further questions. He changed the subject.

"Things have been awful slow lately. I'm working twice as hard as I was two years back—and my take ain't half what it was then. Things is getting so bad on this side, I've half a mind to throw in with one of them European syndicates. What d'you think?"

Sophy knew this to be a bid to disclose her own connections.

"I don't know," she answered. "I work outer Budapest myself, and through Paris. You gotta pay for the stuff in gold francs any place in Europe now. And by the time you get over there your dollars have been doin' a nose dive on you."

Collins nodded sympathetically.

"You been workin' one-armed, you said?"

"I didn't say," replied Sophy laconically. "But it's a fact."

"Huh-huh. Didjer ever figure on working with a partner, say?"

"Meaning some fine upstanding partner like you?" countered Sophy quizzically. "I might at that—if the proposition listened good enough.”

Collins leaned forward.

“I got something lined up that's just made to order for a pair like you and me, Miss—Miss Koloff.”

“Make it Sophe,” said Koloff instantly.

“Couple or three days I'll know something—Sophe. I'll give you a ring.”

“Yeah—give me a ring.”

After they had finished luncheon they left the restaurant separately. This out of professional habit, let us say, and not because the occasion demanded caution.

Sophy returned to her rooms. The talk with Collins had shaped itself satisfactorily, all things considered. Her momentary disquiet over the Marie episode she dismissed as needless. The subsequent talk had certainly wiped that out of Collins's mind—if the man had a mind, with that bull mug and that moron line of talk.

Now, Mr. Lefty Collins indisputably had a bovine face and a moronic vocabulary.

But his intimates—and the police of two continents—had learned not to rely too much on this. Half an hour after leaving Sophy, Mr. Collins was seated in the office of Harry Love, attorney at law.

“They's something sour about her, that's sure,” he was saying. “But I can't put me finger on it. She clammed up when I asked her about the French moll. And Max Imelbaum wised me she's steering this here foreign bird to him to pass some rocks. Phony rocks, but the guy don't know it—an' she does.”

“So do I,” said Love softly.

“Huh? From Max?”

“Yes.”

“And did Gooseneck get anything more about the French kid?”

“No. But I had Imelbaum start Captain Durgin on that. He'll have something by morning. This Count Laszlo has a date with Max in the morning, too—to show him his fake necklace. You better drop up and see Max again.”

“Huh-huh. And p'r'aps I'll stick around in the morning for his nibs with the necklace.”

SHORTLY before noon the next day the proprietor of Maxime, Inc., was seated at his desk in his private office, a large and unlighted Havana in one hand, a large magnifying glass in the other.

Count Laszlo sat beside the desk. Between them, on the black-plush-topped slide board of the desk, reposed the Jildac necklace.

The jeweler finished his inspection and laid down his huge glass.

“It's a beautiful piece all right, count. Too bad to break it up. Too bad. The workmanship in these things—you understand? Lose most of the value. And the Jildac itself—Very hard—very hard indeed it's going to be to market that. However, if you want to leave it with me a few weeks, I'll see what I can do.”

“A few weeks!” expostulated Laszlo. “But I'd thought—I mean I understood you'd buy it outright.”

Max shook his head sadly.

Then the soundproof door behind Count Alexis opened and closed very quickly, and two men stood in the room.

The jeweler looked up, and then reached for a cigar box—not the box of Havanas—at the far side of his desk.

His hand came out not with a cigar but holding a nicely blunt and efficient-looking automatic.

Count Laszlo, turning from the intruders, regarded the weapon with distinct disapproval. He was quite cool.

“Is this—a—ah—‘stickup’—may I ask?”

CAPTAIN FELIX DURGIN of H precinct, not in uniform this time, flicked back the lapel of his fawn-colored coat and displayed his shield. He addressed the count:

“You there—don't move your hands! Max—lay off the picture stuff. I'll handle this guy.”

Durgin thrust his hands under Laszlo's armpits, then slipped them down to his hips and groin.

“Your name Laszlo?” he demanded.

“Count Laszlo, if you please. What's the meaning of all this?”

Durgin drew a third chair alongside the desk and helped himself to a cigar.

Mr. Lefty Collins, thus far an unobtrusive spectator, moved up and seated himself informally on the edge of the center table.

Durgin nodded toward the necklace on the slide board.

“That the necklace you sold to Mrs. Budlong in Washington—an' then went an' stole back from her?” he asked bluntly.

Laszlo started to protest, and then thought better of it. With the Jildac on the desk before them, they obviously knew the whole story. The jig was up.

“I decline to answer until I have consulted my counsel,” he said coldly. “I rest on my constitutional rights.”

“There ain't no constitutional rights in New York. Come clean, now! How much did this here Prince Mussatt slip you on the sale—huh?”

Laszlo compressed his lips in silence. Durgin, watching him narrowly, determined upon a different approach.

He took a notebook from his pocket, consulted it for a few tense moments, and addressed himself to Collins and Maxime:

“Mrs. Budlong paid Prince Mussatt with a check for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, drawn on Wycomic Trust Co. of Washington. The prince opens an account at that same bank, and draws this here Laszlo a check for seventy thousand dollars. That's his twenty-per-cent split on the sale. Laszlo cashed his whole check on the spot—buying fifty thousand dollars in English sterling and taking the balance of twenty thou-

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sand dollars in United States currency."

He swung back to the count.

"What did you do with the money?" he asked conversationally. Laszlo kept silent.

"Well, leave it lay. Here's what he done with it. He mailed his English money to Ecuadonia, where there's no extradition treaties, figuring to go on the lam as soon's he's turned over the necklace a second time. The twenty grand he's got on him right now."

Count Alexis smiled scornfully but not very convincingly. The police captain puffed meditatively at his cigar and watched his man with a speculative eye.

After an interval he inquired mildly:

"Well, count, what d'you want to do about it?"

Laszlo's eyes narrowed. It took him several seconds to digest the invitation.

"Er—ah—you mean—" he began uncertainly.

"I mean," said Durgin more pointedly, "that you're going downtown to get mugged and fingerprinted. 'Less, of course, you got somethin' more to say about that twenty grand?"

THE count nodded in comprehension. His manner regained its usual nonchalance.

"Very good, gentlemen. I shall be quite open and aboveboard with you. I had an unfortunate experience this morning in the tube—er—the subway. Fact is, I had my pocket picked. The blighter got ten thousand dollars that I carried in a separate pocket. My note case, with about eight thousand, I carry in my breast pocket. I shall be happy to have you verify this, captain. Here is my note case. The eight thousand which I have left will just about take care of the little trip to the South of which you spoke."

He tossed his bill fold on the desk. Durgin opened it and displayed the currency—eighteen Federal Reserve notes of a thousand dollars denomination each.

Fifteen of them he retained. The remaining three he replaced in the wallet.

The count watched in growing anxiety.

"Ten thousand it was that the subway thief took, not fifteen," he protested.

"You must 'a' counted wrong," said the captain imperturbably. "Three grand is more'n enough to get you to South America."

He passed the wallet back to Laszlo. Three of the thousand-dollar bills he laid on the desk beside the jeweler; two he folded up and tossed over to Lefty Collins.

The remaining ten he scrutinized with professional care before consigning them to his own breast pocket.

The count stood up. He looked a trifle careworn.

"As I seem to be rather completely in your hands, may I ask what you

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are going to do about realizing on this necklace?"

Maxime turned to Durgin and looked his query.

"Well," said Durgin, "you better take it along—unless Max wants it for a souvenir of how good them Frog jewelers can imitate diamonds."

"Imitate! Oh, I say!" Laszlo reached for the piece and examined it. Then he picked up the plush case and ran his finger tips across the back. He turned it to the light. A grayish look crept up to his cheek bones.

"There's been some mistake—"

"An' then some," agreed Durgin. "You thimblerigged the old lady, an' then your partner thimblerigged you."

"Meaning the prince? Nonsense!"

"Meanin' Sophy Koloff. The next time you start a job in this country, mister, you better not pick a United States secret service operative for a side kick."

"*Ach, Gott!*" moaned Maxime. "And only yesterday she tells me the necklace this man should bring me is paste and I should stall him." In his distress the worthy Maxime's diction was going native.

Laszlo broke in:

"Is this another plan to blackmail me? How do I know that necklace there is paste?"

For answer the jeweler slipped a solitaire diamond from his own hand and drew one of its facets sharply across the pale-pinkish face of the Jildac.

He inspected the scratch—visible to the naked eye—and smiled.

Laszlo leaned forward, tense:

"How do you *know* she's secret service? She was smuggling narcotics herself. I—I—why, she was arrested on the dock."

"Yeah," quoth the policeman laconically. "Pinched along with Lefty here—and then sprung on ten thousand bail that come from Washington. But her French assistant on the boat—the one that made the case against Collins here—wasn't pinched, see? That girl sailed back to France the same day. Showed her French secret service credentials and most turned the steamship office upside down to make her get-away."

"Which was good for her," added the man Collins with unpleasant calm.

"And at that she ain't a rat like this Sophy Koloff," observed Maxime. "For years I know that girl. What was it you was saying, Cap—" He broke off. Durgin's hard flat eyes had sought the jeweler's menacingly.

"I was sayin' that the count had orter picked his friends better," said Durgin. He stood up to go. "Lemme know next time you're in town, count." He held out his hand affably. Laszlo, preoccupied with lighting a cigarette, did not see the hand. There is a nicety in these matters that only a European can really sense.

FOR a short time after the door had closed on the captain's broad back there was silence. Laszlo's relief at his escape from the law was turning to a cumulative rage against Koloff. As his thoughts flashed back over the last few weeks his hatred mounted. She had played him for a fool from the start. She had tricked him, stolen his necklace, and handed him over to these racketeering accomplices to strip him of his remaining cash. Undoubtedly she had proof that he had stolen the real necklace from Mrs. Budlong.

Equally undoubtedly, if he invoked the law against her he could not prove her guilt without establishing his own. Nicely hamstrung she had him.

These thoughts had raced through his head while he was recovering his stick and gloves preparatory to following Captain Durgin. His face was composed, but there was fear and black rage in his heart, and the want for revenge. But also, and coupled with the rage and revenge, was the desire for the woman herself.

Maxime closed the lid of the Jildac case and pushed it across the desk. Laszlo spoke.

"You've known this Koloff woman some time?" he suggested casually.

"In a manner of speaking, yes, sir," admitted Maxime.

"Well, tell me, then, how will she be able to dispose of the real necklace herself?"

"She ain't never kept it," interjected Lefty Collins. "Mrs. Budlong was wearing it coupla nights ago at a Embassy Ball. They was a piece in the Washington paper." And then, as a malicious afterthought: "You better go try again, mister."

"I might, at that," said Laszlo seriously.

"Don't you do it," objected Maxime hastily. "That Jildac can't pass anywhere in the world. It's worth just nothing to any one who can't own it openly. You were a fool to take it, to begin with."

"Yeah—you'd oughter of pinched the old lady herself," interpolated Collins. "She's rich enough to buy a bushel of them Jildacs. And she'd be a lot more negotiable, at that," he finished thoughtfully.

The soft buzzer of the telephone sounded. Max lifted the receiver. He listened a few moments—then swung around in unfeigned panic.

"It's Durgin. He says there's two headquarters dicks hanging round outside waiting for you to come out. I don't want 'em comin' in here—and this damn' phony necklace. Here, mister, you take it! For Gawd's sake, Lefty, how'll we get him away? Can't you—what'll you do?"

"KEEP your shirt on—the both of you." Mr. Collins was unperturbed. "Is the skylight in this building kept locked, Max?"

"I don't know—but the key's in my drawer. Here."

Collins took the key.

"Come along, mister. We'll go over the roofs. Lucky we're in one of these blocks of old-fashioned houses."

Laszlo drew on his other glove and followed the man.

"If I can get out of this, I'll sail this afternoon," he said decisively.

"Not unless you go by air you won't, mister. You're hot in this burg. And you better let me hide you out a while—'less you wanter be sporting a set of them pretty cuff links they uses down to Center Street." . . .

Two days later Count Laszlo was seated in the small living room of a small and very tenementy flat in West Ninety-third Street.

The room was furnished with bedraggled mail-order furniture. There was also a phonograph. The phonograph was going. Mr. Lefty Collins, in his shirt sleeves, was drinking whisky. A third man was drinking whisky. The third man was the pilot of the second mail plane which had left the deck of the S. S. Sonomic on her last westward voyage.

He was a very intelligent man with a face in which hardness and cunning and courage were curiously blended.

"I don't just like it," he was saying. "First place—how can the count here do his stuff if he's hot and hiding out?"

"He ain't hot. We just got word less'n an hour ago. Them dicks Durgin seen on the street was tailing Imelbaum himself. Some insurance job a coupla years back. They was watching who Max was contacting with—so it was just as good to blow like we did, anyway. But there ain't a thing on the count. He can go any place he wants."

"That's that," admitted the mail pilot. "But the whole of it's bad stuff anyway. Look what they gave that mob out in Omaha last week. Life for the four of them—including the woman. And look at what happened in California. I'll admit you and the count have some new wrinkles. But it's risky at best."

"Sure it's risky," agreed Lefty Collins. "Are you coming along?"

The hard-looking man set down his glass with decision.

"Yes—I am. On a three-way split of the gross, and not a nickel less."

"Suits me," said Collins shortly.

"Splendid," drawled Count Alexis Laszlo. "I shall be off for Washington in the morning."

Sophy Koloff thinks her disguise is safe. But she's on the spot. The criminals know she is an undercover agent. What will they do to her? And what is this new racket they are plotting in Washington, the home of Susan Budlong and her young twin daughters? Watch next week's installment for sensational developments.

Vox

THE BEST GOVERNOR?

Fort Worth, Tex.—Bernarr Macfadden in his editorial Upton Sinclair Wants to Sell Us Government Ownership (October 20 Liberty) says: "Upton Sinclair will make a good governor—probably the best that the State of California ever had. . . . It is not always necessary for good governors to be competent business men."

Reared a Pennsylvania Republican, I was taught to think of government as a business, requiring business men. But perusing the technique of statecraft taught me the fallacy of the Pennsylvania doctrine. The object of business is profits. In statecraft, service has been paramount to self-interest among the successful statesmen. England's great statesman, Edmund Burke, was a business failure.

When editors generally approved Andrew Mellon's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, I pointed out that one having devoted his life so successfully to taking from the people was not likely to serve them. Upton Sinclair's lack of interest in acquiring money for himself may be why he will make the best governor California ever had.—*Robert Montell Warner.*

Little Rock, Ark.—Older men and women who have known Bernarr Macfadden are impressed and inspired by his stirring editorial in October 6 Liberty, Hardship and Suffering Develop Character—Sometimes?

I am probably two years older than he and lived within nine miles of his old home. The reference to his early life brings memories of the days when I and others know what hardships he had. He modestly relates only a few of his difficulties.

I wish every ambitious boy of today could read a history of this remarkable man. I have yet to see one person who begrudges him any wealth or fame he has. He is entitled to it.—*R. J. Hubbard.*

HERE'S "IRON MIKE"

Stockton, Calif.—On August 4 you were kind enough to publish my letter signed "Iron Mike" in your Four-Star column. I was away in the West Indies on a Sinclair Navigation ship at the time, and just became aware the letter was published.—*Harry B. Meredith.*

WHAT A THRILL!

Milwaukee, Wis.—Stopped in to buy a ten-cent cigar and spied a Liberty. Bought a five-cent cigar and spent the other five cents for a Liberty. What a thrill I got out of the latter!—*J. F. Wulf, Wulf & Unger Realty Co.*

SEVENTY-FIVE FOR SPECIALS

St. Paul, Minn.—Please instigate a campaign against parents spanking grown-up children. I am a young lady of nineteen, a junior in the university, and not unattractive. Yet my father, on the least provocation, takes me either to the den or my bedroom, locks the door, places me across a chair or his knees, relieves me of the little protection I wear, and lustily applies a razor strap, slipper, or hairbrush.

The average spanking is about thirty-five licks and seventy-five for the specials. It appears to me that something should be done about this, but I don't know what.—*Luella B.*

Medford, Mass.—In answer to Edna's question, in October 13 Vox Pop, if a girl is ever too old for spanking, I doubt it. I am nineteen and keep house for my dad. Last night I went riding and got back late. On returning, dad warmed me good and plenty with a hairbrush. He has no regard for my modesty either, and I am in no condition for sitting today.

I get it about once a week and don't know of anything I can do about it, but try my best to behave as he wants me to. Lots of my girl friends get the same treatment, so be consoled by the fact that you're not the only one.—*D.*

ANSWER TO VIERECKIANA

Dublin, Ga.—October 13 Vox Pop had Viereckiana, to which I offer this answer:

Dean of newspaper interviewers,
He did not get his stories in the
sewers.
Loyal to peace for two great nations,
He stood in life's most prominent
stations.
He excelled by being wiser
Than Wilson and even the Kaiser.
Mundi gloria is all his,
Proud German — semper fidelis. —

Fritz Hummel.

HAVE SOME MORE STEW?

Baltimore, Md.—The stew "in all its perfection" to which Maben Jones alludes in September 15 Vox Pop, although Uncle Jimmy Matthews's recipe, is still *a* Brunswick stew.

One of the chief ingredients of the savory and authentic concoction is squirrel—a layer of chicken, a layer of vegetables, a layer of squirrel, a layer of bacon, and so forth. That is *the* original Brunswick stew, of Virginia origin.—*E. B. Showacre.*

RUSTY GATE HINGE

Glendale, Calif.—The title of Elsie Janis's article Give These Little Girls the Air, in October 6 Liberty, should have been changed to Get These Little Girls Off the Air.

As soon as I get all the installments paid up I'll be the owner of five radio sets, and I've yet to hear a female voice come over the air that didn't sound like the creaking of a rusty gate hinge.—*Winston Schaefer.*

SNOOTY SNOTTIES

Toronto, Ont.—Frazier Hunt's The Bachelor Prince (beginning in September 29 Liberty) is without doubt a conspicuous contribution to current literature, but he made a glaring error in referring to the midshipmen of the Royal Navy as "snooties." They are traditionally known as "snotties," a term dating back to Nelson's day, when handkerchiefs were not included in the middies' sea bags.—*Jack Matloe.*

Tucson, Ariz.—Part Two of Frazier Hunt's admirably written series about H. R. H. the Prince of Wales included the phrase "fork in the beans." This should have read "fork in the beams," since before the advent of iron and steel warships the fork was stuck into an oak beam of the gun room and, as Mr. Hunt described, all midshipmen had to be outside before the fork ceased to quiver.—*J. Winchcombe-Taylor.*

Victoria, B. C.—I doubt if Frazier Hunt has ever spoken to the Prince of Wales.—*Snotty (Snooty to you).*

["Snotties" it is! Liberty bows to this correction, and thanks its many clever readers for their careful observation. Mr. Hunt used "snooty" in the belief this term conformed better to fine American taste. BUT—the author has spoken many times to His Royal Highness. If there is further question on this point, H. R. H. himself probably would set any doubter aright.—Vox Pop Editor.]

FOUR-STAR SHORT SHORT

Minneapolis, Minn.—Lee Pasquin's short short story A Jury of Peers, published in the October 6 Liberty, deserves four-star rating. It is the cleverest and best written short short that has been produced in Liberty this year. Hats off to Lee!—*D. R. E.*

Albany, Ga.—It should be three strikes and you're out for the short short story Doc in October 13 Liberty.

It seems the burden should be on your copy readers rather than the authoress, Dorothy Giles, for ladies are not supposed to know about such things.

For instance, she wrote, "half drunk on that applejack he brewed." Any one but a lady would know applejack is distilled and not brewed.—*Clark Davis.*

BUNCH OF SISSIES

San Francisco, Calif.—Vox Pop is getting to be a place where a bunch of sissies jabber, except for a Four-Star letter once in a while.—*Whitie Bedros.*

MEN WHO GAMBLE

Sioux City, Ia.—What infernal idea possessed M. Laughton of Quebec to write in October 6 Vox Pop that the depression was caused by women entering the business field? Phooey! We have had half a dozen panics when women were not in business. Women are not so responsible for the present hard times as men who gamble in Wall Street, invent labor-saving machines, promote wildcat stock schemes, sell phony bonds, and loosen up credits, then tighten them again.—*A. P. Endicks.*

Montreal, Que.—Does M. Laughton think we girls work just for the pleasure of it? Only a small minority work for things they don't need. A great many work to support some lazy man who won't find work for himself. I wish I could tell you in French what I think of M. Laughton. It would be more expressive.—*Yvette Brassard.*

Pop

JUNEAU, ALASKA—M. Laughton is thirty years behind the times when he says women's work is in the home. Women's work *was* in the home thirty or more years ago.

But everything is automatic and electrical now, so there's no work left in the home.—*M. Malila.*

SHE'S STILL LAUGHING

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. — Everett Rhodes Castle's A Letter of Introduction, in October 6 Liberty, was the best short story I've read for a good long time. What a finish! What a final twist! I'm still laughing.—*Fairfax Stephenson.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—A Letter of Introduction gave me such a laugh I had to review it, and I still laughed.

That is what this country needs—more laughs.

Worry never corrected a fault or healed a headache, so why not put up the right hand and swear to refuse to worry? —*B. K.*

RUINED BY A BEDROOM

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Samuel Goldwyn's article Making It a Sin to See Pictures, in October 13 Liberty, is an adroit straddle of the issue. The burden of his theme is agreement with the movement to purify pictures, but there is a subtle manifestation of resentment at the interference with the box-office policy of catering to the prurient-minded element of their patrons.

I am no prude and admit that a bit of spice in a picture adds to my enjoyment of it. But the almost unending series of pictures with bedroom scenes palls on me. It looked as though each producer vied with the next one to see how near he could come to the realities without actually crossing the line.

Garbo's great picture of Queen Christina was ruined by the bedroom scene. Katharine Hepburn's beautiful picture of the Ozark Hills was likewise tainted by a lascivious scene in the bushes. Mae West may be popular, but her bawdy-house wise cracks and her wanton strut certainly do not appeal to the family ideal.

Pictures are the great educator of the present day, and I have no doubt that the lowered moral tone of the younger generation is due as much to the pruriency of the screen as to the defiance of prohibition.—*W. M. Steele.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Samuel Goldwyn's Making It a Sin to See Pictures was superb. It is exactly the viewpoint thinking people should take. More power to Liberty for such articles.—*Lex Fadely.*

UTICA, N. Y.—Samuel Goldwyn wrote as though he were trying to wriggle from under his share of blame for the recent popular censure of pictures.

He thinks the family attends pictures *en masse*, does he? Well, there may be a few such families left. Pa goes with ma sometimes, but more likely ma goes with Mrs. Jones next door, and young Johnny goes with some of the gang. Big brother takes his girl friend and sis goes with her gentleman friend or some of her girl pals. Since apron strings went out of style family ties have loosened.—*J. L.*

EMMETT, IDA.—Making It a Sin to See Pictures should hit these "clean-minded" people right between the eyes. Who but the vulgar see vulgar in anything?

I liked the article very much.—*Mrs. E. G. Baker.*

BLUENOSE IS STILL CHAMPION

HALIFAX, N. S.—Henry Morton Robinson finished his article This Business of Cup Defense, in September 22 Liberty, with the question, "—or will America once more make it appear that the best boats and the best sailors in the world are found somewhere along the northeast coast of the United States?"

I must take exception to that inference and remind Mr. Robinson that the Nova Scotia schooner Bluenose is still champion of the North Atlantic fishing fleet.—*R. J. Butts.*

MODERN LADY WAS SWELL

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I want to thank you for publishing such a good five cents' worth of reading.

I have just finished from cover to cover the September 29 Liberty, and I don't see why people could write in to Vox Pop and kick about some little mistake that was made and that would not be noticed if they weren't looking for it. I, for one, will never kick if you continue to publish such good stories; I hope we get more like Modern Lady. I think it was swell.—*A Vancouverite.*

LEBANON, TENN.—Can any one be blamed for liking Grace Perkins's Modern Lady? Nay, nay, we gals say. —*Christie Bowen.*

MAY SEE THE LIGHT

ATLANTA, GA.—For the life of us we can't see how John J. Sweeney in September 29 Vox Pop can object to such an educational feature as the Four-Star Letters.

We trust you may see fit to continue these letters and that ere many moons are past Mr. Sweeney will see the light. —*Hemfroi.*

DID THE DOCTOR DO WRONG?

VICTORIA, B. C.—I read in the papers that a doctor in Oakland, California, operated ten minutes after a mother had died, then worked twenty minutes to give life to her baby. Why, I wonder? What chance will that baby have in life without a mother?

From my experience I'd say there's no substitute for mother love and a child is handicapped throughout life without it.

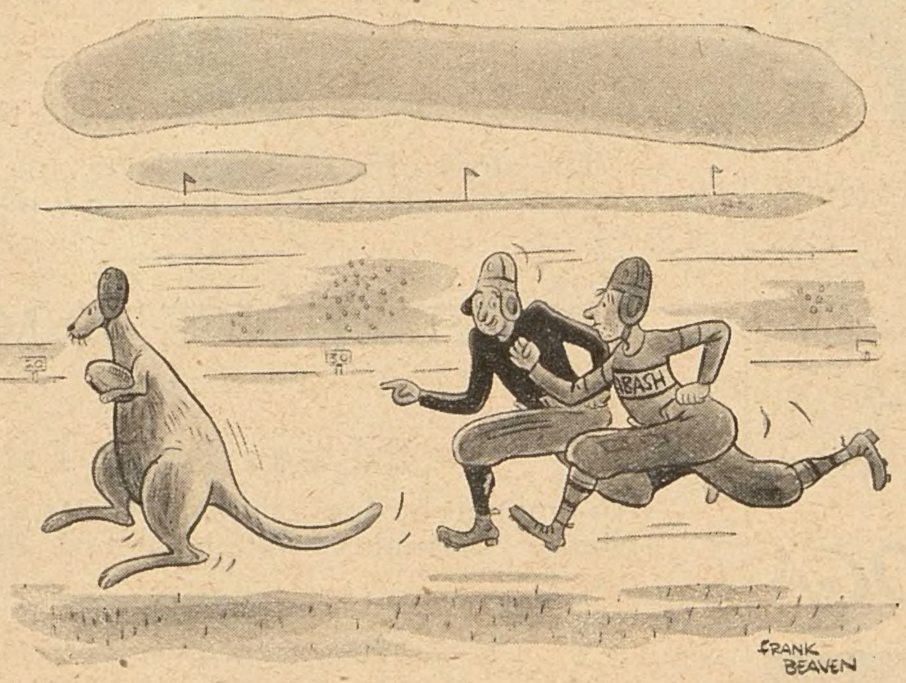
I say the doctor in Oakland did wrong in bringing into this troubled world a motherless babe. I feel that when the mother died the doctor should not have interfered with fate. It is sometimes as much a crime to give life as to take it away. I wonder what others may think about this.—*E. K.*

$7.50 AND $5 PEOPLE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Beverly Hills in his review of Caravan and the accompanying Vital Statistics (October 13 Liberty) says, "Three thousand extras used, extra wage recently dropping from $7.50 a day to $5." The fact is that $5 is and has been for some time the top for the regular run of "atmosphere" extras. The price used to be $3. These people are told to report in their ordinary clothes but may be given costumes to wear after arriving. If they are called for a fitting beforehand they get $7.50.

The $7.50 people are in a separate classification. They are told to report in specified street clothes and are expected to appear more prosperous than the others. For example, if the scene were at a railroad station with an incoming train, $7.50 people would be ordered for the Pullmans and $5 people for the day coaches. If there was to be a delegation of bankers, "dress" extras would be called for at $10.

These distinctions may seem fine ones, but they are jealously guarded by the extras themselves and have been made part of the NRA code for the motion-picture industry.—*Carlyle Ellis, Director of Public Relations, Central Casting Corporation.*



By FRANK BEAVEN

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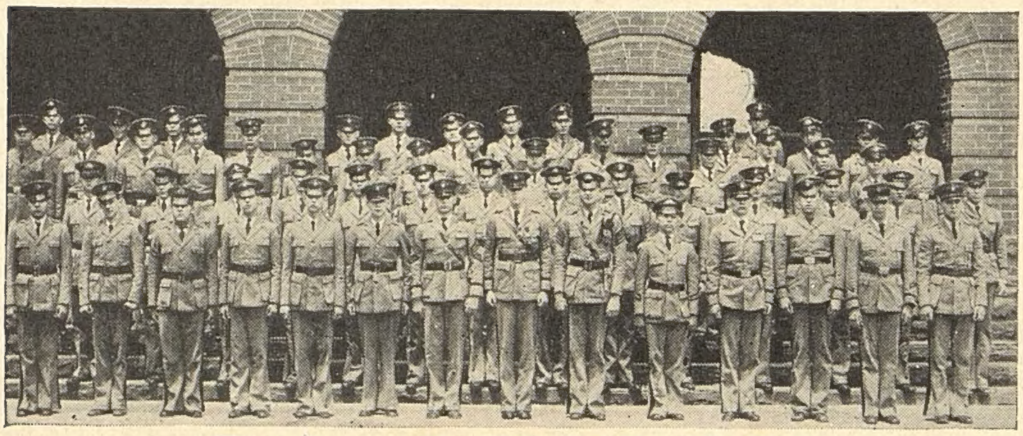

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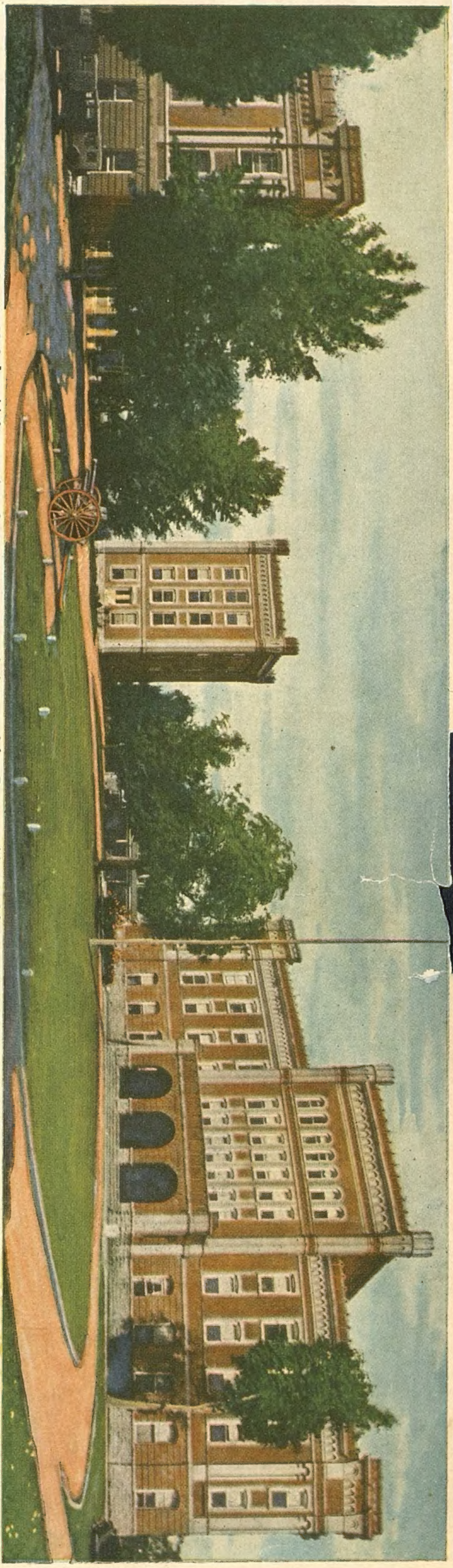

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